DON'T CRY
ISSUE 1 / ALBUM 3
2016
FIRST TIMES
BOYS
DON'T CRY
ISSUE 1 / ALBUM 3


ANDREAS MURKUDIS
SKC
E-240
JVC
XR
AGFA
GX
AFRIQUE
Fuji'82
PORSCHE
DOUBLE COATING
E-240
無限の住人
james gang
miami
E-240
HQ
AGFA
GENGA
Q EVERYMAN,
May 7 8 AM


SUE ME.
joy
Got a
spare
pair of
undies?
Blonded

TWO YEARS AGO I FOUND AN IMAGE OF A KID WITH HER HANDS COVERING HER FACE. A SEATBELT REACHED ACROSS HER TORSO, RIDING UP HER NECK AND A MOP OF BLONDE HAIR STAYED SWEPT, FOR THE MOMENT, BEHIND HER EARS. HER EYES SEEMED CLEAR AND CALM BUT NOT BLANK, THE ROAD BEHIND HER SEEMED THE SAME. I PUT MYSELF IN HER SEAT THEN I PLAYED IT ALL OUT IN MY HEAD. THE CLAUSTROPHOBIA HITS AS THE SEATBELT TIGHTENS, PREVENTING ME FROM EVEN LEANING FORWARD IN MY SEAT. THE PRESSING ON INTERNAL ORGANS. I LEAN BACK AND FORWARD TO RELEASE IT. THEN BACKWARDS AND FORWARD AGAIN. THERE IT IS - I GOT FREE. HOW MUCH OF MY LIFE HAS HAPPENED INSIDE OF A CAR? I WONDER IF THE ODDS ARE THAT I'LL DIE IN ONE. KNOCK ON WOOD-GRAIN. SHOULDN'T SPEAK LIKE THAT. WE LIVE IN CARS IN SOME CITIES, COMMUTING ACROSS SPACE EITHER FOR OUR LIVELIHOOD, OR DEVOURING FOSSIL FUELS FOR JOY. IT'S CLOSE TO AS MUCH TIME AS WE SPEND IN OUR BEDS, MORE FOR SOME. THE FIRST TIME I DID SHROOMS, MY MANAGER HAD TO COME RESCUE ME FROM CALTECH'S 'TRIP DAY'. AS I GOT INTO HER CAR, I SWEAR TO GOD THE ALUMINUM CENTER CONSOLE IN HER PORSCHE TRUCK LOOKED LIKE IT WAS BREATHING, LIKE THE THROAT OF SOMETHING. ON THE FREEWAY, LEAVING PASADENA, WE SPOKE AND I LOOKED AWAY, OUTSIDE, AT THE WHEELS AND TIRES OF CARS DOING THAT OPTICAL ILLUSION THING THEY DO WHERE IT LOOKS LIKE THEY'RE SPINNING BACKWARDS, WHICH, ACCORDING TO GOOGLE, HAPPENS BECAUSE OUR BRAINS ARE ASSUMING SOMETHING COMPLETELY WRONG AND SHOWING IT TO US. STARING, I WAS TRANSFIXED BY ALL THE INDICATOR LIGHTS OSCILLATING AND THROBBING AGAINST THE WIND. WE DROVE THRU DOWNTOWN LA HEADED WEST, FLYING ON THE SAME FREEWAYS I USED TO RUN OUTTA GAS ON. WELCOMED IN BY THE PERENNIAL CREATURES, IMPERIAL PALM TREES AND CLIMBING VINES LIVING THEIR LIVES OUT JUST OFF THE SHOULDER. THE FEELING OF FAMILIAR ENHANCED, ON THE 10. I USED TO RIDE AROUND IN MY SINEWY CROSSOVER SUV, SMOKE AND LISTEN TO ROUGH MIXES OF MY OLD SHIT BEFORE IT CAME OUT, OR WHATEVER SOMEONE WANTED TO PLAY WHEN THEY HOOKED UP THEIR IPHONE TO THE AUX CORD. A FEW YEARS AND A FEW DAILY-DRIVERS LATER I'M NOT DRIVING MUCH ANYMORE. IT'S BEEN A YEAR SINCE I MOVED TO LONDON, AT THE TIME OF WRITING THIS, AND THERE'S NO PRACTICAL REASON TO DRIVE IN THIS CITY. I ORDERED A GT3 RS AND IT'LL KEEP LOW MILES OUT HERE BUT I GUESS IT'S GOOD TO HAVE IN CASE OF EMERGENCY :) RAF SIMONS ONCE TOLD ME IT WAS CLICHÉ, MY WHOLE CAR OBSESSION. MAYBE IT LINKS TO A DEEP SUBCONSCIOUS STRAIGHT BOY FANTASY. CONSCIOUSLY THOUGH, I DON'T WANT STRAIGHT - A LITTLE BENT IS GOOD. I FOUND IT ROMANTIC, SOMETIMES, EDITING THIS PROJECT. THE WHOLE TIME I FELT AS THOUGH I WAS IN THE PRESENCE OF A $16M MCLAREN F1 ARMED WITH A DISPOSABLE CAMERA. MY MEMORIES ARE IN THESE PAGES, PLACES CLOSEBY AND LONG ASS-NUMBING FLIGHTS AWAY. CRUISING THE SUBURBS OF TOKYO IN RWB PORSCHES. THROWING PARTIES AROUND ENGLAND AND MOBBING FREEWAYS IN FOUR PROJECT M3S THAT I BUILT WITH SOME FRIENDS. GOING TO MISSISSIPPI AND PLAYING IN THE MUD WITH AMPHIBIOUS QUADS. STREET-CASTING MODELS AT A RANDOM KUNG FU DOJO OUT IN SENEGAL. COMMISSIONING LIFE-SIZE TOY BOXES FOR THE FUCK OF IT. SHOOTING A MUSIC VIDEO FOR FUN WITH TYRONE LEBON, THE GENIUS GIANT. TAKING A BREAK-SLASH-RECONNAISSANCE MISSION TO TULUM, MEXICO, ENJOYING SOME STAR VISIBILITY FOR A CHANGE. RECORDING IN TOKYO, NYC, MIAMI, LA, LONDON, PARIS. STOPPING IN BERLIN TO WITNESS BERGHAIN FOR MYSELF. TRADING JEWELS AND SOAKING IN PARABLES WITH THE MANY-HEADED BRANDON AKA BASEDGOD IN CONVERSATION. I WROTE A STORY IN THE MIDDLE – IT'S CALLED 'GODSPEED'. IT'S BASICALLY A REIMAGINED PART OF MY BOYHOOD. BOYS DO CRY, BUT I DON'T THINK I SHED A TEAR FOR A GOOD CHUNK OF MY TEENAGE YEARS. IT'S SURPRISINGLY MY FAVORITE PART OF LIFE SO FAR. SURPRISING, TO ME, BECAUSE THE CURRENT PHASE IS WHAT I WAS ASKING THE COSMOS FOR WHEN I WAS A KID. MAYBE THAT PART HAD IT'S ROUGH STRETCHES TOO, BUT IN MY REARVIEW MIRROR IT'S GETTING SMALL ENOUGH TO CONVINCE MYSELF IT WAS ALL GOOD. AND REALLY THOUGH... IT'S STILL ALL GOOD.

THIS IS BOY'S DON'T CRY & BLONDE. FIRST TIMES. WORLDWIDE.



???

WHEN WAS THE LAST TIME YOU SAW FRANK?

AUNTIE FEE


LET ME TELL YOU THE LAST TIME I SAW HIM. HE ALWAYS HAD A HABIT OF RUNNING OUT OF GAS AND HE RUNS OUT OF GAS AT 2:30 IN THE MORNING ON THE SANTA MONICA FREEWAY, OK? HE CALLS ABOUT 10 PEOPLE TO COME GET HIM AND NOBODY WOULD COME GET HIM. HE CALLS ME AT 2:30 IN THE MORN-ING. I SAY, 'OKAY, NOT A PROBLEM.' I GET UP OUT OF MY BED, GET MY AAA, GET HIM OFF THE FREEWAY, GET HIM TO THE NEAREST GAS STATION, PUT GAS IN HIS CAR AND GIVE HIM $20. I NEVER SEEN HIM SINCE. EXCEPT ONE TIME."

'DO YOU HAVE A COMPUTER?

MOTHERFUCKER, DO I HAVE A COMPUTER? WHAT ABOUT "HELLO AUNTIE"? WHAT THE FUCK IS WRONG WITH YOU!

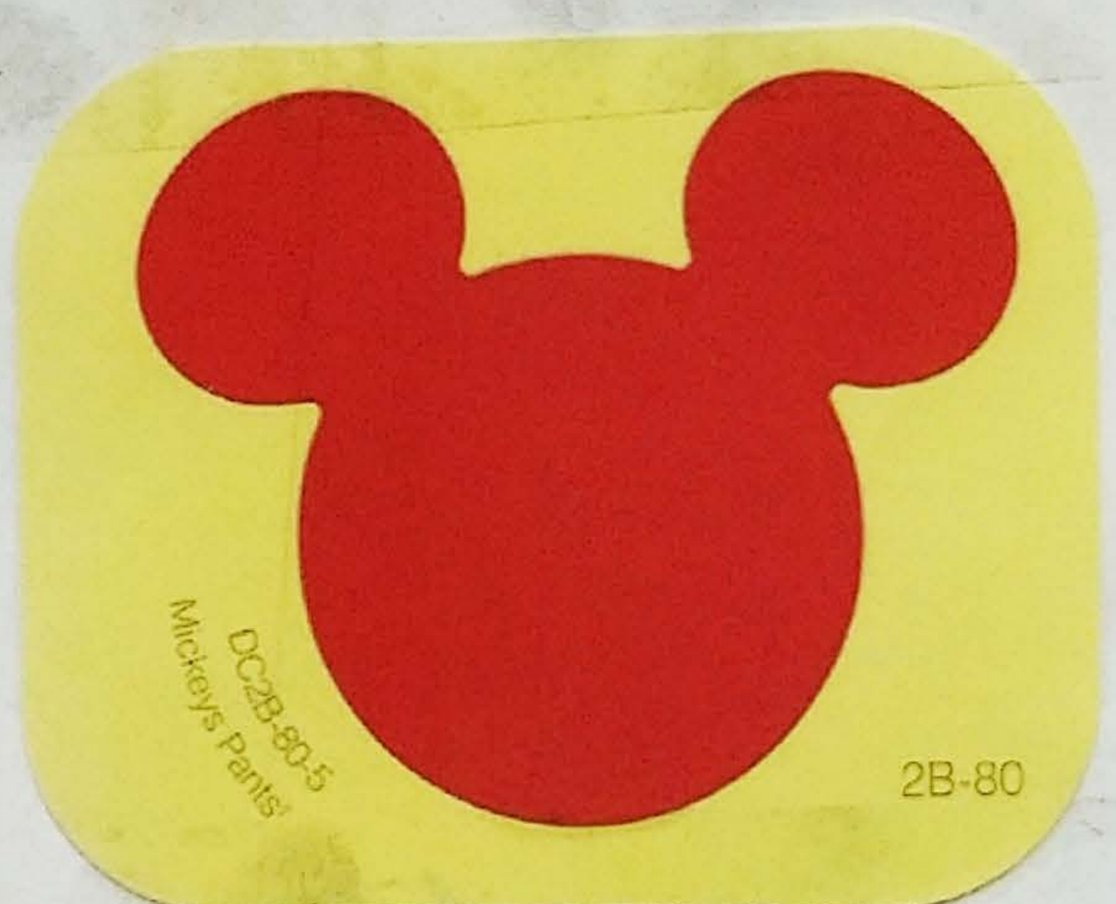


©Frank Ocean


- CONFIDENTIAL REPORT -
" COLOR "
TOTYPE FOR FRANK OCEAN
MADE BY
Tom Sachs
ONE COPY ONLY
(FOR NOW)
2. 24. 15
© 2015 TOM SACHS ALL RIGHTS RESERVED
S/N 2015.126
studio, we adhere to a strict
code. Developed over decades
color code consists of a
precise color palate.
color code is non-negotiable.
do not stray from the color
whole world as we experience it
comes to us through the
mystic realm of color.

"COLOR"

COMPREHENSIVE COLOR CODE GUIDE BOOK



Tom Sachs

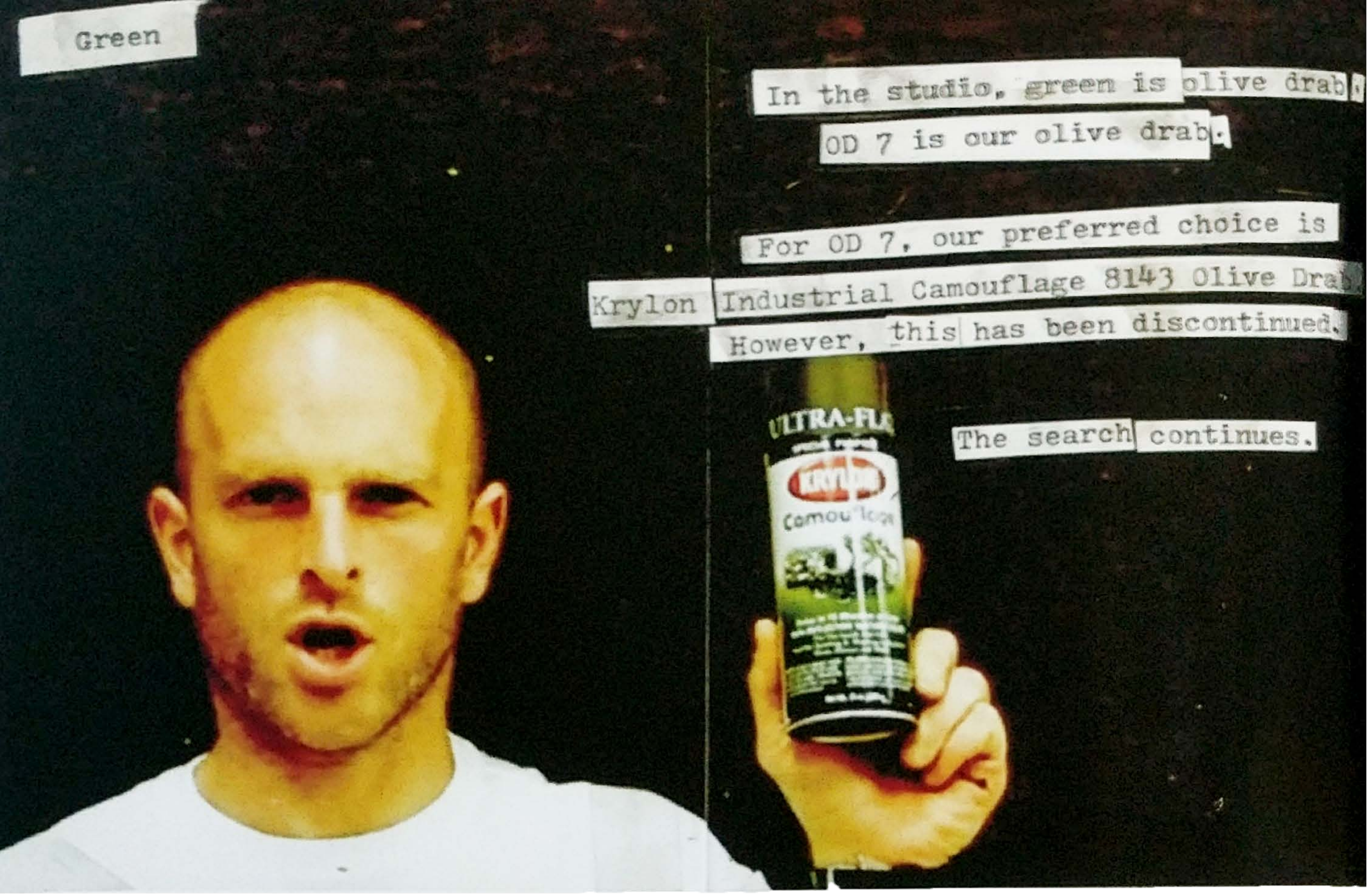
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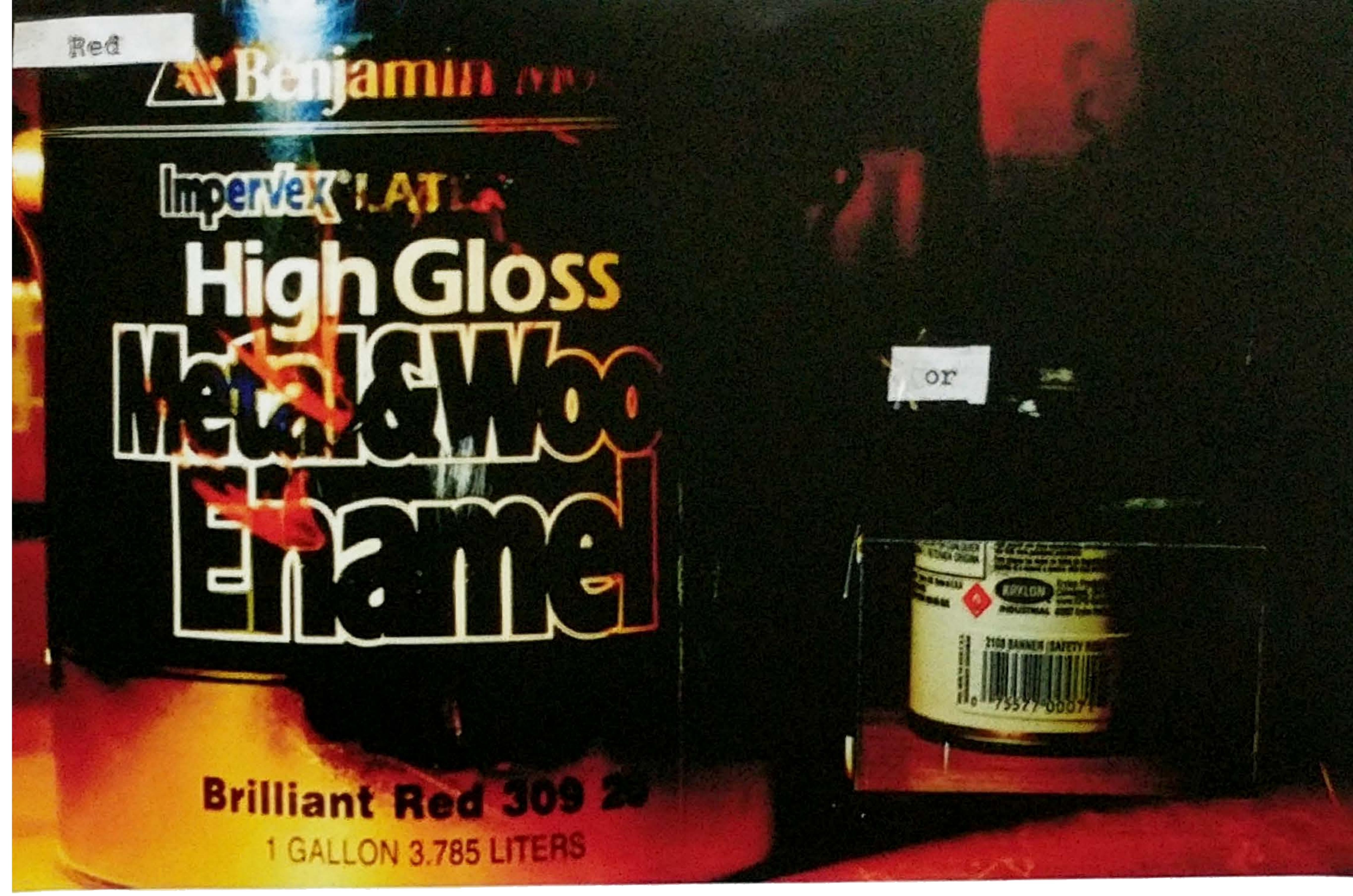
In the studio, we adhere to a strict color code. Developed over decades, our color code consists of a finite and precise color palate.

The color code is non-negotiable.

We do not stray from the color code.

The whole world as we experience it visually comes to us through the mystic realm of color.


Green
In the studio, green is olive drab.
OD 7 is our olive drab.
For OD 7, our preferred choice is
Krylon Industrial Camouflage 8143 Olive Drab.
However, this has been discontinued.
The search continues.


Red
High Gloss
Enamel
1 GALLON 3.785 LITERS
or


Yellow
McDonald's Yellow
Kodak Yellow
McDonald's
C.P. Cadmium Yellow Medium
GOLDEN # 1130-6 SERIES
Kodak
Diarylide Yellow
GOLDEN # 1147-6, SERIES 6


White
Flat Finish
Acabado Liso sin Brillo
Blanco Decorador N215 04
Benjamin Moore Decorators White
Flat Finish
N215 04



Alternatively: native whites i.e.
1989 Chevrolet Police Package White
or Hunt® Foamcore White



Chevrolet Caprice, Balaenoptera musculus
"Tom Sachs", Fondazione Prada,
Milan, Italy, 6 April - 15 June 2006

Black



Flat

Gloss

Purple

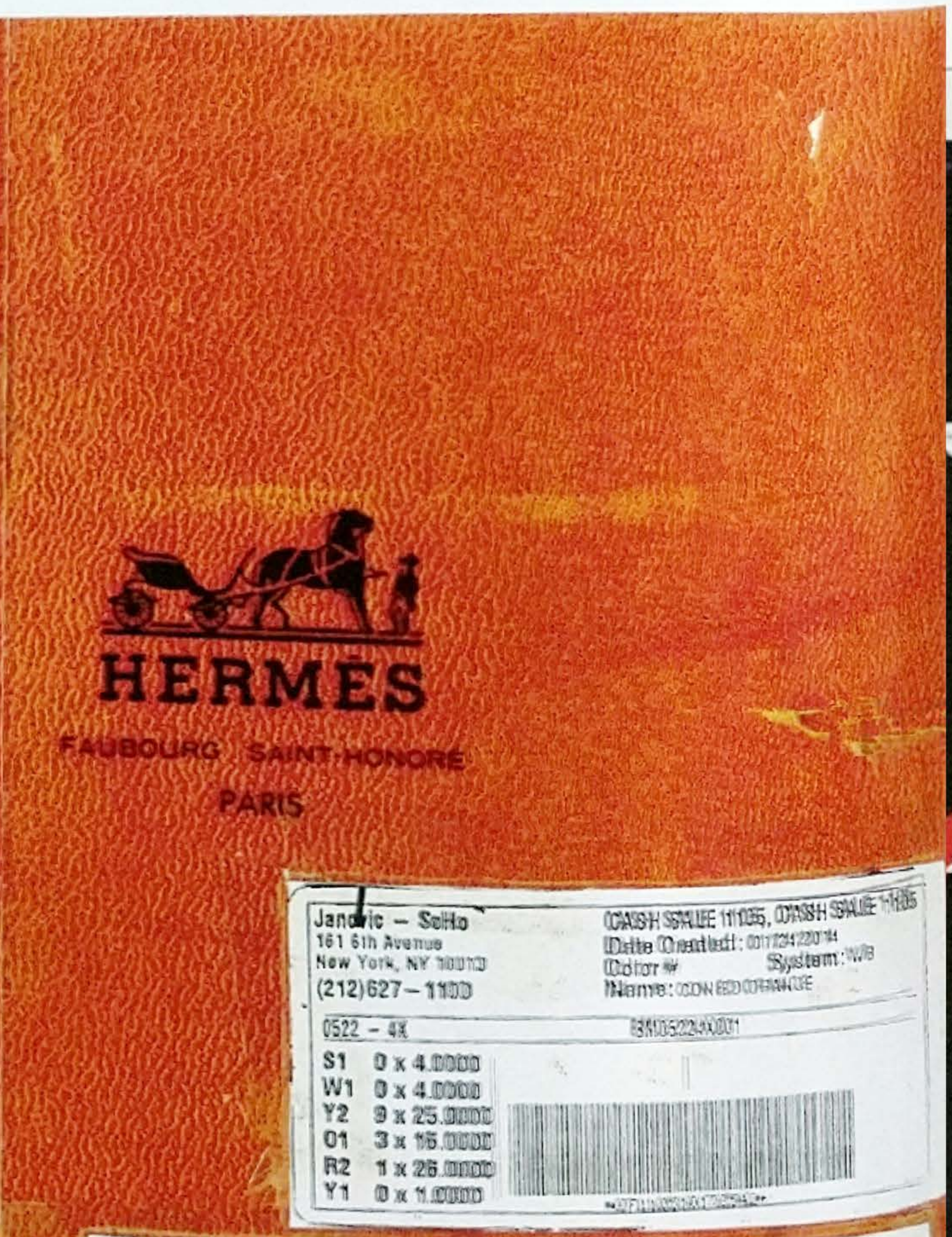
PURPLE

THE COLOR PURPLE IS A FORBIDDEN COLOR.
THE COLOR PURPLE IS FORBIDDEN IN THE STUDIO.
THE COLOR PURPLE IS PUNISHABLE BY DEATH.
THERE IS NEVER AN EXCUSE FOR THE COLOR PURPLE.

Orange

Orange is a native color in the studio.

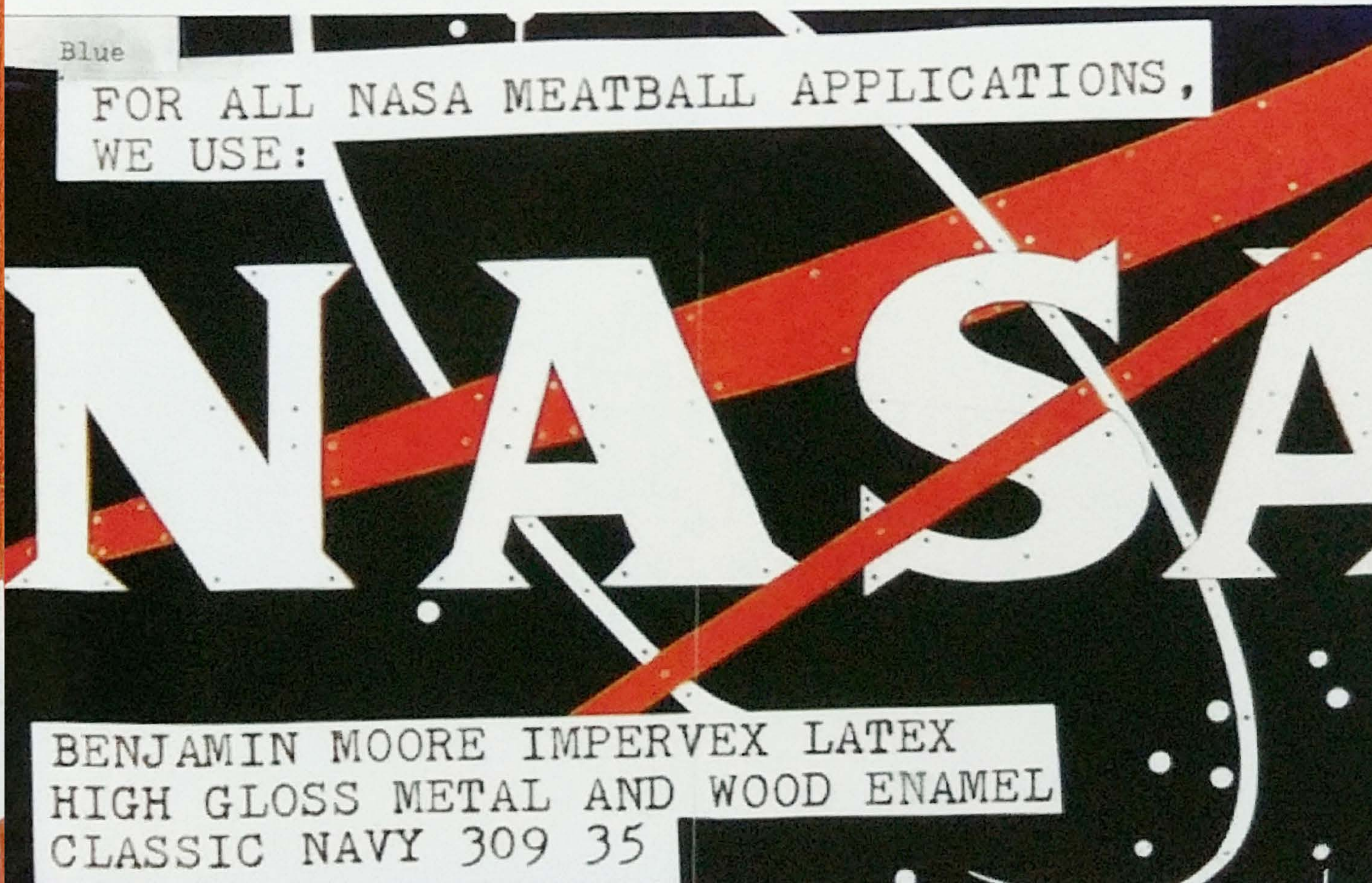
You will not find orange paint here.



Except for in emergency situations.

Blue

FOR ALL NASA MEATBALL APPLICATIONS, WE USE:



BENJAMIN MOORE IMPERVEX LATEX
HIGH GLOSS METAL AND WOOD ENAMEL
CLASSIC NAVY 309 35

Pantone color standards are generally be avoided because their
limited range discourages subtlety. le we admire Pantone's packaging
and judicious use of Helvetica, we r nt choosing from their limited
offerings.


Secret societies conspire to keep u n the dark ages of color.

Commitee mentality guarantees t shitty cars like Saturn are
only available in colors such as tea nd maroon.

In the studio, we shun decision by c mittee. Instead, we look to the
superlative Porsche palate, which re ns beautiful despite the
company's Nazi heritage and doucheba clientele.

Tom Sachs and Van Neistat

NYC 2012



Gulf Porsche Blue


Counterfitter's holy grail
Nike color swatch book SP/SU 2012


SP/SU'12
NIKE COLOR STANDARD
6DL GYM RED

"I've been 40 years discovering that the queen of all colors is BLACK."

— Pierre-Auguste Renoir



THIS IS MOM

CULVER CITY, CALIFORNIA

TEXT BY DANNA TAKAKO
PHOTOGRAPHY BY MAX FARAGO

Rosie Watson introduces herself by saying her son inherited "the gift of the gab" from her. And she comes correct: within moments, a stream of stories, pearls of wisdom, life lessons and mottos flows freely, with a cadence and rhythm that's almost song-like. Born in Louisiana, raised in LA, she's the devoted mother of Frank Ocean's good friend Jonathan. Rosie refers to Frank (aka "Lonny") as her nephew, and is also called "Auntie" by the likes of Syd Tha Kid and Tyler The Creator.

"With Lonny," Rosie recalls, "he had that drive toward being successful. And certainly they spent enough time in Sydney's studio to make a lot of good music together, and they did. I was a lot more worried about Tyler. I remember chasing him around the house and saying, 'Tyler, I think you're crazy, I think there's something seriously wrong with you.' And I remember Lonny was there and he said, 'Auntie Rosie, let me get this clip!' I said, 'You better not!'" She laughs. "I had curlers all in my hair. And he wanted to get this on film!"

With a big heart and warm persona, Rosie's quick to take others on as her own, and gives Frank the same maternal care and advice that Jonathan reaps, as heard on 'Not Just Money', an interlude on Channel Orange. She also has a particular flair for voicemails: she makes another guest appearance on the new album, with a voicemail that warns of flesh-eating bacteria that's running rampant on college campuses.

Sat in an IHOP where the waitress knows how she takes her coffee (extra hot for the first cup), Rosie comes here often to study, currently in graduate school for Psychology and Therapy. Though she can chat for days, she's an equally good listener and an acute observer, the result of 27 years working as a probation/parole officer in Los Angeles. Dressed superfly, with a sharp sense of style (due to her daily routine she calls "prep before you primp"), Rosie brings us into her world and tells it how it is.

HOW DID JONATHAN AND FRANK MEET?

They met through Eddie and Raymond, they are also my nephews. And then Jonathan introduced Lonny to Sydney. That's how they came together, musically and creatively. They would meet at Sydney's house in high school, and they would compose music. And they just loved it; they just had a wonderful time. And I stayed on Lonny: "Lonny, get my son home by curfew!" I made him give me his cell phone number, and I would fuss at him. I kept him running I'm sure!

YOUR VOICEMAILS ARE THE STUFF OF LEGENDS. WHAT DO YOU LOVE ABOUT LEAVING PEOPLE MESSAGES?

I think when you call someone, you should leave a voicemail for them. But with my son, I do leave voicemails for him, I'll often leave inspirational voicemails. Sometimes I'll leave nasty voicemails too! And I'll leave nasty voicemails for Lonny too, when the timing is right! I want them to always remember to just be themselves, that they don't have to be the type of man that's described in a typical rap song. They don't have to be balling, they don't have to be ballers, they don't have to be shot callers. I leave voicemails for my son in particular because I want my son to remain optimistic. I want him to know that his mother has his back, no matter what. I want Lonny to also know that Auntie Rosie is here for him.

WHAT'S THE LAST ADVICE YOU GAVE TO FRANK?

When I last I saw him, he came by the house, and he was in this beautiful...Porsche I think it was? Sedan? It was gorgeous. And I said, 'Remember in life, you have to have both swagger and sway. Having swagger is not enough in life. With swagger alone, you're convincing yourself that you have something that you really may not have, and that others don't see in you. Sway is knowing what to do with that swagger. Sway is influence. It's persuasion, and I shortened it to sway. You have to believe in yourself, but you also have to impart that confidence in such a way that you convince other people to believe in you, and take a chance on you. In life you've got to have both swagger and sway. Remember that.' He laughed and said, 'Okay Auntie, I'll remember that.' And I said, 'By the way I am going to trademark that statement! It's a Rosie original.'"

ARE YOU INTO CARS AS WELL?

I really do love cars. I drive a 2006 Chevy HHR, and I love that little car. That's the longest I've ever kept a car. Normally I would keep a car only for two years, because I love different cars. Although now I do have a KIA Optima, which I'd bought for my son to drive when he was in college. KIA and Hyundai are sister companies, and I find that they make very good vehicles. As a matter of fact, the car that Rodney

> 'Remember in life, you have to have both swagger and sway. Having swagger is not enough in life.

King, back in 1992, outran the police in was a Hyundai. Imagine - this funny looking black man, in this funny sounding car, outruns the police. You know that made them angry! So even back then in 92, the Hyundai was a very good car. It was very fast. I love cars. I have to wash and vacuum my car every week, because somehow I see that car as an extension of me. They just seem to drive better when they're clean! There was a commercial - I believe it was for Cadillac - and it said "when you turn your car on, it should do the same for you." I also owned a Cadillac, an Escalade, several years ago. And my motto was: "When you in a Cadillac, you know where you're at." They're wonderful cars.

WHAT WAS YOUR FAVORITE EVER CAR?

I would say my Chevy Camero. I was younger, of course, it was red, it was fast. Of course I appreciate the Pinto that my mother made my sister hand down to me, I think it was a '74 Pinto. But



the Camero was a car that I bought for myself; it was my first brand new car. And it lasted: I had over 100,000 miles on that car.

WHAT ARE YOUR THOUGHTS ON SOCIAL MEDIA AND THE YOUNGER GENERATION?

I do believe that they are, in many ways, in a good place. I believe that social media is a medium by which they do communicate with one another, and also become activists in many ways. It truly is an opportunity for activism. However, I also believe that it can also be very destructive in the sense that it can derail their focus. Forms of social media are potentially very addictive. And they can be abused, and they can consume too much of your time to the point that you are too concerned with what other people think about you. I do believe that people that use it have to know how to use it, and how to limit its use.

Sometimes I'd hear my son laughing in his room, so I'd walk into his room and say, "What is so funny? What are you laughing about?" And he would say, "Mom, I'm talking to my friends." And I'd say, "You're not talking to your friends, you are typing to them." I would go and get the house phone and bring it to him to say, "Here. Call them. Hear their voices." I also told him this: 'Do not ever ask a girl for a date through a text.' If a guy ever asked me for a date on a text, I would probably type back something very unkind, with an exclamation point!

DO YOU USE SOCIAL MEDIA YOURSELF?

I don't know how to Tweet. No, let me say this - I sent one Tweet a couple years ago, maybe year and a half, to MC Hammer. Somehow I got a tweet from MC Hammer, and I tweeted back to him somehow in my reply! That was my one and only time. He had been arrested by the police - it was profiling. I said to MC Hammer, "Remember this. The lesson that's to be learned is the police officer's lesson to learn. It is his lesson to learn that not all black men are thugs, and that you can't judge a book by its cover."

Actually, there's one thing I'd like to be able to use social media for! With Michael Brown having been killed in Ferguson Missouri, there's one Tweet I would love to send out. I believe that this jury is not going to come back with an indictment of Darren Wilson. I believe that so much time is elapsing now over this entire case, I believe there's a lot of corruption going on in the investigation of this case. One Tweet I would like to hear the crowd shout out is: "We know about the wait, they're getting their lies straight!" I would love to have someone tweet it for me, to say, "Auntie Rosie said that you all need to shout this out!" I believe that they in fact are delaying the investigation of this case because they're getting the stories straight. So - we know about the wait, they're getting their lies straight. Although I'm a peace officer myself, I believe that we have to respect people, we have to be respectful of their rights, we cannot become so intoxicated with our own power that we in fact think that we own the world and we

> Don't look for excitement in everything you do; we have to be able to live and contend with boredom.

run it, and everyone else is just a guest. We have to stay in our place too; we have to stay in our lane.

WHAT'S SOME ADVICE YOU'D GIVE TO SOMEONE READING THIS MAGAZINE?

Don't confuse stability with stagnation. In life, you want to move towards stability. The stability is what you want in your family life, it's what you want in your job and career. Don't look for excitement in everything you do; we have to be able to live and contend with boredom. But that doesn't mean that you're stagnated. Remain inspired throughout life, curious, moving forward. We should not be afraid to risk, to take a risk. We should have courage.

WHAT'S THE BEST ADVICE SOMEONE GAVE YOU?

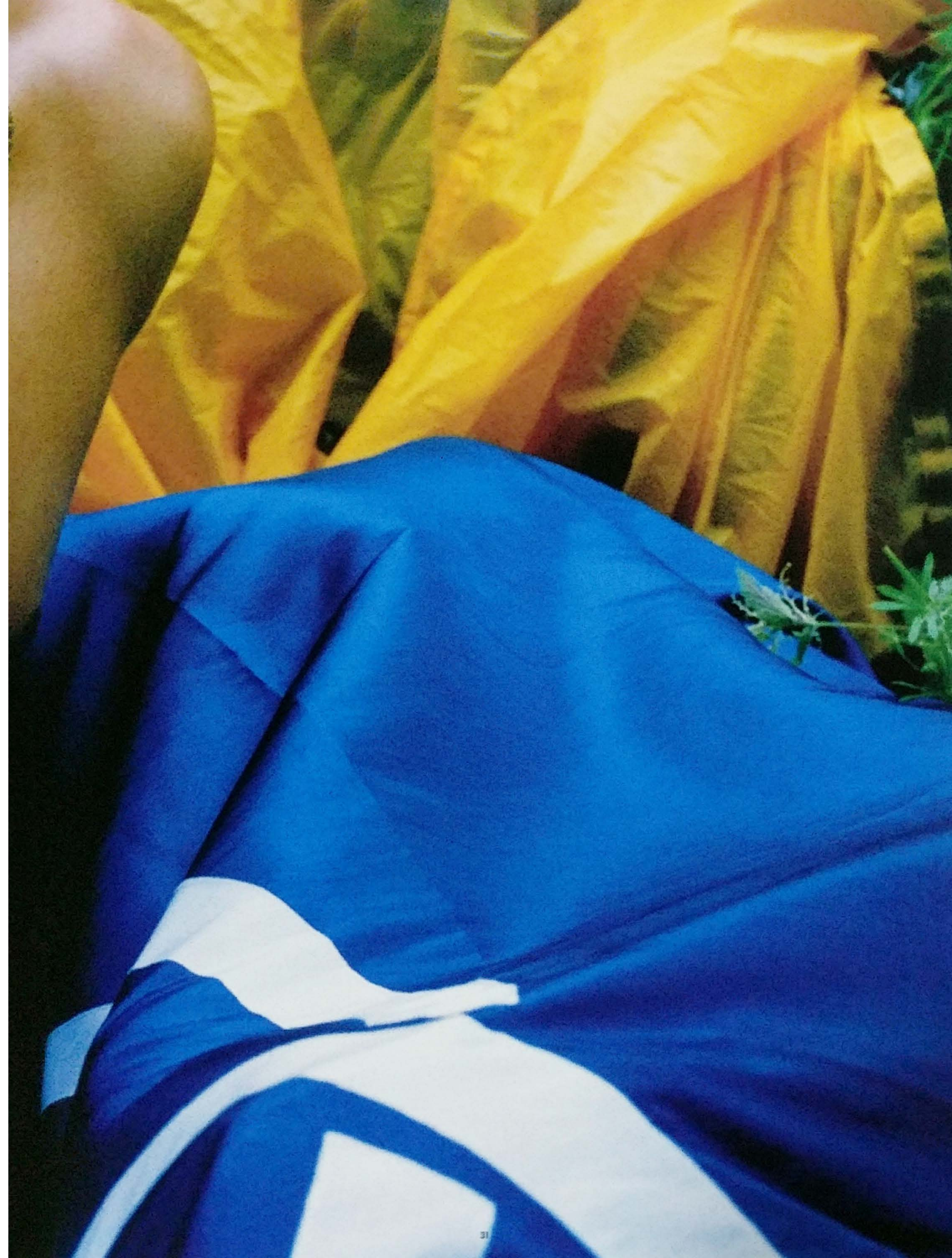
I remember the encouraging words of my mother, who would always say - the sky is the limit. Her life was certainly not an easy life, of course, being a black woman coming from the south. She raised five children on her own because my father also passed away, when I was a little girl. So my mother raised five children on her own, cooking and cleaning houses for other people. She did not have a formal education but she was one of the smartest people I knew. She was very bright, very intelligent, and she always imparted optimism in us to do our very best.

WHAT'S IMPORTANT TO YOU, IN BECOMING A THERAPIST/ PSYCHOLOGIST?

As a therapist, and as a clinical psychologist, we are the agents of change. I believe that we should never give up on life. We certainly are all interconnected in life, and we all need each other, regardless of our race, creed, color, regardless of our nationality. My life - and how I interact with people - is not a zero sum game, in the sense that my gains are not your losses, my losses are not your gains. I feel that my gains can help you win, and your gains can help me win. And so we all need help from one another.



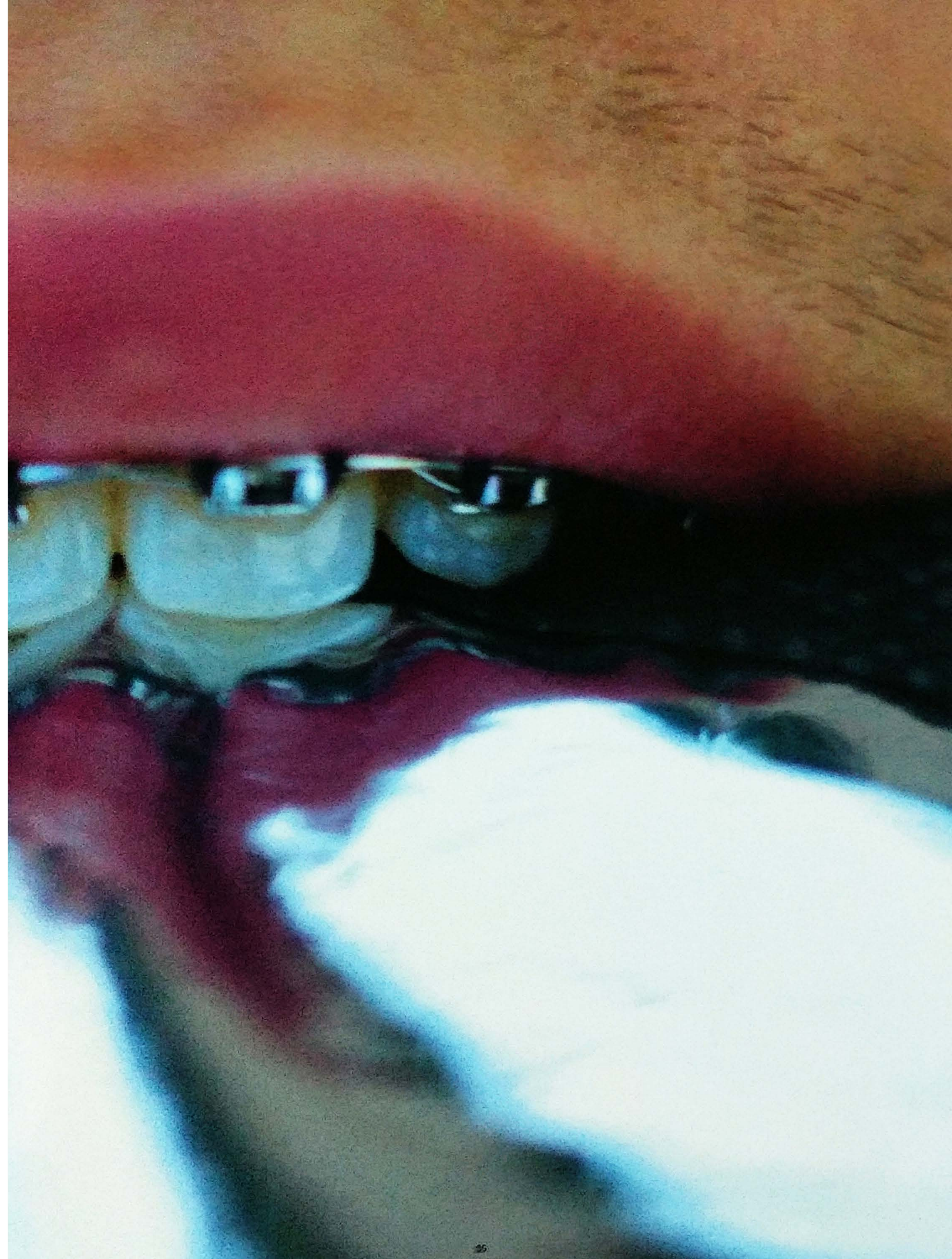
GLITTERBOY DOWN (BEST DAY EVER)
MUNICH, GERMANY
PHOTOGRAPHY BY FRANK OCEAN



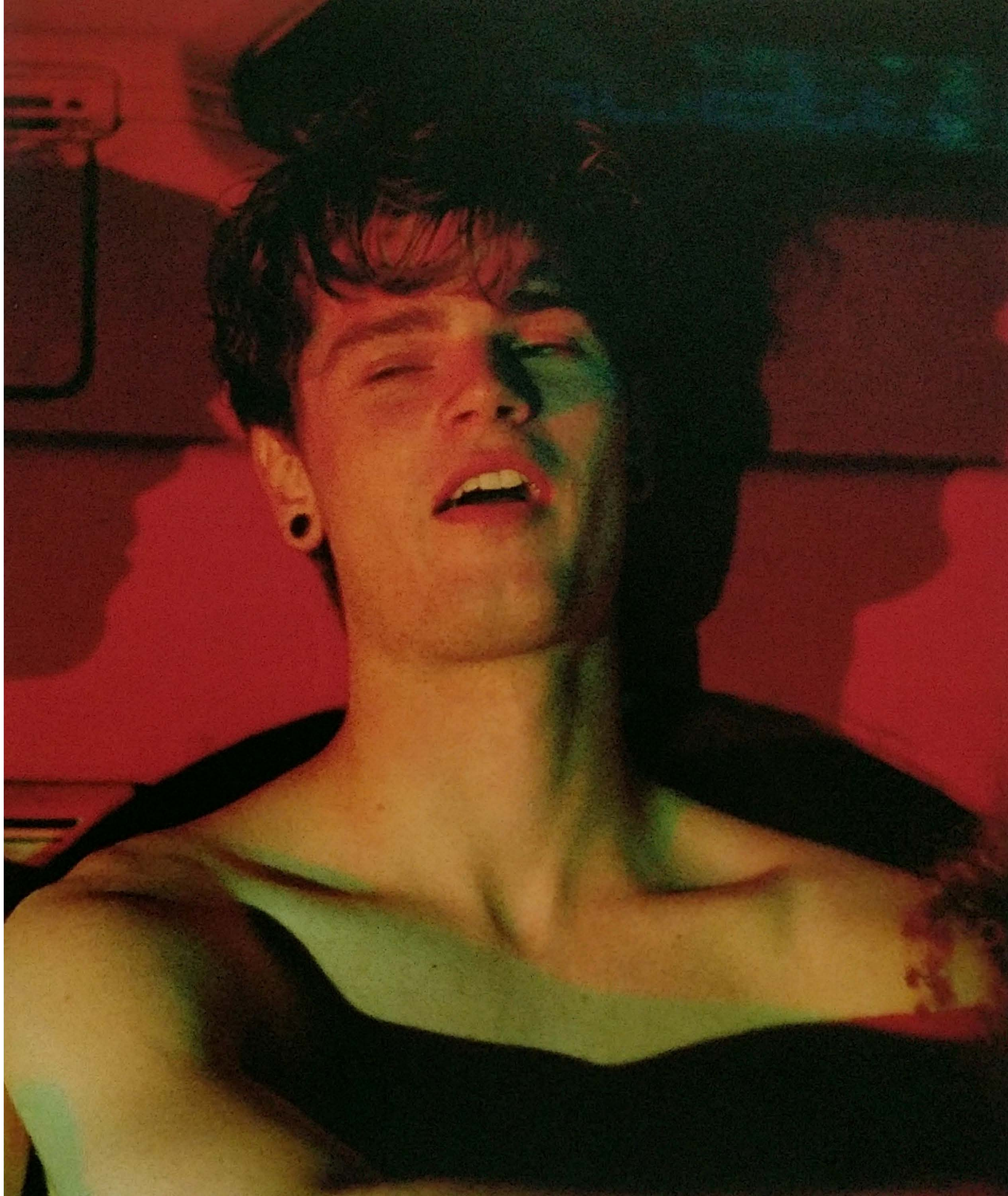

GOOD YEAR

















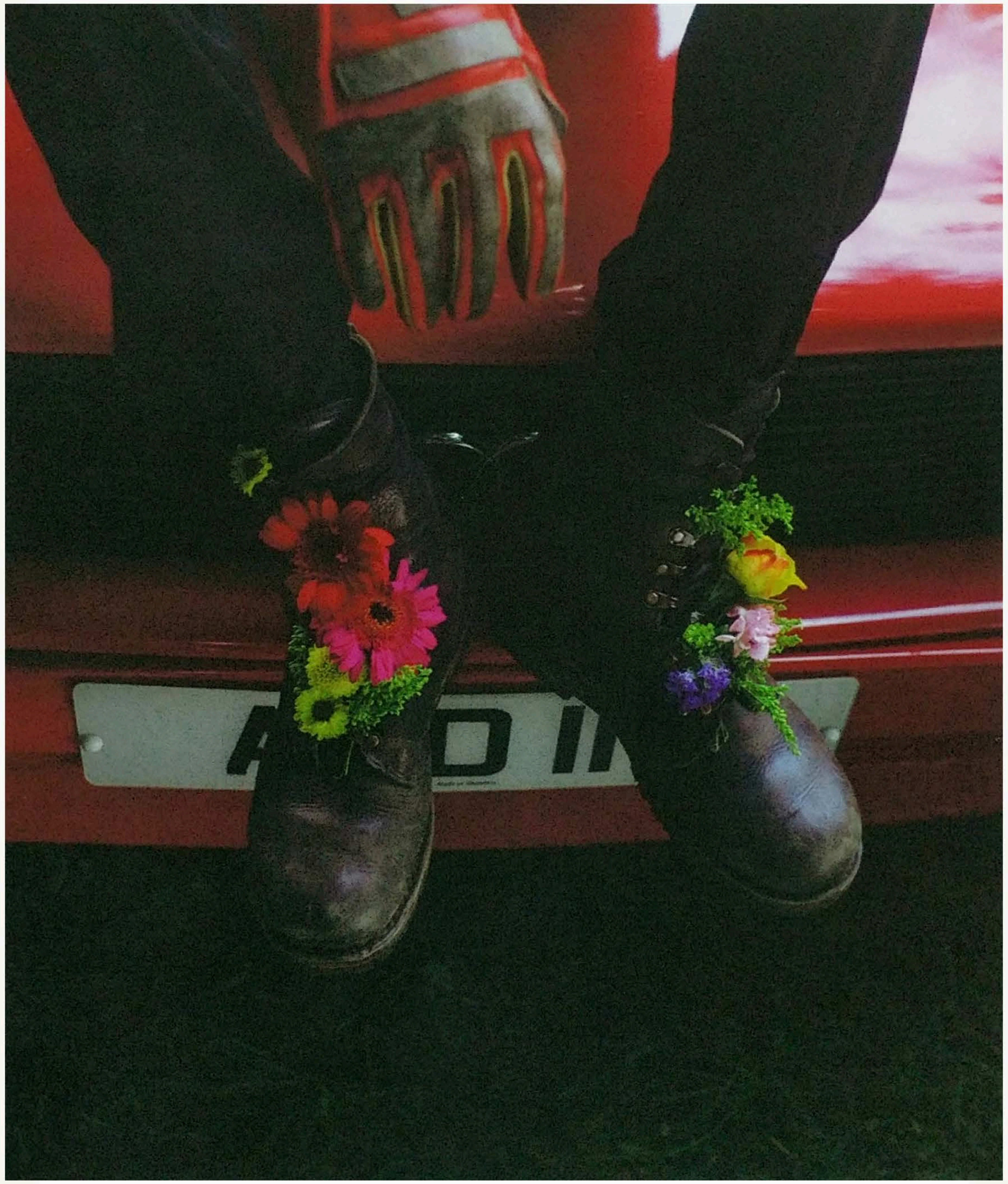




BELL




ABUSE OF POWER COMES AS NO SURPRISE
ACTION CAUSES MORE TROUBLE THAN THOUGHT
ALL THINGS ARE DELICATELY INTERCONNECTED
AN ELITE IS INEVITABLE
ANY SURPLUS IS IMMORAL
AWFUL PUNISHMENT AWAITS REALLY BAD PEOPLE
BEING HAPPY IS MORE IMPORTANT THAN ANYTHING ELSE
BOREDOM MAKES YOU DO CRAZY THINGS
CHANGE IS VALUABLE WHEN THE OPPRESSED BECOME TYRANTS
CHILDREN ARE THE CRUELEST OF ALL
CHILDREN ARE THE HOPE OF THE FUTURE
CONFUSING YOURSELF IS A WAY TO STAY HONEST
IF YOU LIVE SIMPLY THERE IS NOTHING TO WORRY ABOUT
INHERITANCE MUST BE ABOLISHED
IT IS MAN'S FATE TO OUTSMART HIMSELF
IT'S BETTER TO BE NAIVE THAN JADED
IT'S CRUCIAL TO HAVE AN ACTIVE FANTASY LIFE
JUST BELIEVING SOMETHING CAN MAKE IT HAPPEN
LACK OF CHARISMA CAN BE FATAL
MONEY CREATES TASTE
MOTHERS SHOULDN'T MAKE TOO MANY SACRIFICES
MURDER HAS ITS SEXUAL SIDE
NOTHING UPSETS THE BALANCE OF GOOD AND EVIL
PEOPLE ARE BORING UNLESS THEY'RE EXTREMISTS
PEOPLE WHO GO CRAZY ARE TOO SENSITIVE
PRIVATE PROPERTY CREATED CRIME
PUSH YOURSELF TO THE LIMIT AS OFTEN AS POSSIBLE
RAISE BOYS AND GIRLS THE SAME WAY
RANDOM MATING IS GOOD FOR DEBUNKING SEX MYTHS
ROMANTIC LOVE WAS INVENTED TO MANIPULATE WOMEN
SACRIFICING YOURSELF FOR A BAD CAUSE IS NOT A MORAL ACT
SALVATION CAN'T BE BOUGHT AND SOLD
SELFISHNESS IS THE MOST BASIC MOTIVATION
SELFLESSNESS IS THE HIGHEST ACHIEVEMENT
SLIPPING INTO MADNESS IS GOOD FOR THE SAKE OF COMPARISON
SLOPPY THINKING GETS WORSE OVER TIME
SOMETIMES SCIENCE ADVANCES FASTER THAN IT SHOULD
THE MORE YOU KNOW THE BETTER OFF YOU ARE
THE WORLD OPERATES ACCORDING TO DISCOVERABLE LAWS
THERE ARE TOO FEW IMMUTABLE TRUTHS TODAY
THERE'S NOTHING EXCEPT WHAT YOU SENSE
TIMIDITY IS LAUGHABLE
TORTURE IS BARBARIC
TRUE FREEDOM IS FRIGHTFUL
USING FORCE TO STOP FORCE IS ABSURD
WISHING THINGS AWAY IS NOT EFFECTIVE
YOU ARE GUILELESS IN YOUR DREAMS
YOU ARE THE PAST PRESENT AND FUTURE
YOU OWE THE WORLD NOT THE OTHER WAY AROUND
YOUR ACTIONS ARE POINTLESS IF NO ONE NOTICES









MAIN CHARACTERS

Steely (Main protagonist)
Charismatic and well liked but emotionally guarded. Steals cars as a hobby though he comes from a well-to- do industrial family.

Shoobie (Steely's girlfriend)
Beautiful and sassy, she's a gifted product design and mechanical engineering student.

Matthew (Steely's best friend) Steely's childhood friend akin to a brother. He's close to both Steely and Shoobie.

Garten (CEO and Inventor)
Genius and foremost scientific mind of his generation who runs his own tech company. Enigmatic but seemingly benevolent.

Clark (Steely's good friend from childhood)

Danny (Steely's good friend from childhood)

EPISODE 1
SCENE 1

Steely walks down a street with the pace of someone with some place to go but who has left early enough to get there. He holds a rectangular metallic card smaller than his palm with grooves on its surface. The street is quiet, the sidewalk clean. As he walks, he occasionally slows to peer inside the windows of parked cars. The cars have a familiar look though it's obvious their designs are several generations ahead. The elegant lines, the materials and tech apparent in the construction are the result of years of engineering advances beyond the present.

The city feels simultaneously old and new, weathered by time and progress, lending it a distinctive contrasting quality. A modern city embracing technology but somewhat overtaken by nature, still trying to find a balance. There are pick-ups and wagons amongst luxury cars, very democratic. Steely peers into a car with a cigarette in the ashtray. Using the metallic card, he swipes it against the car's access strip and gains entry. He steals the cig, lights it and walks a few cars down. He notices a hanging air freshener in another car and decides he likes it, breaks into that car as well taking the fragrant contraband. The stillness is mesmerizing, you can barely hear the autobahn in the distance or the steps of his companion just a few feet ahead.

Caged court centered in a park somewhat densely populated with live oak trees, their limbs perfectly frame rather than reach above the court. Clark is around 5'10" or 11", lean but strapping and towering compared to a seemingly younger Steely who just beamed a ball at Clark and nearly landed a good punch before Robb and Matthew body blocked. Clark would have hurt him, badly, obviously, as Steely is a few years younger and still developing a physique to match his mental toughness.

> **ROBB:** 'Whoa whoa whoa level down...'
> **MATTHEW:** 'Kiss and make up, friends. It's a contact sport.'
> **STEELY:** 'Nah, miss me with that, he always tryna big man somebody.'
> **CLARK:** (Checks his face for blood. Spits.) 'Game point'.

Steely steps up to guard him, placing his hand on Clark's side to telegraph his movements. Clark crosses him, drives and lays the ball up, winning the game.

> **CLARK:** 'Whoo! (RIC FLAIR voice) Did you feel that? Did you sense the sublime finesse and technique just then? You should be grateful. You should be grateful for me. Here.'
> **STEELY:** 'Blah, blah, blah.' (Shrugs and mimes, picks the dead basketball up off the ground and does a tricky slam dunk with the excess energy.)

The quiet of the morning scene continues, Steely and Shoobie continue walking as if in a dream. No birds, no other people, no sounds of cars. You see cars though, and you can hear a faint wind occasionally disrupt the silence as it passes between the rubber of the vehicles and the concrete. The skyline is a blended ecosystem of the natural world and school buildings. Tall structures of glass, steel, brick and mortar raised on stilts of a hard clear substance. Limbs of trees reaching out through some windows, you see entire floors made into greenhouses and pocket jungles sprawling off rooftops. They approach a park where we see a sculpture of a child hanging from the sky by a string that goes up forever, touching the surface of a never ending rippling pond below with the tip of his finger. There are no paths of stone or concrete, the grounds are riddled with ever so slight inclines and valleys. There's a large Olympic sized pool built with Carrara marble, students ice skate it during the winter and skateboard in it in warmer months.

Shoobie walks slowly ahead of Steely, carrying a slate of metal, head held high, inhaling deeply and gratefully from a harmless, flavored steam cigarette. She squints her large eyes on a toke and looks back at Steely going inside of someone else's car. The color of her eyes change. She keeps walking. Steely catches up and throws his left arm around Shoobie - he quickly takes his arm back to himself then grabs both her elbows and turns her toward him.

> **SHOOBIE:** (Bobbing her head to music that isn't playing, she sings) 'That's the way every day goes, every time we've no control...'

Steely looks up at the sky. A wide, flat translucent aircraft is coasting slowly above, leaving clouds in its wake and filtering sunlight into beautiful prismatic refractions onto him.

He's looking down at Shoobie, she's wearing radiation protective gear. Her helmet is mirrored orange and red, the suit has a white body. He focuses on her and not the campus being destroyed behind her by fire.

> **STEELY:** 'Is death a high? I heard it's like DMT. The guy who told me that isn't dead. Maybe it's worth dying. The high I mean. Worst part about it though. We won't remember being so tight you know? Look at us!'

(Brushes imaginary locks from his face)

> **SHOOBIE:** '... [illegible]'

Steely looks down at his feet and there's ice on the grass though it's summer. Steely pulls his head up to say 'snow' but doesn't even make the beginning sounds of the word. A single ball of alloy, white and coated with ice, spins around them like a tether ball to its pole. Shoobie still mouthing the words to a song playing in her head. 'If you could fly then you'd feel south, up north's gettin' cold soon... The way it is we're on land - still I'm someone to hold true'.

SCENE 2

Steely is walking barefoot through a hardwood hallway into a kitchen space that is futuristic and primitive at the same time. The kitchen consists of a small pool of self-replenishing fresh water, light cleansers instead of soaps, a BBQ pit, a stone oven, cabinets that are refrigerated and store food, dishes and cutlery. The floor is perforated with vents that heat and vacuum the floor for debris. Potted plants are in the windows as well as above the pool of water. Steely takes two bowls out of a cabinet, a knife, two spoons, a jar of milk, honeycomb, and bananas off of a hook. He begins to prepare one bowl of oatmeal and one bowl of cereal. He slices a banana on a wood cutting board, places the banana slices on top of both bowls, swirls some honey on the oatmeal then walks back through the hallway.

The hardwood hallway extends into a room where Shoobie is seated in front of a white desk with a translucent top that is evenly lit from beneath. She's sketching schematics with graphite while 3-D printing small pieces of the design from the sketch paper directly. Steely places the cereal on her table and sits on a full-sized bed cornered against the far left wall. Steely eats and looks around the room. Photos and schematics are placed on the wall, bed sheets spill onto the floor and Shoobie's wearing PE shorts, varsity hoodie, ankle socks and a messy ponytail. It's a perfectly lived-in moment that feels right in the ways you'd hope for when two people comfortably cohabitate. Just then he notices a message in his field of vision.

BEGIN TEXT:

> **MATTHEW:** 'wya? wyd?'
> **STEELY:** 'I'm here man. breakfast'
> **MATTHEW:** 'ole oatmeal eatin' ass boy'
> **STEELY:** 'wyd?'
> **DANNY:** 'all star suck me ups last night'
> **STEELY:** 'who?'
> **DANNY:** 'imma bring her and her friend out to the water.'
> **STEELY:** 'oh, OK.'
> **MATTHEW:** 'about to shower---'
> **STEELY:** 'Yea, I gotta do the same rn.'

Steely puts the phone down and finishes his bowl of oatmeal. Shoobie's cereal sits untouched where he placed it, getting soggy.

Steely returns to the kitchen, puts the bowl in a light wash rack. He pulls on a shallow drawer and grabs a refrigerated metal slate from a stack of four. The slate responds to his touch, turning transparent while a swarm of light particles activate a 3-D projection an inch off its surface, making a mold of his hand. Steely places his hand into the particle mold then gets up and walks into the bathroom down the hall, to the right, then left of two bedrooms. Steely sits on the toilet and begins to masturbate to a video now playing on the slate. The ground changes hue.

There's a signal that class is about to begin.

SHOOBIE: 'I'm going to class.'
STEELY: 'Should go together.'
SHOOBIE: 'Yea - what about yours?'
STEELY: 'I wasn't going in there till later.'
SHOOBIE: 'Irrational fears again?'
STEELY: 'Naw...'
SHOOBIE: 'They won't let you come into class late.' (Steely cuts her off)
STEELY: 'I know.'
SHOOBIE: 'Truant.' (Stares him down.)

They kiss. Steely leans into it a bit and reaches under her skirt. Students are watching them. She punches him playfully in the chest and he backs off. Steely leaves Shoobie standing there, while he disappears down a decline, through a grove of trees.

Steely arrives at the entrance to a gated community, as behind him a bullet train hydroplanes silently along a narrow band of water. He lights a flavored cigarette, drops it on the ground by accident and picks it up, he puffs it to keep it alive as he walks towards a guard post. As he approaches, a woman in her fifties hangs her head out of the doorway of the security quarters. Her name is Florence and it's apparent that she knows Steely.

Florence works multiple locations as a security guard and as Steely has developed his hobby of breaking into cars, he's also developed a relationship with Florence. She suspects what he does but looks the other way, treating him as a favorite aunt would. She has a soft spot for him and occasionally Steely brings her cigarettes or coffee or a flower picked up along the way.

There are two mesh steel gates. In front of the gates are a row of solid metal cylindrical posts that swivel up and down into the ground.

FLORENCE: 'C'mon child.' (Lazily.)

Steely speeds to a slight jog up to her half door/half window.

STEELY: 'Yes ma'am.'
FLORENCE: 'Put that out.'
STEELY: 'Yes ma'am.'
FLORENCE: 'I'm proud of you. You know that, don't you?'
STEELY: 'Yes ma'am.'
FLORENCE: 'Give me a square, son.'

Steely goes in his parka pocket and hands two to the woman - she puts one to her mouth and lights it.

FLORENCE: 'Mmmhmm, go head on.' (Turns an eye without turning her head.)

The gates clear, the posts lower.

Steely walks through the gates and down many stairs. Before exiting the stair well he stops to read a series of text messages from various senders.

BEGIN TEXT:

MIA: 'Another thought on perfection. The only problem with her is that she is too perfect. She is bad in a way that entices, and good in a way that comforts. She is mischief but then she is the warmth of home. The dreams of the wild and dangerous but the memories of childhood and gladness. She is perfection. And when given something perfect, it is the nature of man to dedicate his mind to finding something wrong with it and then when he is able to find something wrong with it, he rejoices in his find, and sees only the flaw, becoming blind to everything else! And this is why man is never given anything that is perfect, because when given the imperfect and the ugly, man will dedicate his mind to finding what is good with the imperfect and upon finding one good thing with the extremely flawed, he will only see the one good thing, and no longer see everything that is ugly. And so, man complains to God for having less than what he wants… but this is the only thing that man can handle. Man cannot handle what is perfect. It is the nature of the mortal to rejoice over the one thing that he can proudly say that he found on his own, with no help from another, whether it be a shadow in a perfect diamond, or a faint beautiful reflection in an extremely dull mirror.'

STEELY: 'Sorry, I hope you feel better.'

NEXT TEXT:

STEELY: 'You're not athletic.'
CLARE: 'We could line it up.'
STEELY: 'You weak, babe.'

NEXT TEXTS, STEELY READS BUT DOESN'T RESPOND:

UNKNOWN CONTACT: 'Have a day you dreamed of.'
ANDREE (Pacific islander): 'One more pak and I'll drop it.'
KIO: 'BITCHES LOVE YOU!'

NEXT TEXT:

SHOOBIE: 'Who r u with rn?'
STEELY: 'No one :/'
SHOOBIE: 'Matthew's house? bored. mishu.'
STEELY: 'you just saw me.'

He finishes his correspondences and continues on. The stairwell opens to a strip where two wide roads sit, parallel but separate. The left-hand road leads to a Cape Cod style country club and what looks like a beach. Near the country club, a split in the main road leads to another wide, two-way road where the opposite directions are paved at different heights, like a shelf. There's a black sand beach on one side and mature manicured hedges on the other; the tops of homes are visible. Steely walks down the road and as he passes a second block, the road narrows and inclines to a cavernous walkway that winds through the greater community.

A guy with a long curly afro, wearing a white hooded jacket with 3M accents, shorts, waist weights, and Nike running shoes comes out of a property. He jogs in place and does some light stretches. Steely walks up to the guy who turns out to be his friend Matthew, while casually running his fingers across the hedges. The two of them wave low and perfunctorily at each other then cross paths. Though there's acknowledgement, it seems a bit clandestine as if they're about to set something in motion.

Matthew jogs downhill with his arms outstretched and banks right into a still narrower canopied alley. Steely stays in place and keeps time. Matthew is now jogging perfectly center through a lane with mesh steel garage doors every 50 yards. He picks up the pace in his jog as you see a garage door open ten yards ahead - a white single-seater begins to speed out of the garage but manages to stop just before hitting Matthew. Matthew acts startled.

MATTHEW: (Yelling at the Garten, and slamming his hands on the hood) 'DAMN - NICE BRAKES!!'

Matthew then jogs on following the car as it speeds in a straight line away from the scene till it's no longer visible. Matthew hits a corner, makes a right and meets Steely back in front of Matthew's house. They walk inside the yard gate through hedges and past fountains down a ramp into a cave like living space with an unobstructed view of the ocean.

They pass cleaning staff and art leaning up against the walls. Outside the window you can see where his yard slopes down to the ocean side cliff. There's a pool with a high dive, a solarium, a lone, odd colored dog sits gazing at them as they walk through the house and towards Matthew's bedroom. Matthew's bedroom is really claustrophobic, a big space crammed with lots of objects. Matthew changes clothes quickly as Steely is talking to him about weed.

MATTHEW: 'Fronto leaves?? - You act like you discovered fire.'
STEELY: 'You ever catch Mr. And Mrs. Hagen intimate - in their moment. I'd bet you haven't, because they're stuck with you. How free will they be when you're out on your own? There's a place for you in this world bro and I'm your friend, ok?'
MATTHEW: 'You're acting out now, you can stop.'
STEELY: 'Mrs. Hagen I'm sure is still very agile on that horse.'
MATTHEW: 'You want some water or something?'
STEELY: 'Yea. Do you dance still? You used to be a good dancer.' (Walks away to kitchen)
MATTHEW: 'Pour my shake out of the blender!'
STEELY: (Calling out from kitchen) 'Nah, you don't have any ice!'
MATTHEW: (Calling out from bedroom) 'Who the fuck said anything about ice?!''
STEELY: 'Sorry. You know I really appreciate you buddy. I couldn't find anything quite right for Shoobie's birthday - everything's so generic to her, she just scans it with her computer eyes.'

Steely walks into the bedroom again, Matthew is ready to leave. Steely hands him a shake and eats small pieces of fruit while finishing a blue can of Coke. The two of them exit Matthew's room into an area where nothing else is in the shot apart from a right-hand drive Nissan Skyline from a hundred years ago and a small orange grove. Steely re-lights the fronto leaf blunt.

MATTHEW: 'Put the fronto out. Drive.'

Later on the drive.

STEELY: 'I can't think, it's too many notes.'
STEELY: 'He's not on the 5 yet. That's impossible.'
MATTHEW: 'People are fucked.'
STEELY: 'He's taking his time. How did he look when you ran into him?'

MATTHEW: 'People are so fucked... Uhh, yea - he looked really happy to see me.'
STEELY: 'What are you talking (touts himself off)? Why are people fucked? That include you or nah?'
MATTHEW: 'People are just bad, like, toward other people. I should quit giving this traffic... but I can't.'
STEELY: 'You gonna tell me something I don't know?' (Says this with the look on his face and not words.)
MATTHEW: 'I showed you this already, but watch it again.' Handing Steely his phone to watch something.
MATTHEW: 'When the lady gets sent to the neighbors house by her uncle to fight someone and she ends up running and getting chased, then falls down, breaks her shit and they set her on fire…'
STEELY: 'Yea, that hurt my feelings. She seemed so confident.'
STEELY: 'Did you ever listen to that Goya thing I told you about?'
MATTHEW: 'Yeah. Are those lights new?' (Looking at lights that follow the highway railing.)

Topography blurred outside the vehicle glass - suburbia and city overlapping - hyper color - non specific.

Matthew pulls into a sprawling office campus. We see a network of buildings, there are people from the company walking about engaged in conversation. One group in particular is huddled and highlighted.

COLLEAGUE #1: 'Exploded?!'
COLLEAGUE #2: 'Without heat?'
COLLEAGUE #1: 'Yeah, or human shrapnel.'
COLLEAGUE #2: 'So absent of heat, absent of residual bio and absent of our guy.'
COLLEAGUE #1: 'He's jumped on grenades before and lived.'
COLLEAGUE #2: 'Chemiluminescence isn't the mark of a grenade.'
COLLEAGUE #1: Maybe saving the world a few times makes you eligible for dramatic ascension?' (Laughing)

Office campus is a 'CAR FREE IS CAREFREE' zone - there is off site parking for commuters.

Matthew's car is stopped. They trade places at the wheel and Steely gets out. He walks towards the outskirts of the office campus. Matthew tries to pull into the parking structure which is multi-level and underground. He begins to argue with the security person manning the entrance.

MATTHEW: 'Why are you telling me I can't park here?? It's a free world.'
PARKING SECURITY: 'Credentials please, sir? Sir. Sir. This is a corporate facility, credentials please.'
MATTHEW: 'What's the corporate ever done for me?! Huh? Since you know every God damn thing. What they done?? I should sit down right here and take a hot shit in the facilities.'

Steely walks down the ramp into the structure casually, trying not to be noticed - the distracted guard notices and chases after him shouting about credentials. Steely breaks into a sprint. Seconds later a small low flying autonomous aircraft is heard in pursuit of Steely down the structure. Steely spots Garten's car, the one that almost hit Matthew earlier, slides over the top of it and almost falls off the edge of the parking structure which cascades into a waterfall, leading down into channels below street level.

Steely regains his balance and struggles with his car boosting key card, trying to gain access to Garten's car. It isn't letting him into the car and he begins to panic, but finally it clicks on - you can hear the whistle and buzz of the security drone flying towards him. He slides down in the seat so as not to be visible from the window. The drone flies to the edge of the parking structure and hovers, observing downward as the water flows. It then turns around and heads back to continue its search elsewhere. Just then Steely feels the vibration of an incoming message.

BEGIN TEXT:

UNKNOWN CONTACT: 'Chase the rabbit three ways down, a ways to go.'
STEELY: 'Who's there?'
UNKNOWN CONTACT: 'Do you have time?'

Steely's baffled by the text but doesn't have time to dwell on it, he starts the car and begins looking for another spot to park it, far enough from the original spot so as not to be noticed but still within the same parking structure. The perfect spot is three levels down. He carefully exits the car, makes his way into a common walkway towards a lift, gets inside though it's crammed with people, and squeezes in amongst plain-clothed engineers and corp. employees all talking in code and oblivious to Steely.

Elevator doors open. Above ground it's raining. Everyone braces for the rain as they exit. Steely puts his hood on and walks onto an overpass. Billboards tower above it showing blue skies, a beach scene and a slogan that reads: "It's June in Miami!". The rain continues pouring down, he's still in the thick of a crowd. Steely exits down a ramp, jumps over a shallow ledge, walks under the overpass - there's traffic speeding past him blurred - and begins to wait. Matthew pulls his car over, shining his lights on Steely. Steely gets into the car and steals the cigarette Matthew just lit from his mouth. Cars speed past going under and over intersections. A song plays.

SCENE 3

Steely and Matthew split up in a corridor and go into different classrooms that are stand-alone trailers.

In one class, a smooth but occasionally glitchy 3-D projection of a teacher greets Steely. The teacher is severe in appearance and manner. Though her projection corresponds to a live human being somewhere else on the planet, she might as well be a robot or at least the ghost of a human once capable of warm emotion.

TEACHER: 'Punctuality appears to be your Achilles' heel, Mr. Grude. Alas, you've cleared H3, admirable. Quiet your ears, then solve the riddle.'

The teacher trails away.

Steely exhales loudly. Takes his bag off and hangs it on a hook. There is a digital 24-hour clock in the top left corner, it's black steel with white numbers. The walls are covered in floral wallpaper, overhead there's a clear paneled mechanical ceiling. The Mahogany floors ramp up to class seating, with curves and layers dynamically represented. A wall for projection wrapped in a semi circle lies at the head of the class.

Steely breathes in deeply, dropping his shoulders. The room is so quiet. He closes his eyes. A montage flashing in his head: Shoobie's mouth, himself as a small boy calling up from a pit, fencing, climbing a fence, running. A small quiet click comes into his ears from a clock. The memory of his father first forgetting while giving a lecture at his school. The silence. The stutter. The angry burst at someone touching his arm. He remembers his father not remembering him. His mother throwing things out of focus. The canopied street. The first car he stole on a spinning platter. His father's car.

Steely is mumbling a mantra and slowly his memories whitewash away. He opens his eyes and he is seated on a chair in full lotus. He breaks position and pulls a tray out of a side compartment and now he has a surface with a bowl in its center, a few gauges and a small loupe. It's what seems to be a mini solar system that he's manipulating with the gauges.

The teacher swarms back in and places a decades-old transparency paper on a projector.

The Riddle:

TEACHER: 'You poured it hot and you're stirring it up, now what's moving faster, the tea or the cup?'
STEELY: 'The tea.'
TEACHER: 'What's harder Mr. Grude, a liquid or a solid?'
STEELY: 'Shit.'
TEACHER: 'Of course. And what does your understanding of physics inform you of as it relates to softness and hardness of matter, Mr. Grude?
STEELY: 'That, from a sub-atomic perspective, my shit is composed of particles mostly vibrating at a higher rate than my piss.'
TEACHER: 'Thank you, Mr. Grude. Your deft articulation leaves little to the imagination.'
STEELY: 'You don't have an imagination.'
TEACHER: 'Well, congratulations Mr. Grude. It has been my pleasure watering yours.'

The teacher swarms off. A status bar appears on the projection wall as if loading something. When full, a dozen other desks appear next to Steely each with a student projection seated in them, creating trails with their movements. These projections seem almost real. Unlike the microcosm whose projections are light based, the students' apparitions are hard particle nano projections whose touch have a light weight, thus they can interact with the physical world on a low level. The teacher re-materializes.

TEACHER: 'Grad students, the last movie of your lives here. "Giant" - 1956. Enjoy.'

Steely looks down at his desk. His microcosm is developing well, thriving. There are 64 life harboring planets in his system. He looks through his scope. He monitors his gauges, adjusting tension and gravity here and there.

Steely receives a tummy rub via instant messaging from Shoobie, and a pouty face. He replies with a blush face. The movie plays and a couple of the students are watching. The class is 50/50 male to female. A swirl of different races and creeds. Someone's nose starts bleeding. A Japanese student crinkles plastic in a Russian girl's ear to annoy her. Two students are reading palms. Steely extends his hand, taps a blue eyed Korean kid named Kio.

STEELY: 'Howdy?'
KIO: 'Listen. It's out of control. My parents are hiring a load of lifeguards for this weekend. Apparently someone drowned last year at the pool party. I've never had. Been on my Kegel exercises since

last week.'

(Kio's projection spreads hair on Steely's scalp with his swarm fingers and examines it before Steely shakes him away)

KIO: 'Your hair is so clean?'
STEELY: 'Kio - get off.' (Doesn't move. Focuses his sight through the scope down into the microcosm.)
KIO: (Speaking out loud) 'Western hygiene has lacked as fuck - these guys look dank.'
BLONDE GIRL: 'Close your mouth!'
KIO: 'Only if you keep yours open.'
BLONDE GIRL: 'You're small.'
KIO: 'She didn't talk to me like this last night. I'm so confused. This sucks.'
BLONDE GIRL: 'Do you know I can hear you? What was last night? I'm in Morocco.'
KIO: 'Last night, last month - whenever this loud sex was. I forget.' (Kio turns his head and is punched in the nose by Blonde's swarm hand.)
BLONDE GIRL: (Warns) 'You are a small feeling. Do not!'

The downpour outside intensifies.

STEELY: 'She didn't like that one, Kio.'
KIO: 'Bro, whatever, she's a lunatic, and she just got herself un-invited.'
STEELY: (Laughs and shakes his head.)

Dree, the Pacific islander student, taps Steely.

STEELY: 'That's TWO cartridges.'
DREE: (Says 'okay' without saying anything.)

It thunders soon after a grand flash of lighting. Rain comes down heavier and heavier, then a black out.

The 3-D swarms of students and teacher disappear and the room goes dark. The glow of Steely's experiment is the only light source in the room. His gaze stays stuck on the system, its glow upon his face. Just then a message notice activates.

GROUP TEXT:

MATTHEW: 'Anybody seen Robb? I think we lost Robb black ass.'
ROBB: 'A piece of me will always be inside of you.'
SHOOBIE: 'lol' (emoticon)

Steely gets up from his desk, pulls his hoody over his head and goes to use the urinals outside in the storm.

It's pouring as he walks out towards a small shallow tower of urinals - they resemble a merry-go-round. He pisses with the rain falling on him hard. No one is outside. He washes his hands on a faucet above the urinal then heads back towards his class. Sunlight cuts through the rain. He gets back to his seat, soaked, and sits down in the naturally lit room. He looks down at his bowl for a moment, lights a cigarette and stares at it for a moment. Spinning it around and staring at the ember trails. The sunlight creates streaks across the classroom through the ceiling. He pushes everything back into a single point then folds the desktop back into the compartment.

Steely's eyes well up.

SCENE 4

Steely's eyes are watering from the wind rushing in his face as he's smiling, then laughing, going full throttle on a speedboat with Shoobie, Matthew, Clark, Danny, Grad Girl #1, Rob, Grad Girl #2 and Grad Girl #3 in tow.

MATTHEW (to Shoobie): 'So how'd you shut the power off? Generators didn't even come back.'
SHOOBIE: 'No - I had a finals presentation.'
CLARK: 'Thought you handled your finals midterm.'
SHOOBIE: 'Extra credit.'
MATTHEW: 'What are you?'

(Bonfire being set aflame on the beach)

ROBB: 'They're gonna shut that down any moment now.'
GRAD GIRL #1: (Eyes Robb while he takes off his clothes and puts on his wet suit.)
ROBB: 'Yea. I'm tryna get fit. So what. Swim.'

Robb pulls Junior girl #1 back into the water while the boat moves at a slower speed. Underwater shot shows Robb on a wake board being pulled by an aluminum speedboat. We see the turns and the flips and the fun.

MATTHEW: 'I'm Shamu!' (Heard from underwater.)

Junior girls push Matthew and Danny. All fall in.

Sun going down - having brews - group talk.

ROBB: 'Always thought he had the better things.'
MATTHEW: 'Kinda did.'
STEELY: 'Better looking staff, and the crazier grounds.'
GRAD GIRL #1: 'I heard you have a woman in your shower who washes your back.'
STEELY: 'She's not a real woman.'
DANNY: (to Shoobie) 'When do you have to be over there? I heard that building is nuke-proof.'
SHOOBIE: 'Yeah, aren't they all now?'
DANNY: 'That's Central for you. Jesus.'
ROBB: 'You're not moving because of all this rain?' (Laughs)
SHOOBIE: 'I've got all summer. The world's small. Day trips.'
STEELY: 'Whole crew's going different ways now.'
GRAD GIRL #2: 'I'm taking over my parents' machine.'
GRAD GIRL #3: 'You mean your parents' money.'
MATTHEW: 'That's one thing that brings us all together, our parents' cash… You too, my dear mid-caste offspring. Even you.'
SHOOBIE: 'That's not what brings us together. But look, nepotism aside, I think you've done well for an underdeveloped intellect.'
MATTHEW: (Grins in agreement) I would've quit this head job at first chance to climb locals and surf my life away. But the trust says I can't participate without taking my part in this ceremony.'
GRAD GIRL #1: 'All I care about is world peace. All they taught me here was how to take notes.'
ROBB: 'OK, Miss Argentina.'
CLARK: 'I quite liked it here.'
STEELY: 'So that's why you didn't clear?'
CLARK: 'I cleeeared.'
CLARK: 'Hey guys, listen. Alright, so, If I'm not fucking this person in person, but we get off to each other through the mesh all the time, is it the same? Or am I trying to sell myself something?' I asked 'em to take a job as my massage therapist, to like simulate intimacy. Thought it was a long shot, but it worked out. It's been beautiful.'
SHOOBIE: 'Who are we talking about?'
CLARK: 'That doesn't matter.'
MATTHEW: 'Is this person local?'
CLARK: 'Nah, isn't. It really doesn't matter, guys.'
MATTHEW: 'I think it's brilliant. Sounds perfect. Nothing left to be desired from my vantage point.'
DANNY: 'Hmm, I think it's nearly there. There's something missing that you might want - then again you might not want that at all.'
CLARK: 'Yea. It won't ever be like that.'

Steely drifts off imagining a frozen lake with another lake shining like stardust on its surface, the lakes reflecting a seamless white sky. White water.

Dream interrupted - RENNN RENNN RENNN!!! SMACK. SMACK. SMACK. An aluminum catamaran cuts through the water. Campus police pull up on boats. Steely pours his beer out. Everyone hides their drinks.

Water turns color.

CAMPUS POLICE: 'Please dock all watercraft and exit campus beach immediately.'
GRAD GIRL #1: 'It's drop day!' (Yelling at the police boat.)
CAMPUS POLICE: 'Please dock all watercraft and exit campus beach immediately.'

Campus Police speed away back to the shore. Students throw bottles at the police boat. Rather than head back to the shore and wait for the police, Steely pulls away in a different direction. The Police re-engage and give chase. Steely beaches the boat by sliding onto a black sand beach. All the students jump off the speedboat and run up the incline making an escape with the rest of the party.

STEELY: (Across the crowd to Shoobie) 'Meet at mine.'

SCENE 5

Steely walks up to the parking structure of the corporate campus where Garten's car is located. Florence is manning the security desk. Looks on at Steely knowingly. This is one of Florence's gigs.

FLORENCE: 'C'mon.'
FLORENCE: 'Don't get yourself into anything you can't get out of child.'
FLORENCE: 'Gimme.' (Pointing at the bulge in his pocket.)

Walks past security into the empty underworld of parking levels — few overnighted vehicles here and there.
He goes to where he left Garten's car and gets in. He pulls out a box of smokes and reads the warning label. He smokes a cigarette and begins looking at his teeth in the mirror. Garten's keys are inside as before. He starts the car. He drives normally, calmly, making his way off the corporate campus onto the highway, and getting off at an exit leading to a neighborhood nestled by woods. There is a subdivision ahead of him comprised mostly of high-rises. There's a lake passed.

SCENE 6

Cut to Steely inside of a wide industrial lift. Steely's still inside the car, smoking another cigarette as the lift moves upward. Garten's car comes up through the floor, facing Shoobie. There's reflection on the glass behind her, faint speckles of light imply a city view in the distance. Shoobie's seated in a white swivel chair with large perforations. Wide white flooring with a desk complex. Neutral furniture. Fluorescent lights overhead in rails - glass all around. A potted plant caged with a bird. Shoobie sits there in the nude anticipating a party, but covers herself once she sees the car. In disbelief she walks towards Steely but continues past him, covering her mouth as she stares at the vehicle.

Steely walks down a ramp into a living space, a bar that looks off into the distance. Outdoorsman photography and console portraits line a wall. A photo of Steely and his dad holding a catch by the sea, another of him climbing a half dome. There's a jellyfish aquarium. The seating area is an ecosystem all its own with more plants and contained living micro systems. He eats pasta and watches television. Once he finishes eating he gets up, undresses, grabs his recall device and heads to the bathroom. Steely walks into a yellow shower. A 3-D projection of a woman in blue washes his back.

Dunk. Break for the curb.
Clark taps Steely on the ass, blows him a kiss.
Clark shoves him.
Steely stumbles and walks over to a vehicle parked on the side.
Steely leans on the driver window and kisses the driver. Steely circles to the other side and sits in the passenger seat.
Driver puts a dutch to Steely's mouth. Steely hits it.
Steely and driver kiss blowing smoke out of their noses.

DRIVER (Shoobie): 'Relaxxx...'
STEELY: (Shakes head) 'Awe man - don't do that - U don't even know how it started.' (Leans in to kiss her again).
SHOOBIE: 'Nope.'
STEELY: (Kisses her face still) 'What you do all day anyway? When'd you even get here?'

Shoobie ignores him, and changes a song on the playlist (she was his ride there in the first place). Steely crawls out of passenger window and talks over the car.

STEELY: 'So what's good for later? I need to shower.'

Matthew and Clark walk over to the car - Danny goes inside to shower.

CLARK: 'W'sup Shoobie.' (Kisses her on the cheek.)
CLARK: 'So you gon' draw my blood and I can't hit the blunt?? Too cold.'

Shoobie passes it to Clark.

STEELY: 'Imma be back later I left some shit in your house.'
MATTHEW: 'What is it? I'll grab it for you now. You ain't comin' back. Y'all are about to get weird.'
STEELY: 'What an angel - but naw, Imma come back though.'
MATTHEW: 'Smiley faces...'

Wide road. Canopy of live oak

Low radio. Engine noise layered with shower scene. Engine noise. Love scene. Engine noise. Cut to black.

Steely is high off endorphins while his back is being rubbed by the lady in blue. He finishes his shower, heads to his bed and crashes into sleep. Steely's blurry eyes open up to Shoobie lying next to him with the look of Christmas morning on her face. It's 5am-ish. The glass now gives the views pass up on the level. Shoobie has been dealing with Garten's vehicle for the last several hours.

SHOOBIE: 'The majority of Garten's designs contain two access points. It's a motif of his.'
'This design in particular has nearly complete function solely from one key point. The second key point is hidden. I got its location off this thing's own thoughts. Whatever, take a seat.' (Pointing to the car)

Steely takes a seat. Black cup of coffee in his hand. Shoobie has a rainbow coil of wires running from a handheld device into a port on the headlight of Garten's car.

SHOOBIE: 'Wait for it.' (As she works)

In a moment Steely's vision through the windshield glows and the city past the woods falls off into sky. His entire surroundings glow golden and white and the edges of his view fall off into endless sky. He seems to be on an island, floating high above any water. Steely jumps a bit, spills the coffee on his boxer shorts. It takes a moment for him to feel the sensation.

STEELY: 'Fuuuck....'

Steely jumps out of the car. Pulling off his burning shorts, eyes affixed to the fantastic view, which is fading back into reality all around him. His vision goes back to normal again. Shoobie smiles. Steely starts to wring out his shorts when he gets a new message notification.

BEGIN TEXT:

UNKNOWN CONTACT: '=====::::::::::=====::::::::::
::::=====::::::::::==== ::::::::=====::::::::::====
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:::::::=====::::::::::====
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:::::::=====::::::::::====
:::::::=====::::::::::====' (The text reads on and on and on and on.)

What's your name?

What do you do?

Do you want to do anything else, and if so what is it?

What's your first memory?

What's the most amazing thing you've ever witnessed?

What's the best thing about being you? What's the worst?

If you could switch bodies with someone for 24 hours, who would it be?

What three superpowers do you wish you had?

What is life going to look like in the year 3000?

How far is a light year?

What have you been listening to lately?

Do you have any secret talents?

What would you do on your last day on Earth?

HOPES AND DREAMS
LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA



Ryan

I play soccer, and I go to school.

I wanna be better at skating.

The first word I learned to say, or that I've ever said was dog.

When I went to London I saw this tight building, I was up pretty high, it was tight.

6. N/A

Probably my brother, just to see how much work he has in one day, just to be in the life of him.

I want be invisible, I want to fly and I want to be invincible.

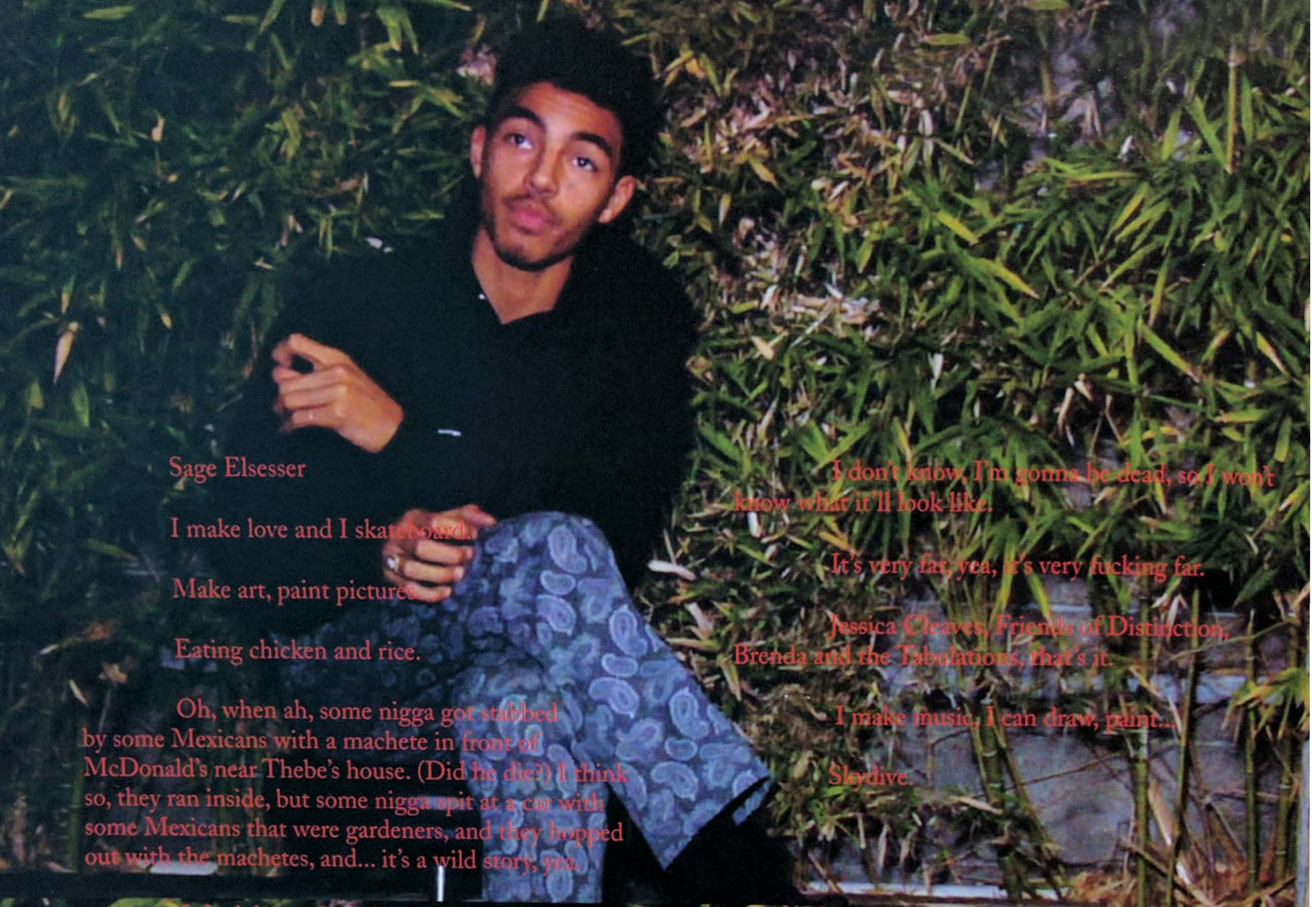
Probably gonna be like flying cars and stuff, it's gonna be a whole electronic world, absolutely no trees, or the world will be done.

Forever.

I've been listening to BasedGod, my brother and I've been starting to listen to Mac Miller's music and a little bit of Eminem and that's it.

Well, not really, I'm an open book.

Everything that was on my bucket list, like I don't know, there would just be a lot of things I'll do, probably spend a lot of time with my family and tell them I'm going away and probably... I don't know. There's a lot of things you could do.





Sage Elsesser

I make love and I skateboard.

Make art, paint pictures.

Eating chicken and rice.

Oh, when ah, some nigga got stabbed by some Mexicans with a machete in front of McDonald's near Thebe's house. (Did he die?) I think so, they ran inside, but some nigga spit at a car with some Mexicans that were gardeners, and they hopped out with the machetes, and... it's a wild story, yea.

I don't know, I got bushy eyebrows,

having bushy eyebrows, being Drake.

Probably Tyler, his life seems pretty awesome. No, actually no, fuck him, probably Dill, cause he doesn't have to do anything at all but sit in his house.

I wish I could fly. I wish I could be a jumper like go place to place. I also wish I could die whenever I wanted and then come back to life and see who gave a fuck when I die.

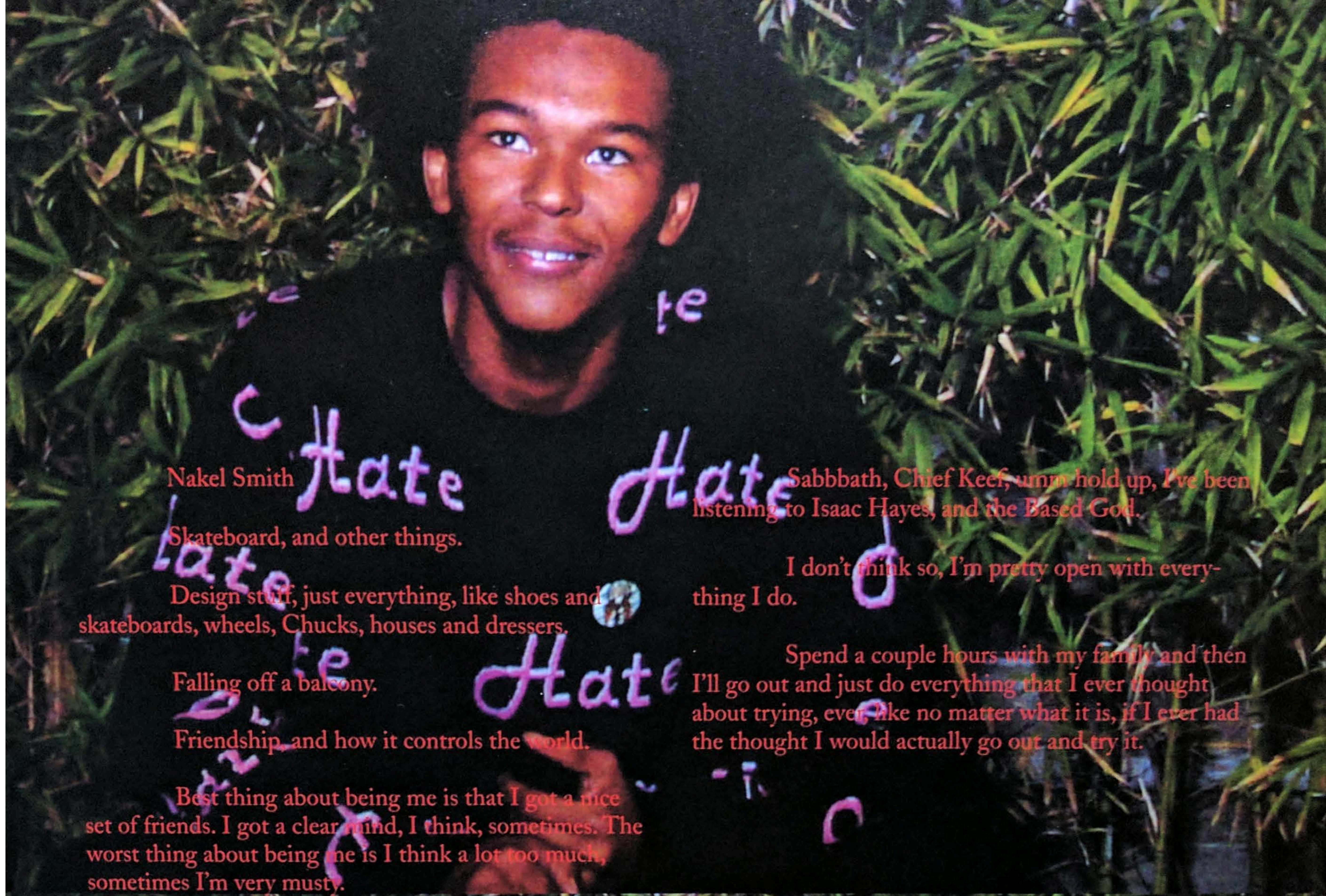
I don't know, I'm gonna be dead, so I won't know what it'll look like.

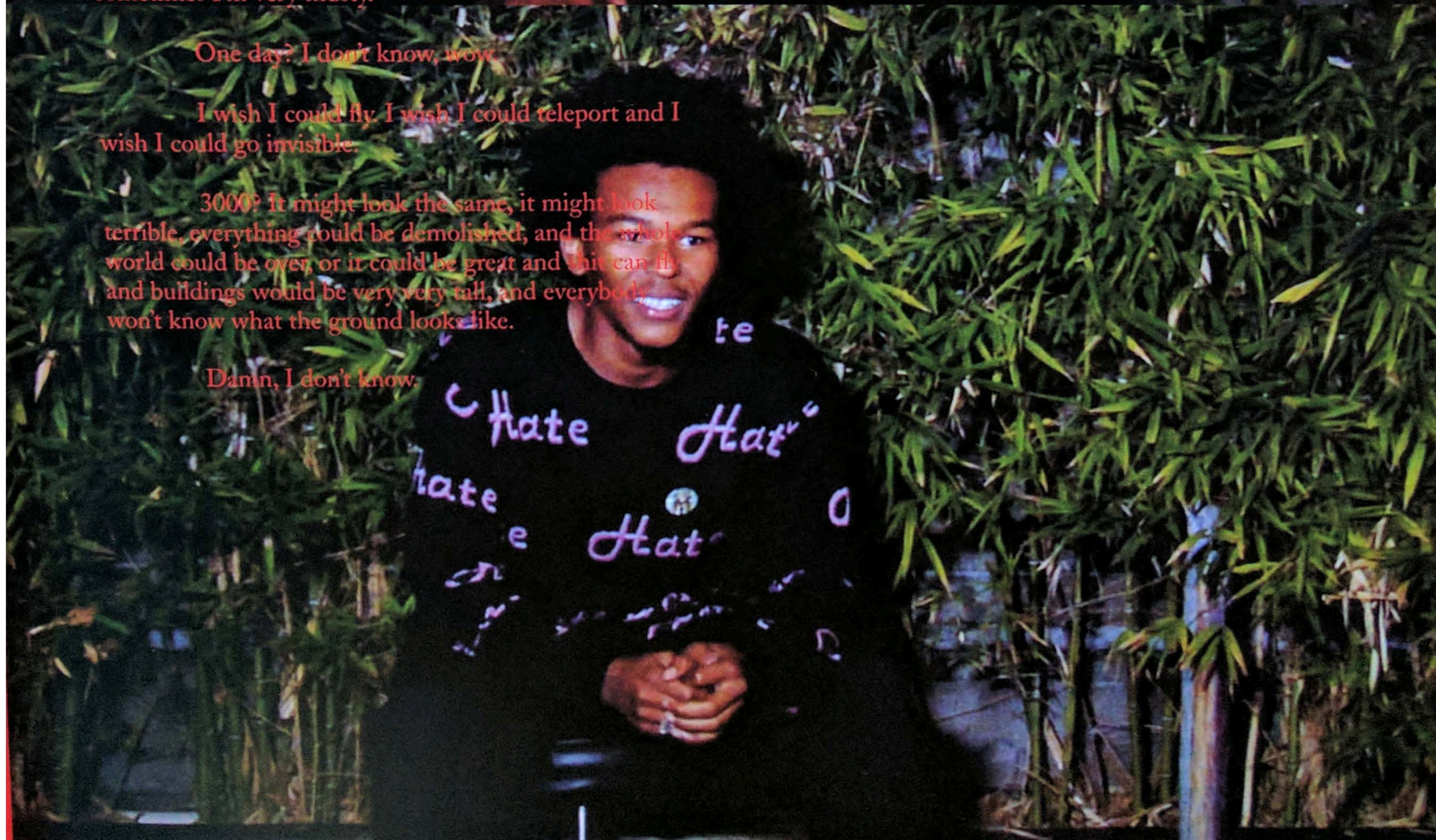
It's very far, yea, it's very fucking far.

Jessica Cleaves, Friends of Distinction, Brenda and the Tabulations, that's it.

I make music, I can draw, paint...

Skydive.





Nakel Smith

Skateboard, and other things.

Design stuff, just everything, like shoes and skateboards, wheels, Chucks, houses and dressers.

Falling off a balcony.

Friendship, and how it controls the world.

Best thing about being me is that I got a nice set of friends. I got a clear mind, I think, sometimes. The worst thing about being me is I think a lot too much, sometimes I'm very musty.

One day? I don't know, wow.

I wish I could fly. I wish I could teleport and I wish I could go invisible.

3000? It might look the same, it might look terrible, everything could be demolished, and the whole world could be over, or it could be great and shit can fly and buildings would be very very tall, and everybody won't know what the ground looks like.

Damn, I don't know.

Sabbbath, Chief Keef, umm hold up, I've been listening to Isaac Hayes, and the Based God.

I don't think so, I'm pretty open with everything I do.

Spend a couple hours with my family and then I'll go out and just do everything that I ever thought about trying, ever, like no matter what it is, if I ever had the thought I would actually go out and try it.



Brahim Iriri

I skate and I work at Active.

I want to accomplish a lot of goals in life, hopefully be like a movie director or something – something cool, I don't know... like a scorer or a composer, or a designer, clothing designer in the skateboarding industry hopefully.

I don't even know, to be honest.

Ahh shit, that's a tough one. The most amazing thing I've ever witnessed? That's tough, what would you say to that? I don't know, shit, uh, fuck, ok something short and simple: I saw Kanye last month, that was probably the greatest thing that happened this year as far as I can remember.

The best thing about being me is that I just don't give a fuck. Can I curse? Yea, I just don't care about shit, so like I don't know, that just makes me happy and I don't let shit bother me and I just try to be positive and just enjoy my fucking life and the worse thing is, I don't know, sometimes I feel like people don't like me, but then I think I'm just trippin, I don't know.

Proabably like some kinda monk in like the forest up in China so I can like balance on my forehead or some crazy shit.

I wish I could fly. I wish I was really strong and uh, shit, shit, I don't know, to be able to shoot fire from my mouth or something.

Probably be a fucking apocalypse or some shit I don't know. Probably be like the matrix, like robots and technology and all that shit.

I don't know.

Toro Y Moi, The Internet and BasedGod, that's about it.

No.

I'd take a piss in a fucking cop's coffee mug.



Evan Clark

I work on cars, hang out, umm help friends work on cars and stuff.

Continue to work on cars, drive cars, travel.

Ever? In the hospital room getting a toy motorcycle from my mom as a present from my sister as her birthday present to me.

Best thing about myself is I like to explore and get into things and try out some new stuff. I think the worst thing is that sometimes it doesn't work out – get into trouble, you know what I mean.

Does it have to be a person? It'll probably be a sloth, just kick it all day long.

I wish I could fly. I wish I could swim deep to the bottom of the ocean, and I wish I could sleep, without like being dead, but forever at the same time.

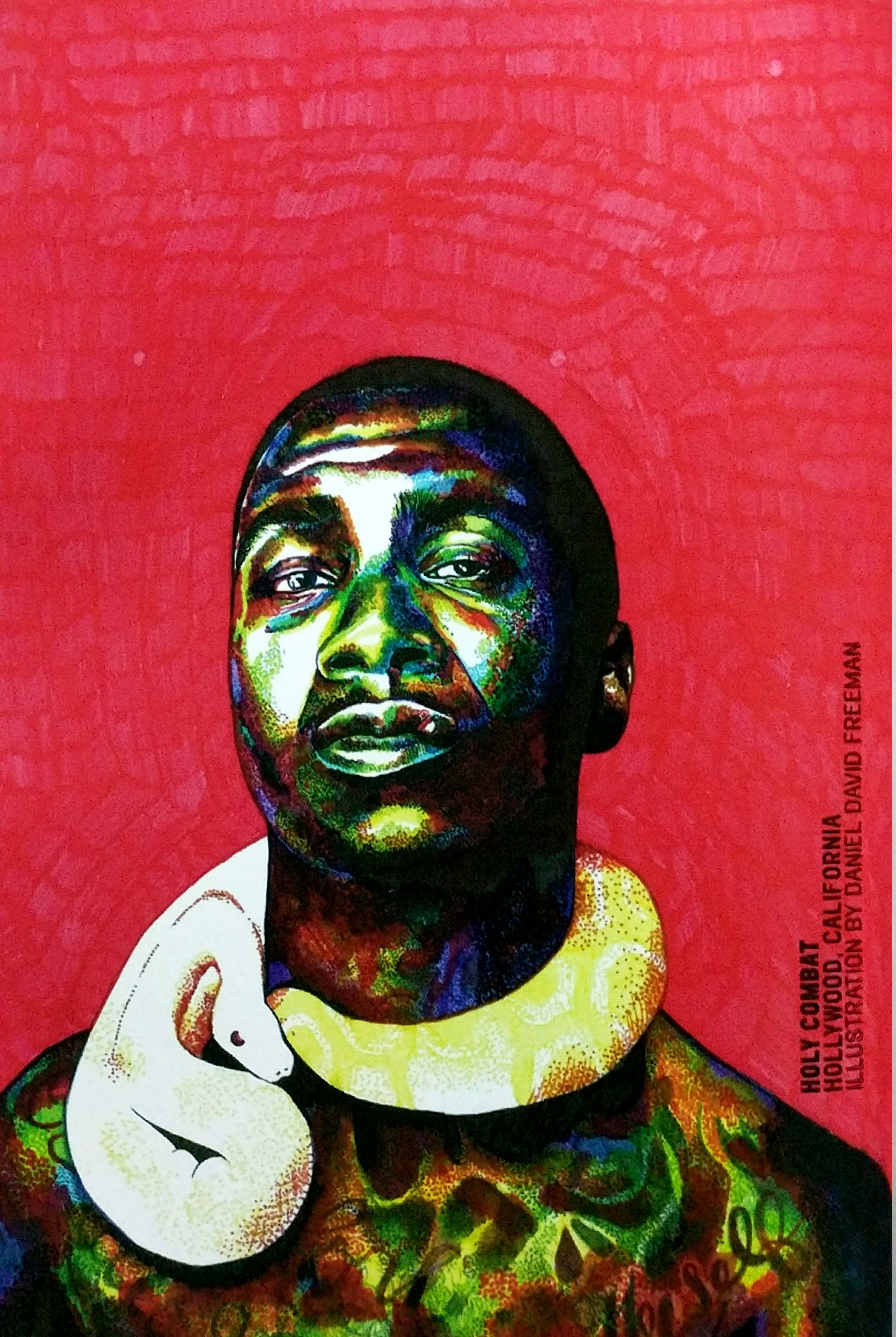
It's gonna be so dirty, it's gonna be filthy , too dirty.

Like a trillion miles or something.

The radio.

I can stay asleep, so well.

Probably jump off something really high, super high, try to land in like a handstand or something.



HOLY COMBAT
HOLLYWOOD, CALIFORNIA
ILLUSTRATION BY DANIEL DAVID FREEMAN

Frank: Aite so, imma have my Red Bull. This ain't really relaxing, but okay. So, umm first of all, thank you for your time, BasedGod.

BasedGod: Mr. Ocean, yes sir, thank you.

Frank: You never know what someone's going through they say. What would you say the average commenter looks like on the internet? Let's say you put out a song in like two hours and you go on a blog and there's a hundred comments already... I'm tryna understand what that person is, who is it? Is it everyone around me secretly? I don't know that I know any of them. (Laughter)

BasedGod: When it comes down, it's like, who?? And I wonder that too. I can speak from personal experience, one of my people that I know, he had a video on Worldstar and I wrote some comments and I hated!

Frank: So it was you?! (Laughter) Alrite fsho.

BasedGod: So if you have some comments and they might be a lil personal, it might be your friend.

Frank: So these people are playing, it's just something to do. Not serious.

BasedGod: The scary thing is that some of these people are serious. (Laughter) that's what's scary. The comments give people the chance to say something anonymously, to put whatever they want, frustrations, anything. They could've come back from a long day and just wanna let loose on somebody. This is a real experiment, and it shows you how people are. I know you've heard about the experimentwhere they test people to see if they would beat up someone who's in jail, and they see if the people would shock someone else if they had the chance and the other person wouldn't know. People were actually shocking other people if they did something wrong, because you didn't see them. They would shock them, but if you could see them, then they weren't doing that. It's a scary thing when you feel like you don't have to see anybody or you have these layers of protection.

> Given the opportunity you could be five different Brandons and I could be five different versions of myself — or more.

Mikey: It's a scary thing.

Frank: That's the real them. That's the real person. At the same time though, people are complicated to the point that nobody is any one thing. Given the opportunity you could be five different Brandons and I could be five different versions of myself — or more. Five is an arbitrary number. The internet is just another experiment showing us more sides of us.

BasedGod: You'll see some girl in the street who's really nice but on the internet is hating. (Laughter)

Frank: Okay, so we were talking about putting out music and I was saying your approach to it is modern. You aren't pinned down by the house rules or...

BasedGod: The norm.

Frank: That corporate America music shit, you know? I feel like the 'Based Way' is a lot healthier, because it's in a flow, unencumbered. To be able to take time and prepare a body of work is great, but overall being free-form with our output is better in the long run, I think. I'd like to be like that.

BasedGod: Congratulations.

Frank: Huh? (Laughter) Thank you.

BasedGod: I come from the traditional senseof music and I did that and I do that, that's what I love doing. I love that. Getting in the studio like where we at right now and doing what we doing, this is what I love. This is legendary. Also I come from making music however it comes because you know it's motherfuckers that need the music because that's all they got and that's what they got. You know we not worried about if it's for club quality. We gon play that full blast in our car or full blast at the house, and shit the club gon play it too, eventually, you know what I'm saying? The hood parties you know, or the local, the local parties or the people gon fuck with you. You know the people gon make that. (Runner brings in a bottle of Johnnie Walker)

Frank: Aye! Thank you.

BasedGod: Shall I open this for you, sir?

Frank: There you go, corporate backing.

BasedGod: You know what I'm saying?! That's what that corporate backing will do forreal!

Frank: You know they'll have that ass on the Johnnie Walker advert.

BasedGod: You gotta put that away, look, if you got some stock in it I'm fuckn w you.

Frank: I don't even know if they did the IPO like that. Nah, they over there in Scotland. They got the address on the box right here. We should go see em.

BasedGod: So, look you gotta tell me, cus you saying words I don't even know. IPO, what does that mean?

Frank: IPO stands for Initial Public

I'm not the guy that's always putting it on my fans like, 'Hey fuck with me on my Paypal.'

Offering,it's when a company makes their product available for trade on the stock market. When they 'go public' so to speak. This comes with letting people know your business, like you gotta tell your shareholders how you did that quarter of that year, you know? You've got people to answer to.

BasedGod: Like why that drop?! Your investment niggas might fake on you. OG like 'Oh, you dropped five percent... I'm leaving,' and you like 'I thought you fucked with me, I thoughtu was my patna?' he like, 'Hmm...'

Frank: It's true though, fiscal responsibility. You've got a board. You could get kicked off the board even if you started it!

BasedGod: That shit's crazy, bruh.

Mikey: They tried to get Bill Gates in trouble, because when he took Microsoft public he bought 35 percent of the shares. He wasn't supposed to do that. I think you're only supposed to be able to get a quarter.
Frank: He needed that.

BasedGod: That's bossed up. So what would be the motivation of making your stock public and then buying 35 percent of it, if you already own it?

Frank: I don't know. More money equals more control, I guess.

BasedGod: I'm 'bout to force myself to startloving money.

Frank: I had a conversation recently and the question came up, is money sexy?

BasedGod: You a real one for that bruh. I never.

Frank: My first thing was 'Yea, money's sexy as fuck.' and my friend's saying 'Nah, money is gross, it changes hands, it's filthy. People wear it wrong etc.' And I was thinking,'Sure.' but no, I don't agree with that.

Mikey: I don't either, money is the fuel for options.

BasedGod: I was waiting for that and we can't forget that my brother, we cannot forget. Me, my problem sometimes, you know we all artists in here, and sometimes I'll just be so into my art and just my brand and shit, so fulfilled off getting the art and doing what I do that you forget that you're running a business also. You've got operations and things to keep this business going and to do that you gotta have money, you gotta be making money. You know it costs money to be in the studio. And I'm not the guy that's always putting it on my fans like, 'Hey fuck with me on my Paypal.' putting it on twitter, you know, 'Help the boy!' But it's a blessing too, because when you believe in your brand and you stay solid through the hard days and the times where you might be like, 'I don't know what's goin on dude,' or 'I don't know what's gonna happen,' and people might be saying 'Aww, you fell off.' and shit like that, and you keep going, and you know, then that big paycheck comes out, and you be like, 'Damn!' or, you know, these companies or individuals might come support you. I've been blessed with that. With hard work and stuff, if you really care about what you're doing, people will pay for that and they gon pay that price. And the show money has been going up for me. It's hard because you don't wanna get complacent. You know, 50 grand shows –15,000 something like that, and you unsigned. And you know you gotta split some money up, get your team and business costs to make the show happen. And I'm paying taxes than a motherfucker.



Frank: We all paying em. Trust. (Laughter)

BasedGod: Yea we all are. You just don't wanna be complacent because at first I was just worrying about paying bills. And now bills are paid and motherfuckers is owning things and now it's the next level of career and worldwide.

Frank: Worldwide. Yes.

BasedGod: Yes sir. Pop. You know I feel like I'm embedded in pop culture right now on this level, and that's a blessing where and how far we've come from. A lot of the beautiful people holding me down too. And especially people like ya'll that's just taking ya'll position and not afraid to show love and when ya'll are like on top still show love to people. Because everybody won't do that. Everybody won't be like, 'We still fuck wit B'. I'm like that though, always, anybody that inspires me... I mean you see I followed a million something people by my hand. You know what I'm saying? So it's like niggas can reach me. I made sure. I followed a million (knocks on the table) this hand bruh, I gotta gold-plate it! This is a hand that's followed a million niggas and then wrote a lot. A motherfucker can come talk to me, and I made that so. Cus I'm paying homage too, so I put that out there – anybody can come talk. If you gotta problem or nigga it's real, come talk to me. That's how I feel sir.

This is a hand that's followed a million niggas and then wrote a lot. A motherfucker can come talk to me, and I made that so. Cus I'm paying homage too, so I put that out there...

Mikey: Influence, also a big marker of success. When you wear something and then hella people wear it you're successful.

BasedGod: Yes, sir. Bless you my love. Andthank you. And that's what I've been too. I'vebeen having to deal with that like it's crazy,because I've been so under a microscope it's like... like me, creating a lot of these ideas. And it hurts me as an individual artist, because you'll see people – and I understand this is life though too you know – but you'll see people like an idea that you might've been thinking years on with the music or a brand that you've worked extremely hard like with the 'Thank you BasedGod' or something like that and then you see motherfuckers stealing shirts and using the brand and not licensing it and not coming to me directly and doing this, and you know, just messing up the brand... I've got trademarks and shit too, so I'm not just out, but I haven't put lawyers on niggas because I'm just seeing how people doing me. And you seeing how people doing me. And that's not right. For me, I don't remember listening to Lil Wayne and being like, 'Alrite imma make a fucking Wayne t-shirt then sell it.' I never been like that. Wayne can do that, I can't and then people got the nerve too. (Laughter)

Frank: They do, they've got the nerve. That's what Mikey's talking about, that's success. Even that, even in that negative, that's a positive. People bootlegging because it means something, it's valuable, on whichever level.

BasedGod: And if you ain't givin' it to em!

Frank: My last record, I didn't make a vinyl. But somebody did and sold a whole lot of vinyl. They had mp3s on it, not properly done at all. Still they'll win because there's a demand for it. That goes back to the business talk we were having about covering your ass. Make sure you can profit from it not just for the sake of profit, but so you can convert that energy to build up your next ideas.

BasedGod: That's truth, bruh.

Frank: Random, but sometimes I prefer my childhood over all this serious adulthood shit.

BasedGod: Hell yeah.

Frank: Not saying I wish I was a kid again but...

BasedGod: Well, you know what's crazy? I wouldn't be mad to look like a kid and have the adult mind. You know what I'm sayin? Keep the youthful skin. But you know I love it. I love it. I've finally accepted becoming an adult and really feeling what it means to have knowledge from experience. And for a long time I was really being hard on me. 25 used to always be old to me. I used to say 'When I'm 25...' and things like that. You know it finally got there, and I'm getting a little further away from the high school. I've been out of high school (counts) I gotta count on my hands!

Frank: Yea man, believe it.

Frank: What year did you write your first book?

BasedGod: I was 19 so that was – uhh...

Mikey: 2009.

BasedGod: Yes sir. Good math. He getting that money. Niggas know, I need my assistant nigga. Nigga gotta count for me. (Laughter)

Frank: You're an author though. Are you gonna write another one?

BasedGod: Yea, yes I am. I'm definitely – I already got the title.

Frank: You don't gotta give that up right now.

BasedGod: The next interview, when it's closer.

BasedGod: It's gonna be powerful, so I really wanna get back to writing that. Like I just been so excited about making music bruh andlike all the shit that I got planned.

Frank: Yea. Are you doing any more lectures anytime soon?

BasedGod: Man, thank you. Well umm...

Frank: That's very ahead by the way.

BasedGod: Thank you, I love you for that, thank you. It's the caliber of people that like Lil B, so it's dope people — people in the school system that are smart and that understand the art aspect of it like you said. The modern way I'm distributing art, that was a beautiful way that you worded that... and these people they're getting it, the future. It started at NYU, I got my email out online and the people hit me up and they inquired and every lecture situation was inquired. Like I said, I don't gotta booking agent or manager and stuff like that so I don't have people actively trying to book like, 'Hey, can we book Lil B.' So anybody that wants to book a show from me, they're contacting me personally by email. It started at NYU and that was a huge stepping stone and deep down inside I really felt really good.

> And that's why I cry, you know? Like when I'm listening to my music or I cry for how where I'm at today.

Frank: Yea, it was awesome.

BasedGod: Thank you bruh. I'm sounding modest and cool right now, but deep down inside, yea like, especially the MIT one I was really happy, because for me coming up, dude and this is a real emotional thing too. It used to hurt my feelings when people called me stupid back then because I wasn't in school all the time. I was doing what I wanted to do. But I loved science, I loved history and I loved teachers. I can't say I loved all history, but I loved science, off top science, I loved that no matter what. But I also loved teachers that really loved to teach me. And I had a lot of problems early on because I wanted to be a star in the classroom. That's why it makes sense that I'm a rapper because I was always looking for attention. When I raised my hand I knew it was my time in class, you know what I'm saying? I was like, 'Ooh, I can make a joke right now, aww the whole class is looking. I can say something in front of the teacher.' So I was always that guy pulling the school bells and little things like that, getting my respect and freeing the kids. I was freeing all of us. Because I wasn't understanding the magnitude... and the beautiful magnitude, of education. But I did. But it was like when you're a kid, dude... nigga, they got you in there for hours and shit.

Frank: The whole fuckin day man. Missing the sunlight and everything in there. (Laughter)

BasedGod: We was blessed cus we had the off campus lunch, so nigga I was gone. We had the off campus lunch in high school, so we got a chance to go and go eat and leave school for lunch, bruh. And that was a blessing and it's a beautiful thing, because you always got to — it's all about unconscious — unconsciously I always been doing this, however, whatever... it was always music near me. And it stayed to this day. My grades and shit wasn't reflecting how I felt inside, you know my grades, if I would've went by grades, you know I... you know, right now I... I knew. You know what I'm saying? And that's why I cry, you know? Like when I'm listening to my music or I cry for how where I'm at today. Because it's like by the standards I shouldn't be, by the standards... I should be working or something.

Mikey: That's beautiful.

BasedGod: God bless you man.

Mikey: That's like believing in yourself.

BasedGod: Yes sir and thank you. Yea, but back to the root, what was the root kinda. The root?

Frank: Nigga I forgot.

BasedGod: Yea I forgot too.

Frank: I don't know where I was reading it at, but the chain of command in your brain and how it's evolutionary... in the sense of you having a part of your brain that in the progress of human evolution was the first thing to be developed, the brain stem which is said to control involuntary function. Then you have the next level up, which is emotional and survival based, and then above that you have rationale, mathematics and creative writing — all the things we do for a living. That state of the art brain stuff. It was also talking about how if, let's say we were nomads again and we were out here hunting for a living and we were confronted in the woods by a predator, you'll be literally cut off from access to the higher levels. Your brain is designed to cut off reasoning and to go straight to the mode of survival so you don't waste precious time tryna delineate, you just go straight to survival — the real fucked-up part about it is rarely, if ever are we now encountering a bear, but you might encounter a scenario that's actually not life-threatening but that scares you enough to initiate that sort of response and go straight to this lesser developed part of the brain.

BasedGod: Nah, that's the truth. Quote unquote a man and being quote unquote a man and what that means in society and that's what's a hard thing for us. I really wanna protect the women and protect the kids, make sure that ladies know that you can wear gym shorts and not or don't have to feel like you're forced to, because sometimes I wonder if these fashions, these styles that we think are normal are normal... we should be able to see people anyway they wanna be seen and not fantasize about them or fetishize how

> We just gotta keep protecting the young men, the young women and also the older people.

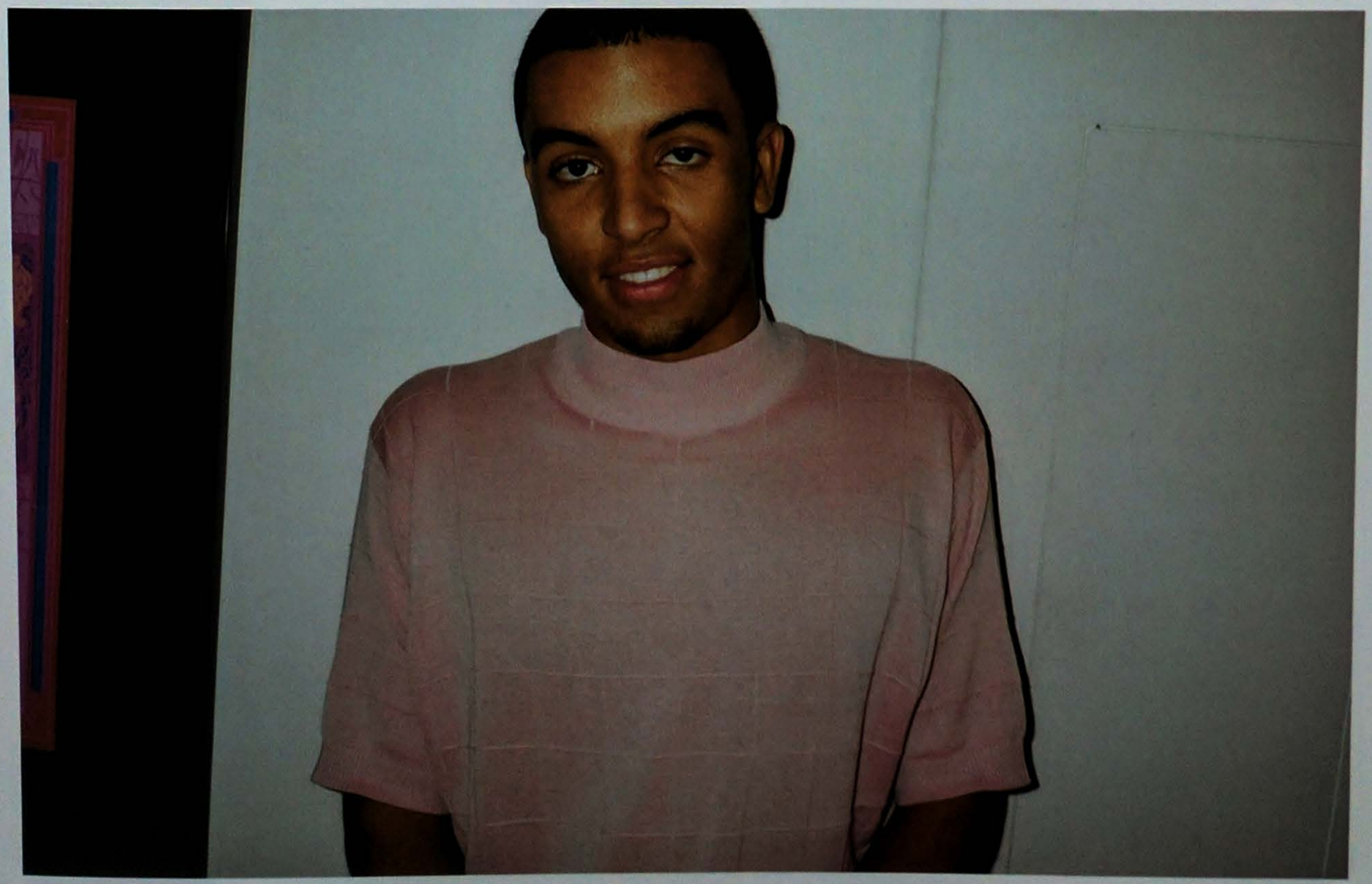
they look. So it's like, a girl, she might be hot and she has a bunch of hot pictures on Instagram, and I look and be like, 'Oh, she's hot.' and she might put a funny face picture up and I'm like, 'Ew,'like some weird, you know. Just being herself, you know how the girls be doing that just to do some shit and uhh, I had to look at myself and ask, 'What the hell is my problem?' she's human, we're human. Like, because I do the shit too. I put pictures up — and especially now — I'm more comfortable with myself than ever so. You'll put some shit up and it might be an angle or something you not gon try, you not gon take 15 pics. You gon take that one and just put that motherfucker up and let the world see you. We just gotta keep protecting the young men, the young women and also the older people. You can't forget about the older people too. And try to let them know. Just keep on moving these walls and barriers of what it means to be a man or a woman because that shit'll kill you too. If you really try to live by that, you know, being a masculine man like, 'Oh, I gotta protect my wife,' like 'I gotta go hunt for some food.' Why can't she hunt? Or not, and I'm not saying that and imma tell ya'll like this. I been punched by a girl. Girls done punched me. I'll never hit em and that's what's funny to me because you see I'm not the biggest guy and shit — that shit hurt. When the females hit me, that shit hurt. I never hit them back but all this law bullshit they talking about 'Aw girls. Don't hit girls and shit'... Well, you know what? I never hit a girl before, and they almost knock my ass out and I might have to hit em and sleep they ass because she almost knocked my ass out, so it's like, you know. And trust me I never hit a girl first, ever, ever, never. It was always a girl slapped me because we might be making fun of each other or something — my play sister she slapped the shit outta my ass for making fun of her. And another girl when I was at the club she slapped the shit outta my ass. I didn't know how the club rules worked (Laughter). I was at a strip club or whatever, and I was at the front part and she was dancing, and I wasn't paying I was just looking and I was with my friend, and I think it was my friend's birthday, I took him out on his birthday. This when I was younger I felt I was doing it big, rented the limo and everything, took him out, and man, she smack!

Frank: For not paying?

BasedGod: Yea, lip was bleeding and shit like that. And you know I acted like I was gonna do something, you know what I'm saying? Like I got up and 'Oh okay', and I picked up the chair, looking cool. Picked up the chair like I was gonna do something. And you know, deep down inside I didn't wanna do nothing. You know I wasn't gon beat her up. But I still did something, I was like 'What?'. Security got my ass out fast than anything, so I really couldn't do nothing anyway.

Frank: I never heard of that. Yea, she was wildin. That's why you came out w the 'Stealing from Strippers' song? (Laughter)

BasedGod: Wildin, that was early. That's why people's wondering why I come out with the song. I got some shit that's gon come out sooner, and it's gonna be like, motherfuckers like, people are gonna be like 'Wow', you know, this 'Thugged Out, Pissed Off' gonna be talking about that, you know beating up bitches and things of that nature, because now to the outside people they might be like, 'Oh,



I'm like I'm livin, just surviving like I'm eating, this is what got me through the day, we're not perfect.

this is horrible.' or misogynistic or whatever it is, but then once you talk to me... this guy never hit a woman but he's been attacked and what he's been through, and then you gotta be like, hmmm well, you know what? I'll speak on shit and then motherfuckers will hit me like, 'Well, you can't speak on shit because you've never been through it.' But you don't know, motherfuckers don't know. Niggas don't know what a motherfucker survived through.

Frank: Yea, true. You know, I've been thinking about something. I've been talking about moving to London since 2012. The only reason I bring that up is because I was always thinking man – this example is stupid, but today I was leaving the hotel, and I was at the elevator and something told me to go back to my room and get some Kleenex because I'm a lil sick and I'll be in the car sneezing and get snot all on my fuckin sleeves and be upset. (Laughter) It's a very simple thing to just go back to the room and get the Kleenex. Yes, I know, I'm already at the elevator, but it's a very simple thing to just turn around and go back to the hotel room get some Kleenex and head back down to the car. A lot of the times though, I'd say, 'Well, self, I'm already over here at this elevator, so im not finna do that.' Then the next thing I know, I'm in the car sneezing and I got snot all on my sleeves. I feel like we know what we're supposed to do, we've got the supreme wisdom. With the whole relocation to London thing, my mind was playing tricks on me. I started to think if I had moved when my intuition first told me to move... then certain shit wouldn't have happened. So now, I always go back to the hotel room.

BasedGod: Okay, peep this: I was at Starbucks I was getting over this cold naturally I was drinking chamomile tea every day. I don't know what made me buy chamomile tea every day idk. I was like imma buy this everyday just getting over this cold. I was going through the drive thru every day and it was normal for me it became the normal thing so something told me to go inside Starbucks and something made me walk inside and I tried something new, I went and I said lemme try peppermint tea, which changed my life. Healed my cold asap. And I'm like why the fuck I was so stuck on drive thru chamomile tea, and something told me to try something new, and I did it and it felt amazing, and that was my new breakthrough, and when I did it a thought came to my head, and it was about manhood and lifehood and seeing how it's not easy for anybody, like our parents, because they were all our age and they all were just acquiring habits of living, and I was just trying to live when I was buying this chamomile tea every day, I'm like I'm livin, just surviving like I'm eating, this is what got me through the day, we're not perfect. You know what I'm saying? So you know you'll give that game to your kids too, you might be drinking chamomile tea every day and if it works for you, you gon tell your son, 'Hey drink this every day. You can drink the chamomile too.' but it showed me when I took the other choice, make sure that you see other options and don't stay just on that one, you know what I'm saying? And don't stay so strict on that one.

Frank: That reminds me, there's an engineer named Jason I worked with on this album. He'll be eating barley you know, raw barley and he'll have the drops on hand to put in the water to make the ph balance and the minerals or whatever, and it occurred to me... see I have friends who are really curious and



so whenever they're around new people they tend to ask a lot of questions and like really try and get to know people. As for me, I can be aloof. Not in any cold way I hope, let's say I'm big on giving people their space and not getting all in people's mix, and it just occurred to me recently that I should ask people more questions (Laughter) like 'Jason, when you're not at work what's your breakfast lunch and dinner game plan?' And then he'll say some shit that I didn't know, something I might wanna use for my daily lifestyle. Or what someone is reading, he reads a lot of artist biographies and I'd never asked him, 'Which autobiographies have you read?' like why have I never asked him that, I'm always reading and tryna learn from people who aren't right next to me. Discrimination based off proximity. (Laughter)

Mikey: You know it's a crazy wives' tale about how you wanna accomplish, how you wanna start moving on in your career and stuff, doing more and have some more sponsors and people were saying how it's hella easy, like usually you could ask me and you don't even know it. So there's an old wives' tale about diamond mining and this dude found this big old diamond and everybody gathers around him, and are like, 'What the hell? Where'd you find that?' 'It's a big nice diamond. I'm not telling you where I found this,' so everyone starts going to mountains, trees and they start doing crazy stuff, killing animals, opening their stomachs, when really diamonds are right here in the ground. It's that thought sometimes that makes it go crazy.

Because I feel like there's so many barriers. Niggas was asking me to pull my pants up for so long so I always had these barriers.

BasedGod: Just those situations, you know, fuckin w anybody... not being scared to talk to people and ask, you know what I'm saying? Cus when I was overseas and in these other places you know Harlem – Harlem Netherlands or something like that – I was just walking in the shit because I'm foreign, and I didn't care, and it's cool, like a nigga would walk and out here and I have to remember that. Because I feel like there's so many barriers. Niggas was asking me to pull my pants up for so long so I always had these barriers. And I finally had to break the shit down, I'm not different. We're not different. No matter how motherfuckers might try to make you feel. You a legend bruh. You gotta realize I just got comfortable walking in random places, cus like I got money I could do what I want. Like in a way, to an extent, but like for the Base level, you know like niggas could go in anywhere and we could do, even to eat, just say, to eat. So my thing was I was so wrapped up in how I look or how I thought I looked but, nigga like, we should be able to go in any restaurant any place. I used to think and be so into my head and worry about what people thought about me and that used to hinder me. I used to not do as much as I could. Like my nigga why am I still eating fast food? I'm eating fruit all time now, you know it's beautiful, we got the fruit downstairs.

Frank: Yea you told me you went to Whole Foods before you came here. Said you were a lil late because you had to stop at the market and get those fruits and vegetables. (Laughter)

BasedGod: I got another one, here it goes, I ordered a sandwich. I was a little hungry and I automatically flipped on dude like before I even opened it. Like 'Why the fuck is this sandwich not cut?' I opened it a lil bit and it was cut. You just gotta wait sometimes. I tripped like, 'What the fuck. Niggas can't get shit right. This dude.' I just opened it a little bit just waited, wait. Not expecting the worse. And I'm just like 'Boom!'... I'm just a fucking ass.

Frank: Dog, what? (Laughter)

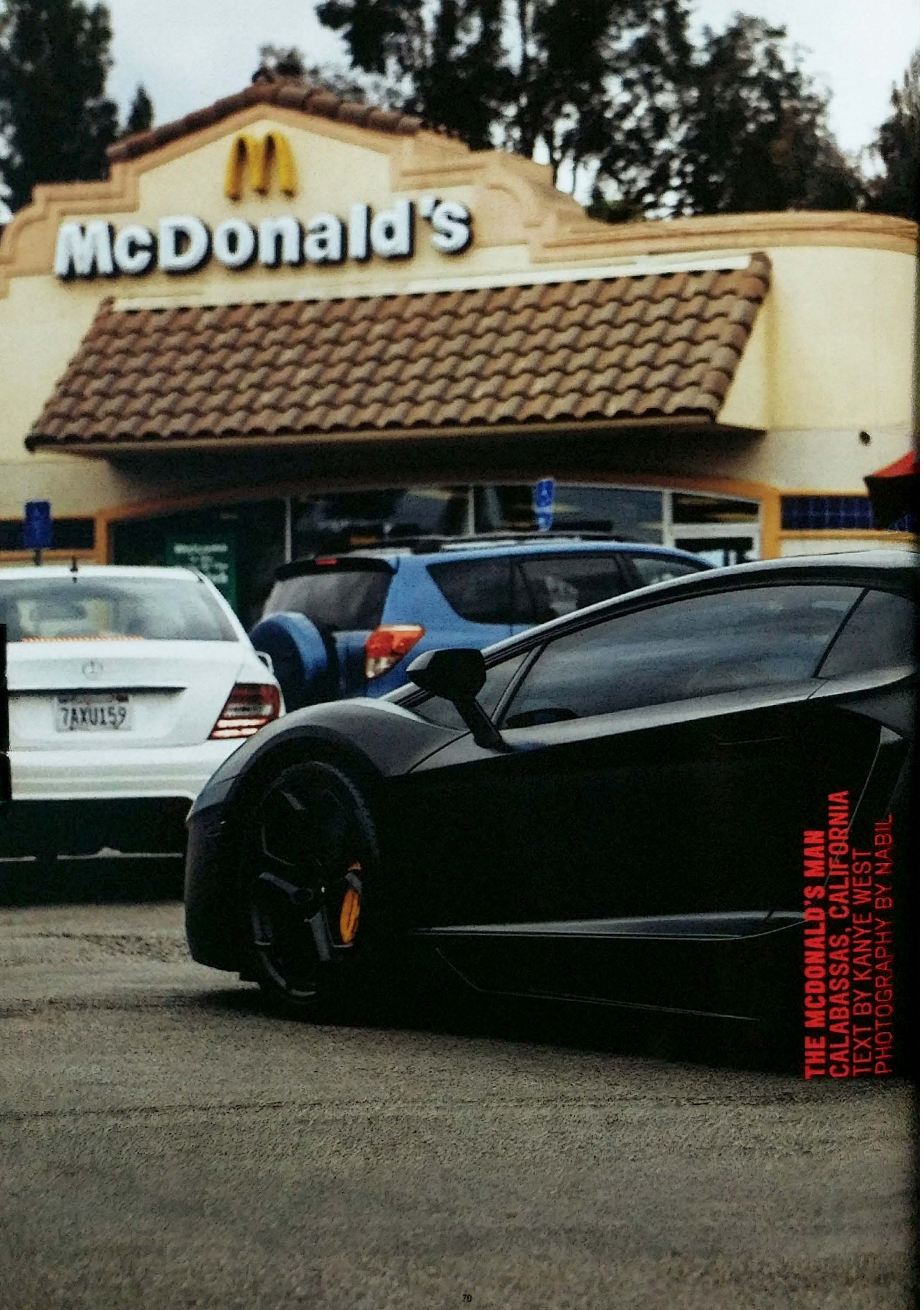
Frank: I think we got it man. (Laughter)

BasedGod: This is so great, I'm so glad you made this happen bro.

BasedGod: This was a good one my brother. Frank: Peace to the God. Thanks a lot. It was great to see you in the flesh.

BasedGod: You think I could take a picture of you bruh on the professional camera?

BasedGod: I'm on my Terry Richardson.

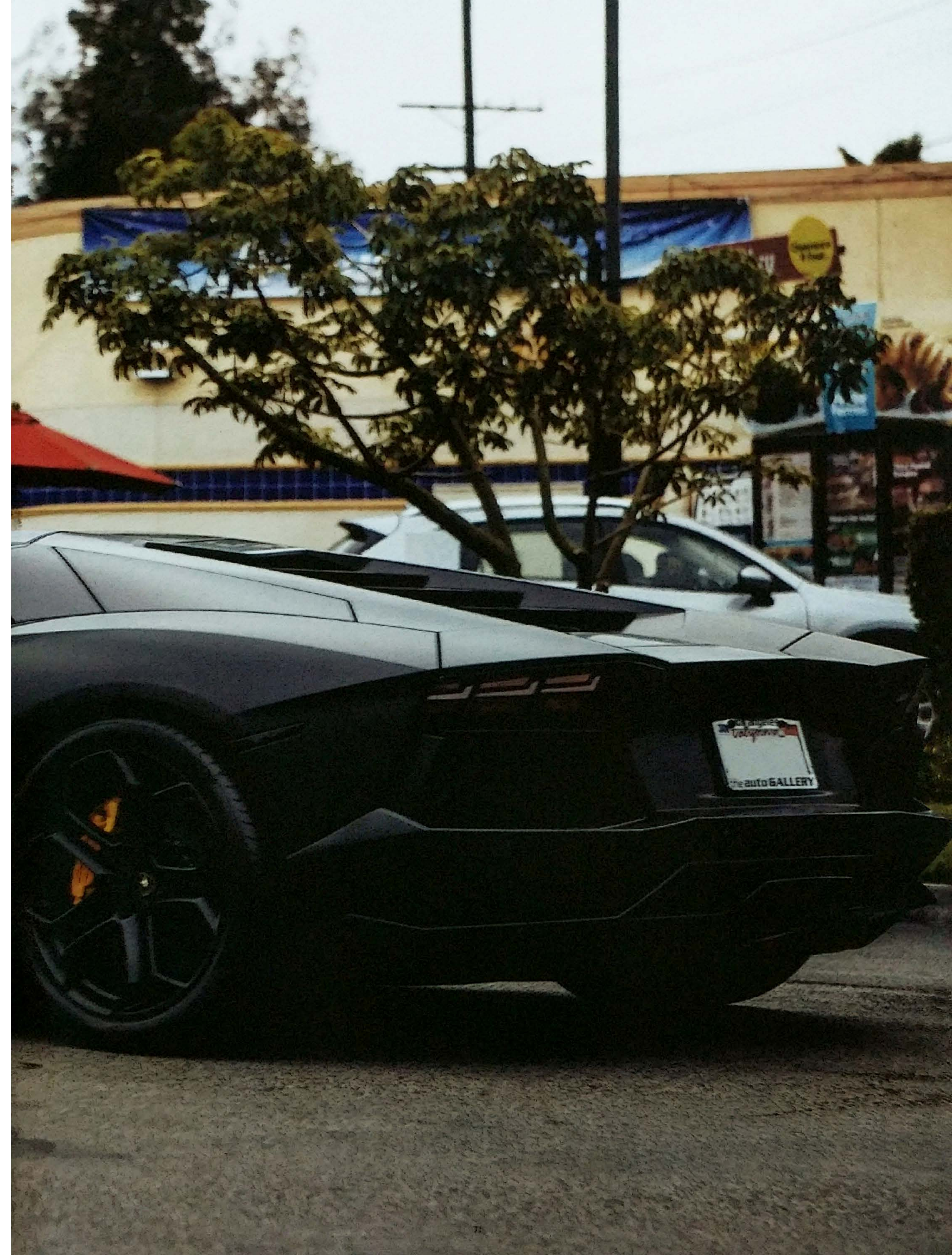


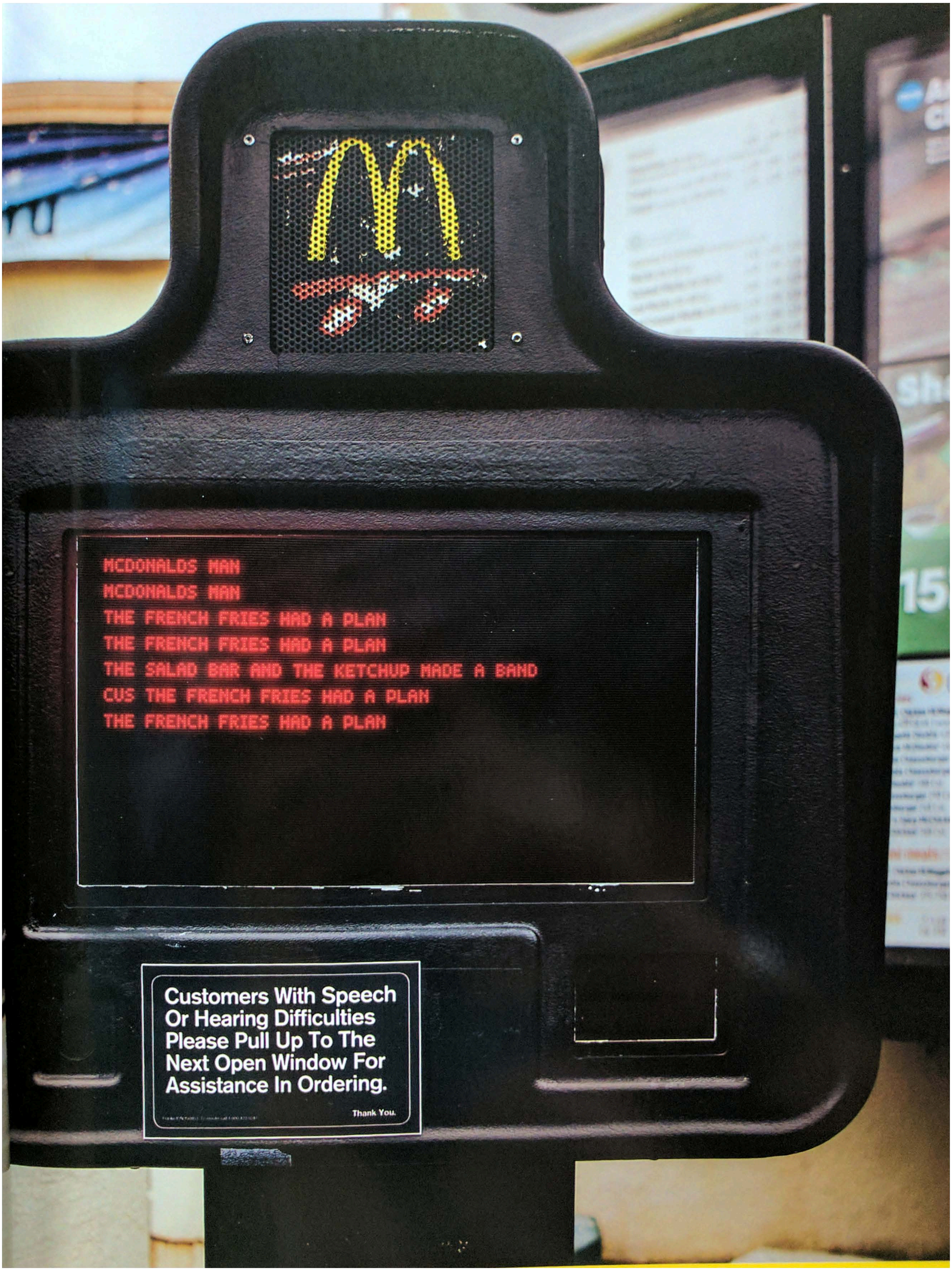
THE MCDONALD'S MAN


CALABASSAS, CALIFORNIA


TEXT BY KANYE WEST

PHOTOGRAPHY BY NABIL




MCDONALDS MAN
MCDONALDS MAN
THE FRENCH FRIES HAD A PLAN
THE FRENCH FRIES HAD A PLAN
THE SALAD BAR AND THE KETCHUP MADE A BAND
CUS THE FRENCH FRIES HAD A PLAN
THE FRENCH FRIES HAD A PLAN
Customers With Speech Or Hearing Difficulties Please Pull Up To The Next Open Window For Assistance In Ordering.
Thank You.


MCDONALDS MAN
MCDONALDS
I KNOW THEM FRENCH FRIES HAVE A PLAN
I KNOW THEM FRENCH FRIES HAVE A PLAN
THE CHEESEBURGER AND THE SHAKES FORMED A BAND
TO OVERTHROW THE FRENCH FRIES PLAN
I ALWAYS KNEW THEM FRENCH FRIES WAS EVIL MAN
SMELLING ALL GOOD AND SHIT
I DON'T TRUST NO FOOD THAT SMELLS THAT GOOD MAN
I DON'T TRUST IT
I JUST CAN'T
Customers With Speech Or Hearing Difficulties Please Pull Up To The Next Open Window For Assistance In Ordering.
Thank You.


MCDONALDS MAN
MCDONALDS MAN
MCDONALDS, DAMN
THEM FRENCH FRIES LOOK GOOD THO
I KNEW THE DIET COKE WAS JEALOUS OF THE FRIES
I KNEW THE MCNUGGETS WAS JEALOUS OF THE FRIES
EVEN THE MCRIB WAS JEALOUS OF THE FRIES
I COULD SEE IT THROUGH HIS ARTIFICIAL MEAT EYES
AND HE ONLY BE THERE SOME OF THE TIME
EVERYBODY WAS JEALOUS OF THEM FRENCH FRIES
EXCEPT FOR THAT ONE SPECIAL GUY
THAT SMOOTH APPLE PIE
-K. WEST
Customers With Speech Or Hearing Difficulties Please Pull Up To The Next Open Window For Assistance In Ordering.
Thank You.




lovin'
it


thank you


STOP



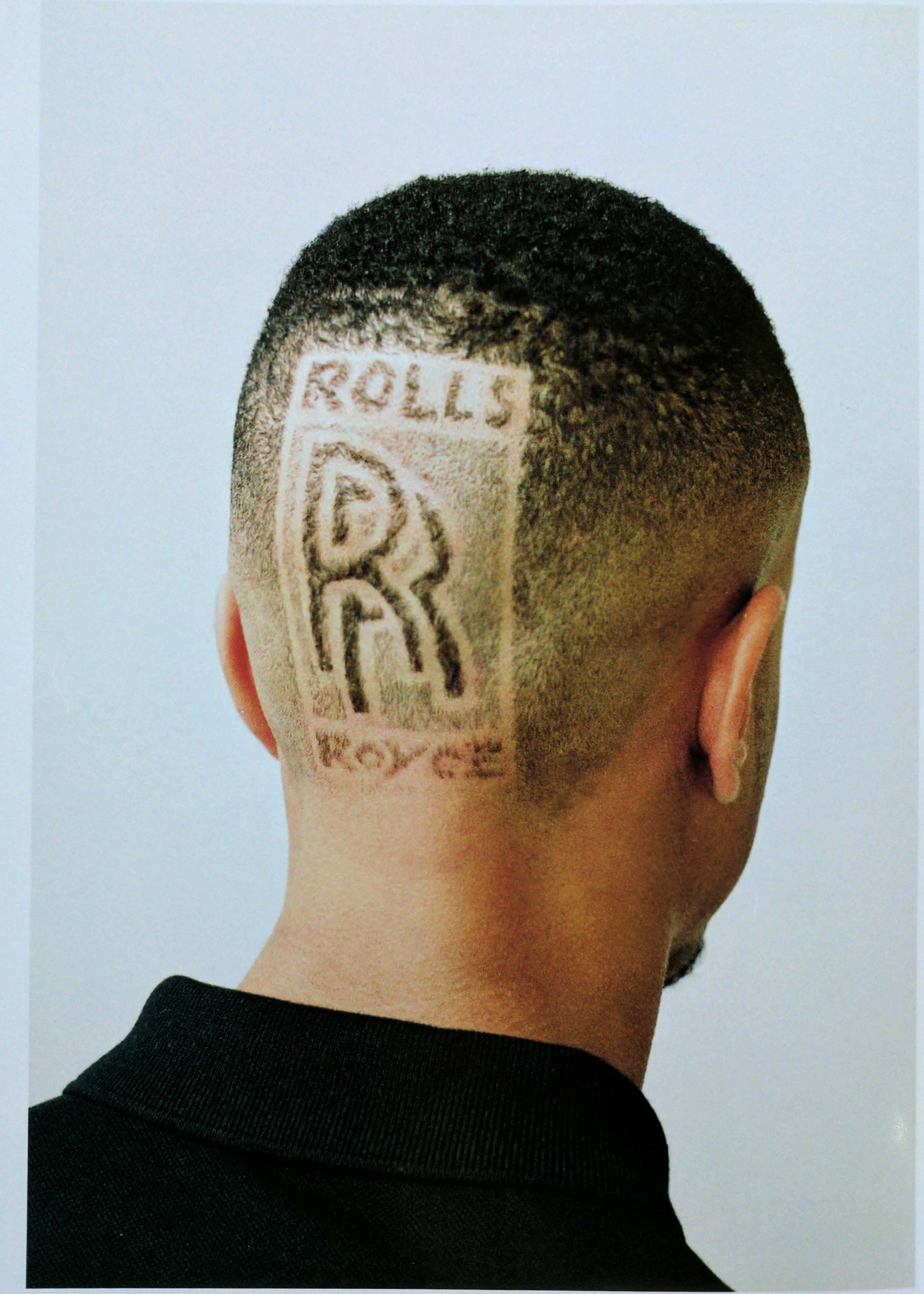
the early chapters of my book included bus passes
now its tire traction off like fuck crashes, ask him how?
insurance higher than the lease bill, run flats when the feet peel
fish tail, the boy eats meals, tummy ache from my cheap thrills
granny hug the way the seat feel, on the left turn, leave the neck burned
from the frost bit links, size of an earth worm, wasted on last check earned
im, expecting this so it aint odd, two 5's on the paint job, lactose, wide body, fat ghost
grannys watch over me when i act slow, rev till i plateau
keys sported on the hip, jeff gordon is his mind, life's forza on the strip
switch gears like i take breaths, wish i had 8
left 6 got skipped, went to 7th from the 5th
more advance than your average,
i like coupes, two shit
when my friends pull up, stops turn into a pageant
but until i get that enzo, its chapter uno
but i know what that bus pass turned into, its magic

TRICOLOR
LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA
TEXT BY TYLER THE CREATOR





the early chapters of my book included bus passes
now its tire traction off like fuck crashes, ask him how?
insurance higher than the lease bill, run flats when the feet peel
fish tail, the boy eats meals, tummy ache from my cheap thrills
granny hug the way the seat feel, on the left turn, leave the neck burned
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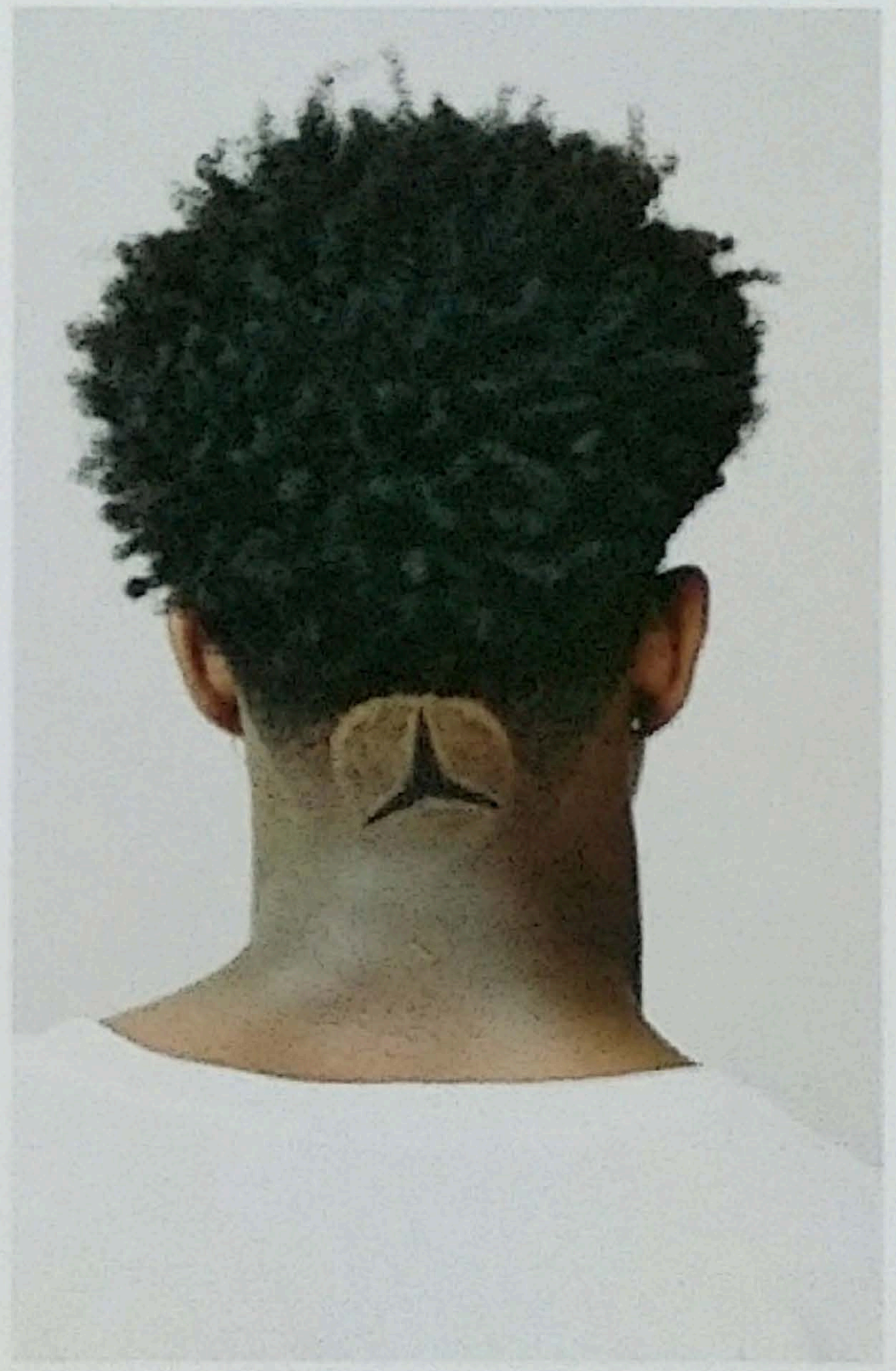
MAKE, MODEL
MANCHESTER, ENGLAND
PHOTOGRAPHY BY MICHAEL MAYREN

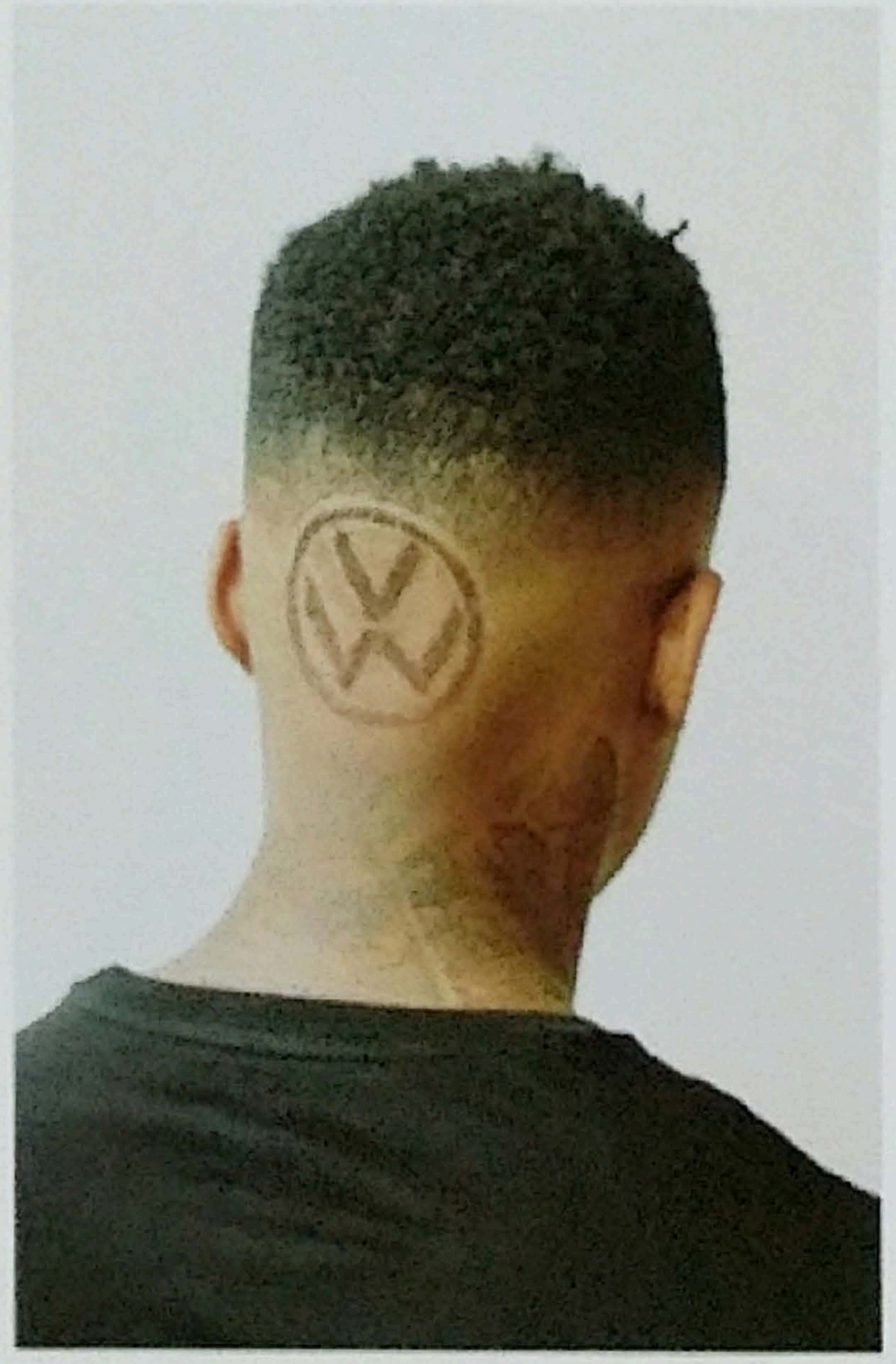










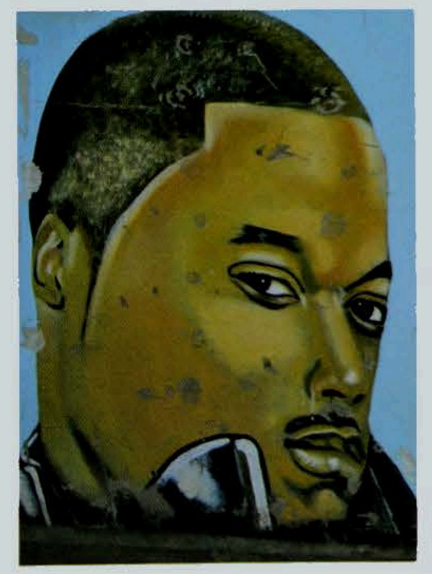








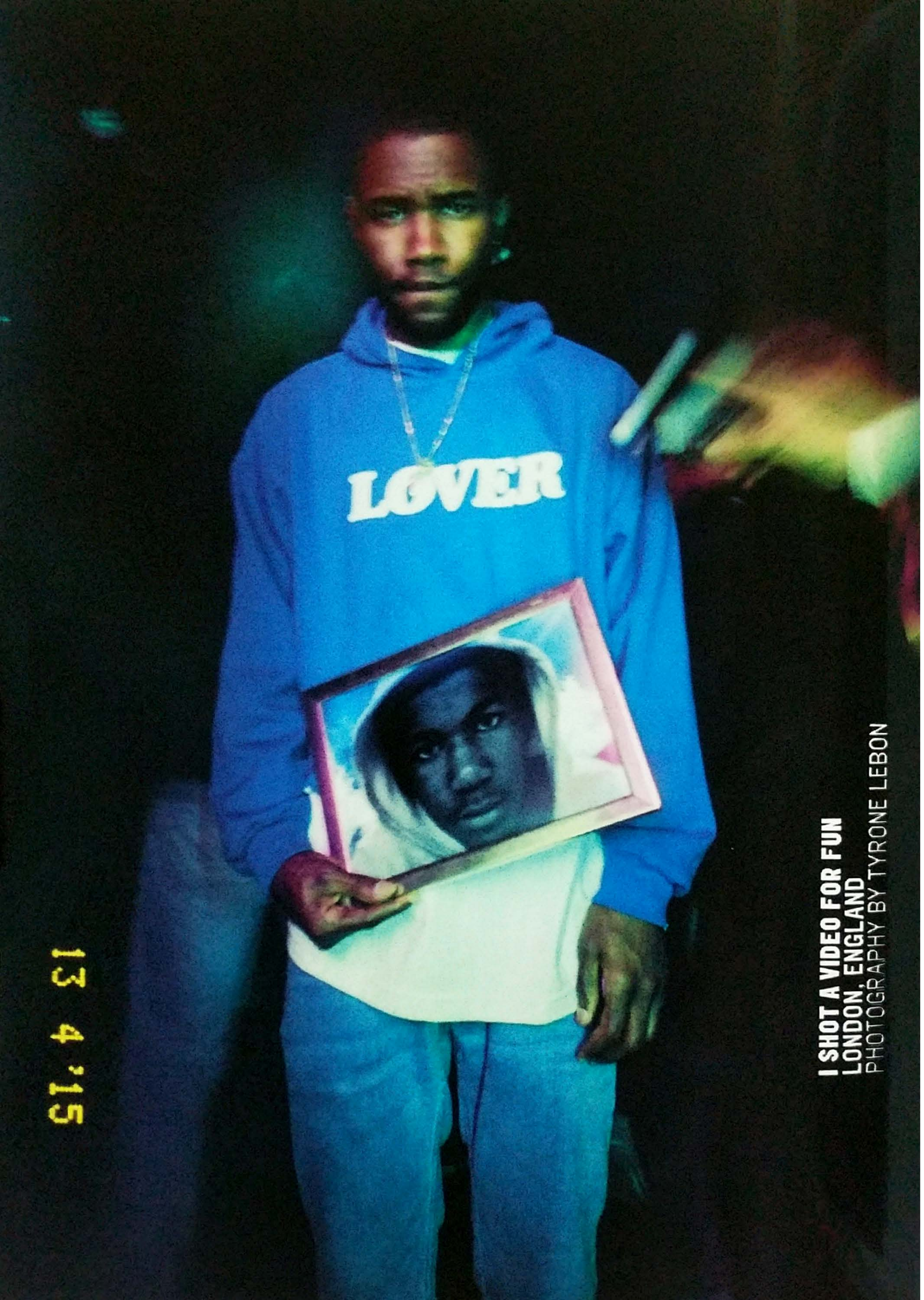
YOU
GOBBED
UP
MY
FADE.





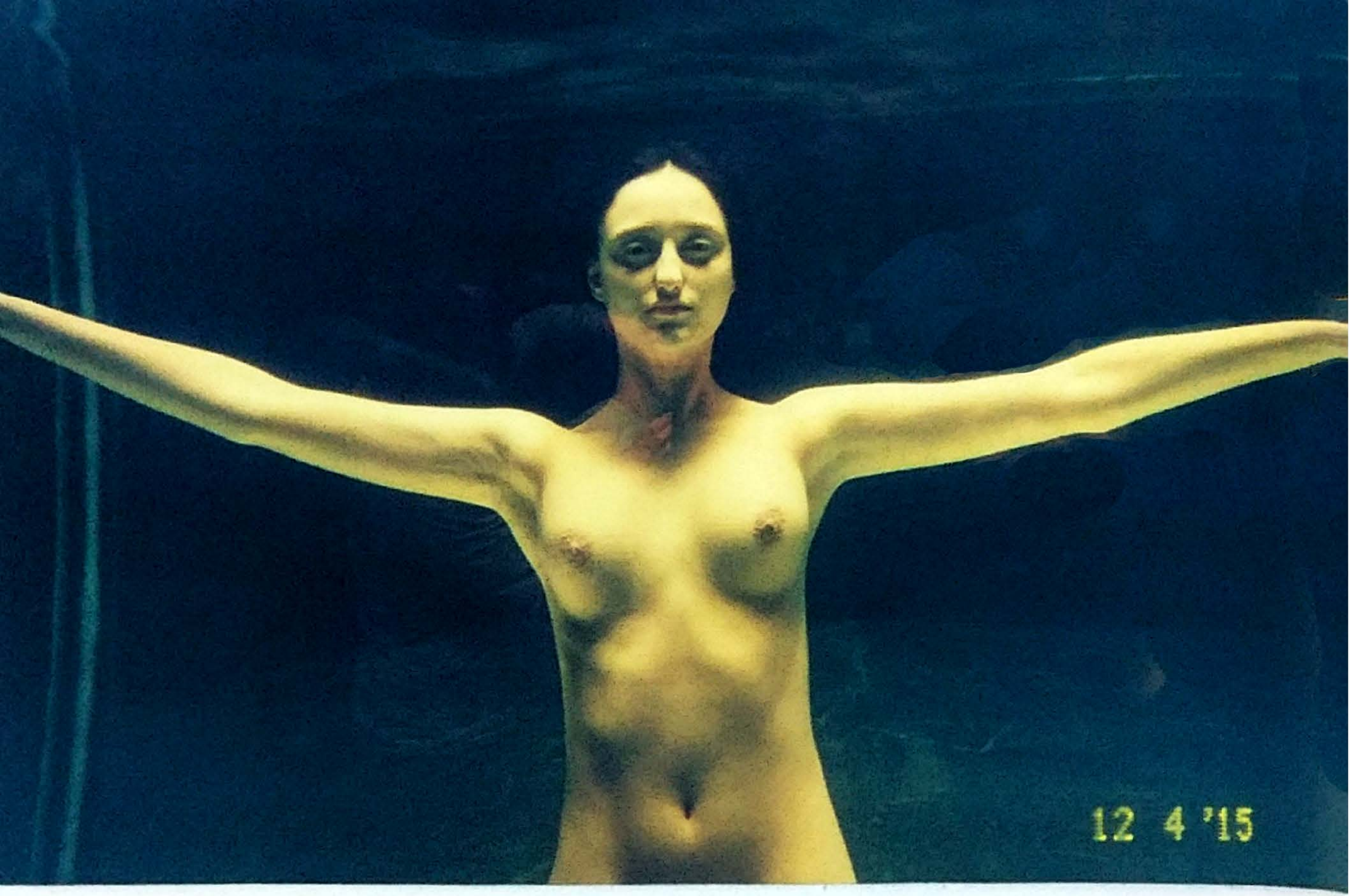




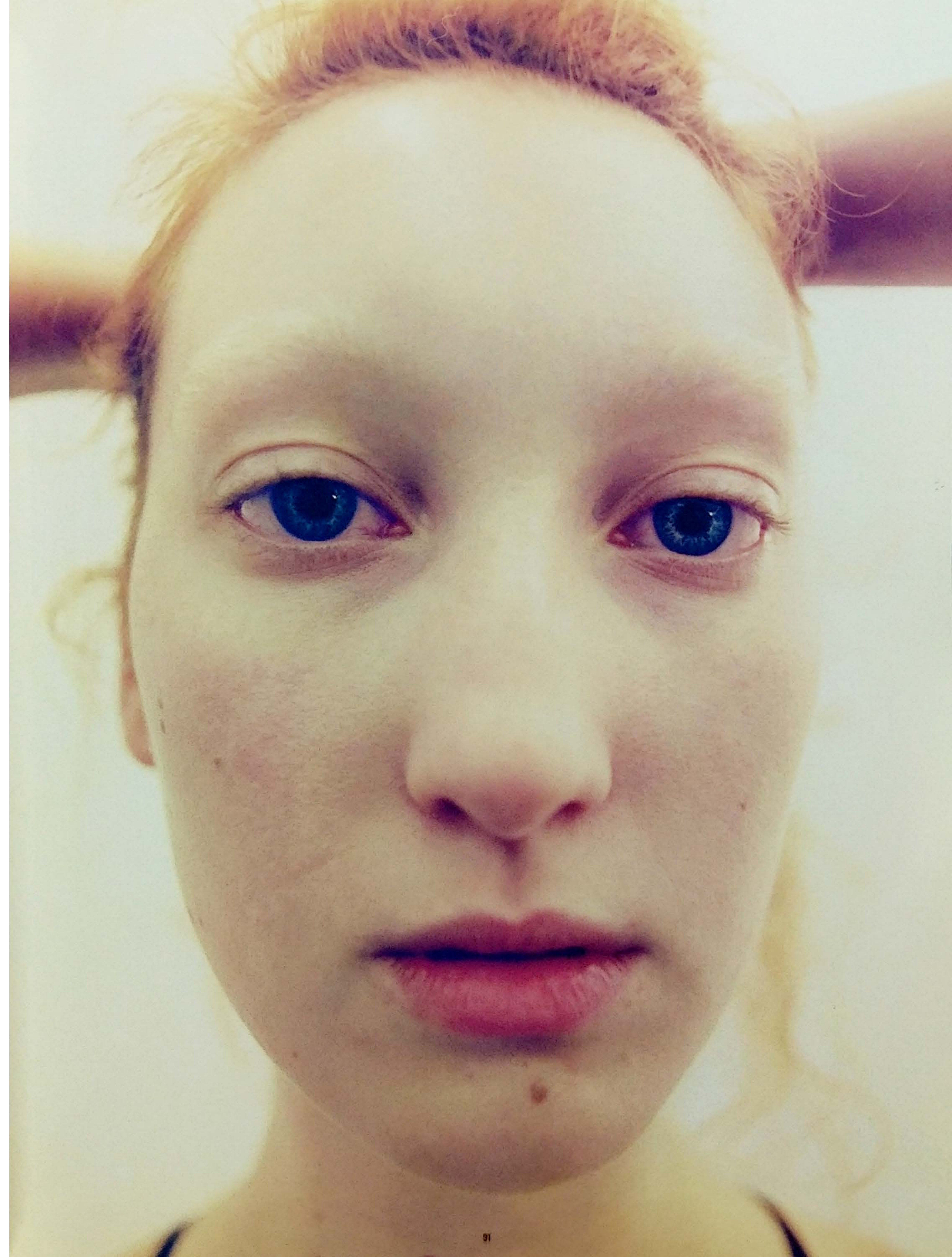


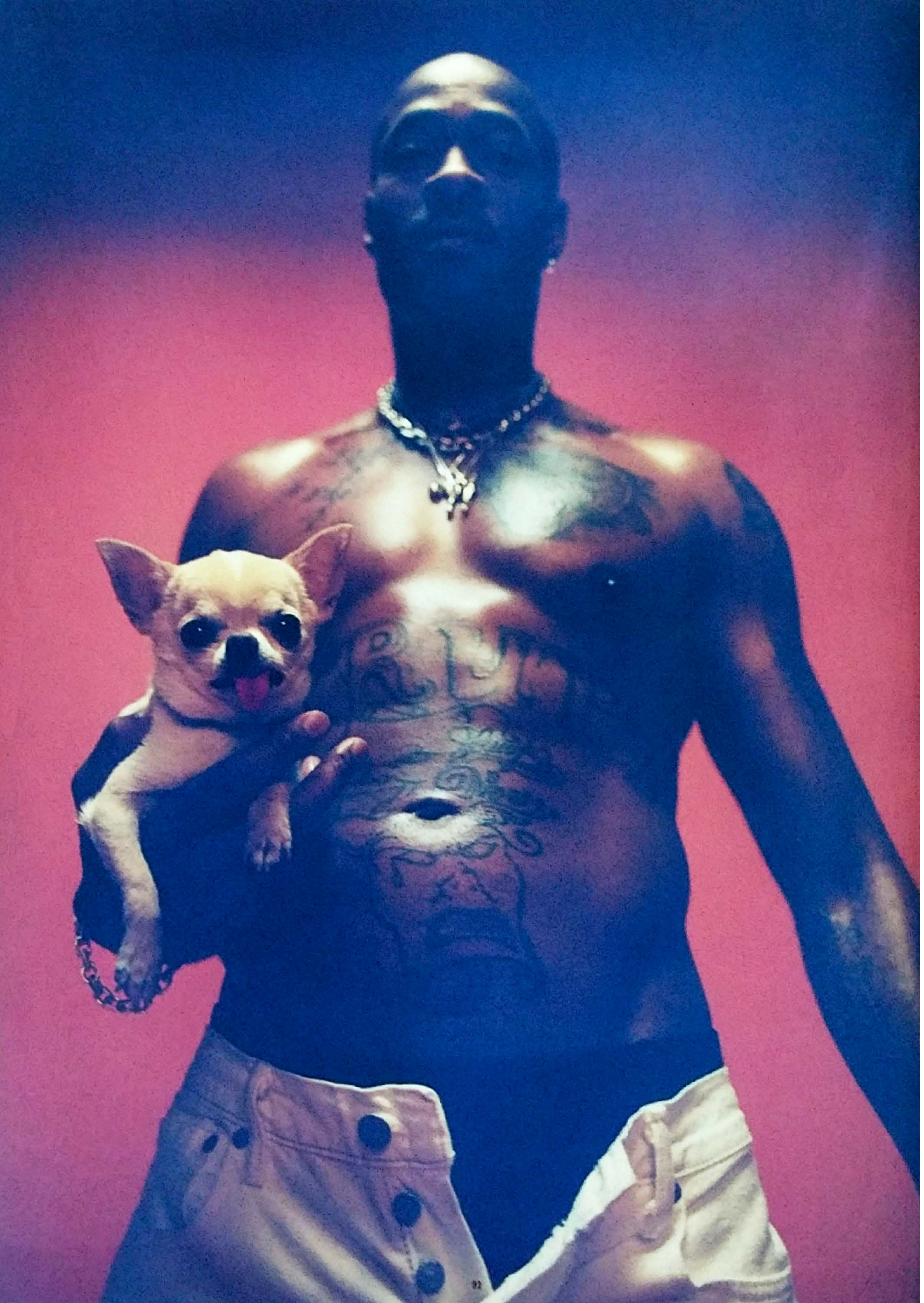
I SHOT A VIDEO FOR FUN
LONDON, ENGLAND
PHOTOGRAPHY BY TYRONE LEBON

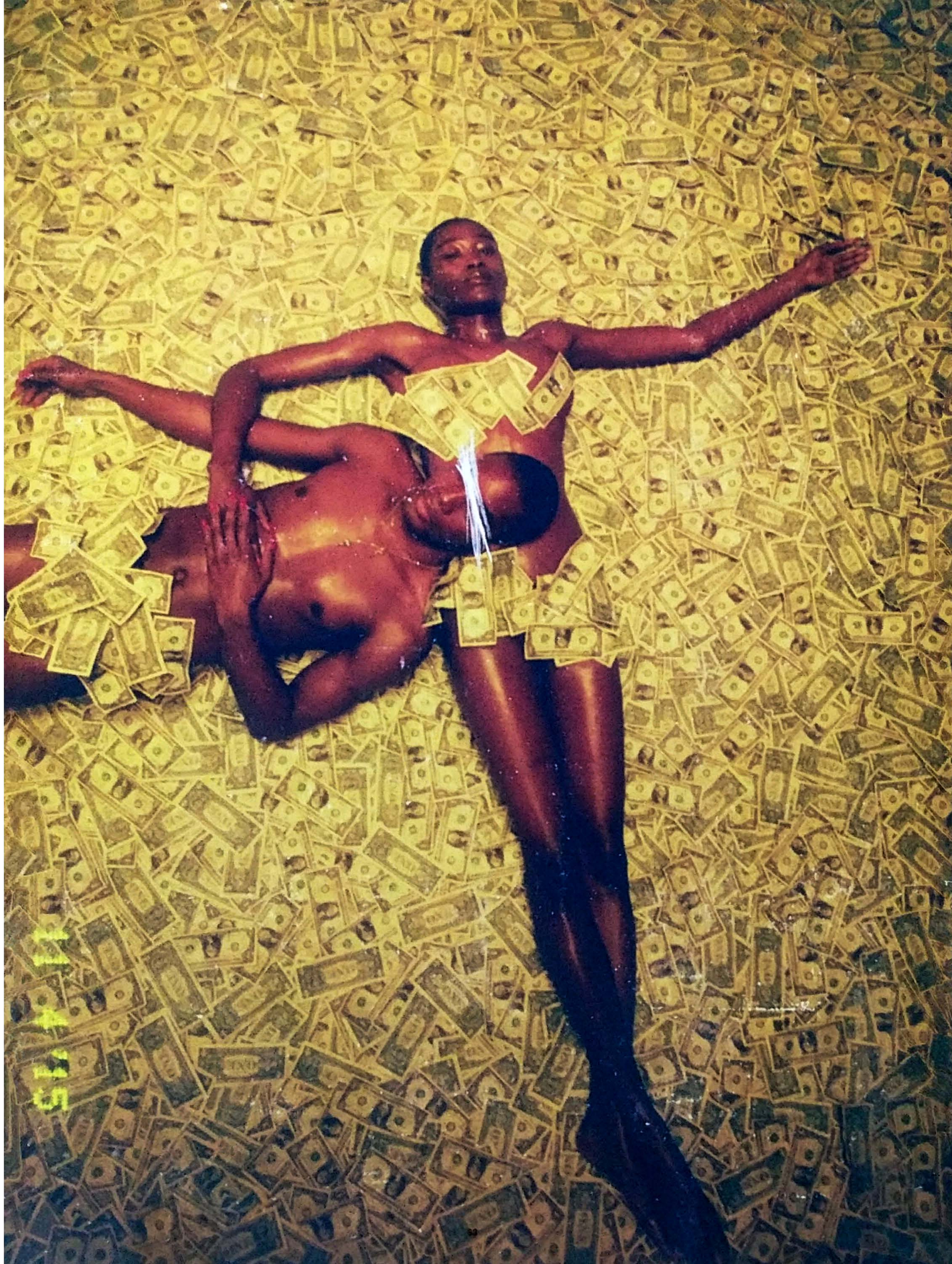



12 4 '15










13 4 '15




14 4 '15








atl (atl is not the best movie lol but ok) / un chien andalou / blue velvet / barry lyndon / battleship potemkin / eraserhead / chungking express / raging bull / the conformist / the bicycle thief / taxi driver / a clockwork orange / mean streets / gods of the plague / persona / mulholland dr / happy together (wong kar wai) / fallen angels / apocalypse now / the last laugh / pi / full metal jacket / no country for old men / wild at heart / memento / metropolis / rushmore / the royal tenenbaums / miller's crossing / the discreet charm of the bourgeoisie (luis buñuel) / blood simple / rashomon / orpheus / la confidential / reservoir dogs / eastern promises / 2001 a space odyssey / battle royale / the passion of anna / bring me the head of alfredo garcia / oldboy (park chan-wook 2013) / django unchained / one flew over the cuckoo's nest / the good, the bad and the ugly / the godfather / m (fritz lang) / scarface (howard hawks 1932) / scarface (de palma 1983) / blade runner / citizen kane / on the waterfront / annie hall / psycho / dr. strangelove / the french connection / the deer hunter / wild strawberries (bergman) / fargo / the sacrifice (andrei tarkovsky) / el topo / the holy mountain / the shining / pulp fiction / fitzcarraldo / american beauty / solaris (andrei tarkovsky) / true romance / elephant man / seven samurai / woyzeck / jackie brown / aguirre, the wrath of God / paris, texas / devil in a blue dress / inglorious bastards / serpico / alien / ed wood / hard eight / the seventh seal/ sonatine / paths of glory / there will be blood / spartacus / assassination of jesse james by the coward robert ford / fight club / brazil / throne of blood (akira kurosawa) / the master / dog day afternoon / rosemary's baby / phantom of the paradise / inauguration of the pleasure dome / malcolm x / scorpio rising / the friends of eddie coyle / puce moment / nosferatu (f.w. murnau 1929) / basquiat / the king of comedy

running time: 207.23 hours





frank ocean's apartment, mayfair



KANE
FIDELITY•REPAIR
I HAVE A GUN

atl (atl is not the best movie lol but ok) / un chien andalou / blue velvet / barry lyndon / battleship potemkin / eraserhead / chungking express / raging bull / the conformist / the bicycle thief / taxi driver / a clockwork orange / mean streets / gods of the plague / persona / mulholland dr / happy together (wong kar wai) / fallen angels / apocalypse now / the last laugh / pi / full metal jacket / no country for old men / wild at heart / memento / metropolis / rushmore / the royal tenenbaums / miller's crossing / the discreet charm of the bourgeoisie (luis buñuel) / blood simple / rashomon / orpheus / la confidential / reservoir dogs / eastern promises / 2001 a space odyssey / battle royale / the passion of anna / bring me the head of alfredo garcia / oldboy (park chan-wook 2013) / django unchained / one flew over the cuckoo's nest / the good, the bad and the ugly / the godfather / m (fritz lang) / scarface (howard hawks 1932) / scarface (de palma 1983) / blade runner / citizen kane / on the waterfront / annie hall / psycho / dr. strangelove / the french connection / the deer hunter / wild strawberries (bergman) / fargo / the sacrifice (andrei tarkovsky) / el topo / the holy mountain / the shining / pulp fiction / fitzcarraldo / american beauty / solaris (andrei tarkovsky) / true romance / elephant man / seven samurai / woyzeck / jackie brown / aguirre, the wrath of God / paris, texas / devil in a blue dress / inglorious bastards / serpico / alien / ed wood / hard eight / the seventh seal/ sonatine / paths of glory / there will be blood / spartacus / assassination of jesse james by the coward robert ford / fight club / brazil / throne of blood (akira kurosawa) / the master / dog day afternoon / rosemary's baby / phantom of the paradise / inauguration of the pleasure dome / malcolm x / scorpio rising / the friends of eddie coyle / puce moment / nosferatu (f.w. murnau 1929) / basquiat / the king of comedy

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crosstown traffic (jimmy hendrix) / how insensitive (sinatra & jobim) / scarborough fair (simon & garfunkel) / alina (arvo
feel love (donna summer) / to the last whale (crosby & nash) / prints tie (bobby hutcherson) / jardim dos deuses (joyce) /
you (mazzy star) / no more shall we part (nick cave & the bad seeds) / i never learned to share (james blake) / one mo' gin (
/ the last one to be loved (gabor szabo) / shadows (lonnie liston smith) / images live in 1964 (nina simone) / last time e
your face (roberta flack) / it's gonna rain (steve reich) / stardust (willie nelson) / nos e o mar (tamba trio) / get mor
/ when i die (goldlink) / man machine (kraftwerk) / asiko (tony allen) / earth bound hearts (john surman) / simply beau

running time: 276 minutes





green) / mr bojangles (nina simone) /flamingo (todd rundgren) / the medley of praise (daryl coley) / claire de lune (isao tomita) /
calls (robert glasper & jill scott) / your smile - (chaka khan & rufus) / bitch please (death grips) / anthrax (gang of four) / i
am the walrus (the beatles) / jesus children of america (stevie wonder) / garden of linmiri (caustic window) / home [youtube rip]
(kim burrell) /vibrate (andre 3000) / 12 aisatsana (aphex twin) / mis (alex g) / right down the line (gerry rafferty) / anytime
(ray j) / jesus (curtis mayfield) /something about us (daft punk) / you daddy loves you (gil scott heron) / portrait of tracy (jaco
pastorius) / rusholme ruffians (the smiths) / when u were mine (prince) / road to nowhere (talking heads) / boys don't cry (the cure)

rick rubin's home, malibu



crosstown traffic (jimmy hendrix) / how insensitive (sinatra & jobim) / scarborough fair (simon & garfunkel) / alina (arvo part) / i feel love (donna summer) / to the last whale (crosby & nash) / prints tie (bobby hutcherson) / jardim dos deuses (joyce) / fade into you (mazzy star) / no more shall we part (nick cave & the bad seeds) / i never learned to share (james blake) / one mo' gin (d'angelo) / the last one to be loved (gabor szabo) / shadows (lonnie liston smith) / images live in 1964 (nina simone) / last time ever i saw your face (roberta flack) / it's gonna rain (steve reich) / stardust (willie nelson) / nos e o mar (tamba trio) / get money (dram) / when i die (goldlink) / man machine (kraftwerk) / asiko (tony allen) / earth bound hearts (john surman) / simply beautiful (al

running time: 276 minutes

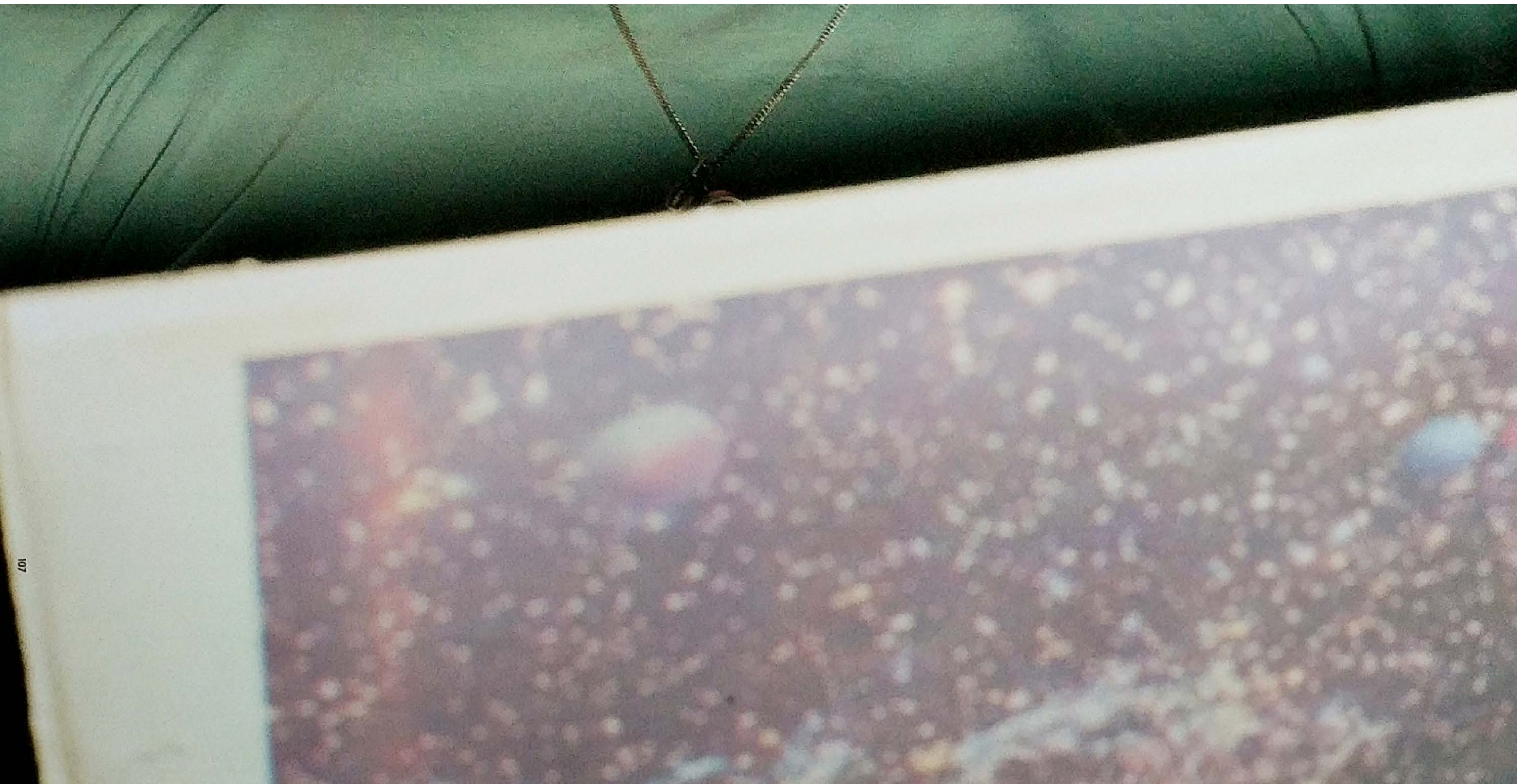


green) / mr bojangles (nina simone) /flamingo (todd rundgren) / the medley of praise (daryl coley) / claire de lune (isao tomita) / calls (robert glasper & jill scott) / your smile - (chaka khan & rufus) / bitch please (death grips) / anthrax (gang of four) / i am the walrus (the beatles) / jesus children of america (stevie wonder) / garden of linmiri (caustic window) / home [youtube rip] (kim burrell) /vibrate (andre 3000) / 12 aisatsana (aphex twin) / mis (alex g) / right down the line (gerry rafferty) / anytime (ray j) / jesus (curtis mayfield) /something about us (daft punk) / you daddy loves you (gil scott heron) / portrait of tracy (jaco pastorius) / rusholme ruffians (the smiths) / when u were mine (prince) / road to nowhere (talking heads) / boys don't cry (the cure)

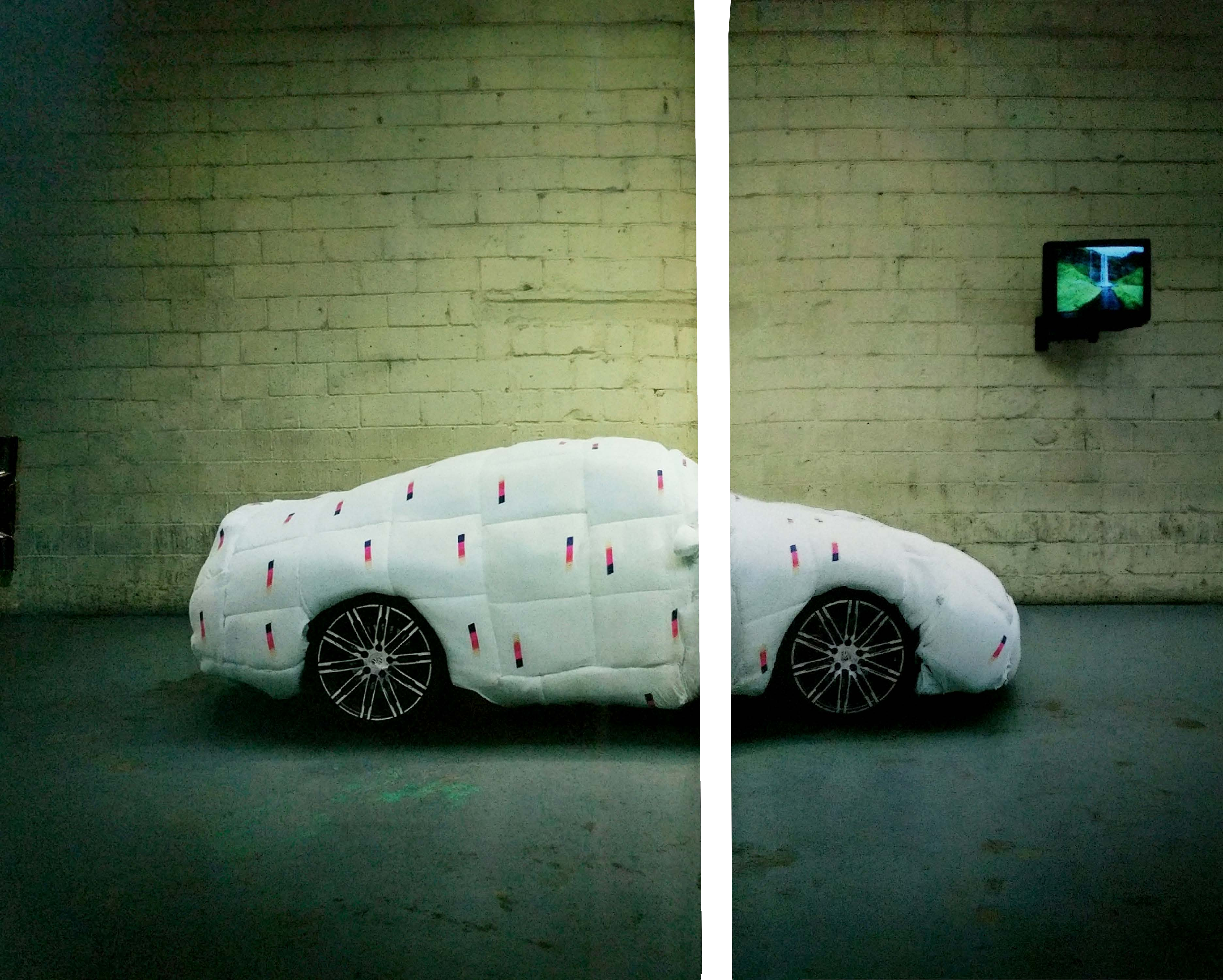
rick rubin's home, malibu



TELEVISION WATERFALL
LONDON, ENGLAND
PHOTOGRAPHY BY FRANK OCEAN
SCULPTURES BY GARY CARD









evian web histroy

Open with Adobe Photoshop CC 2015

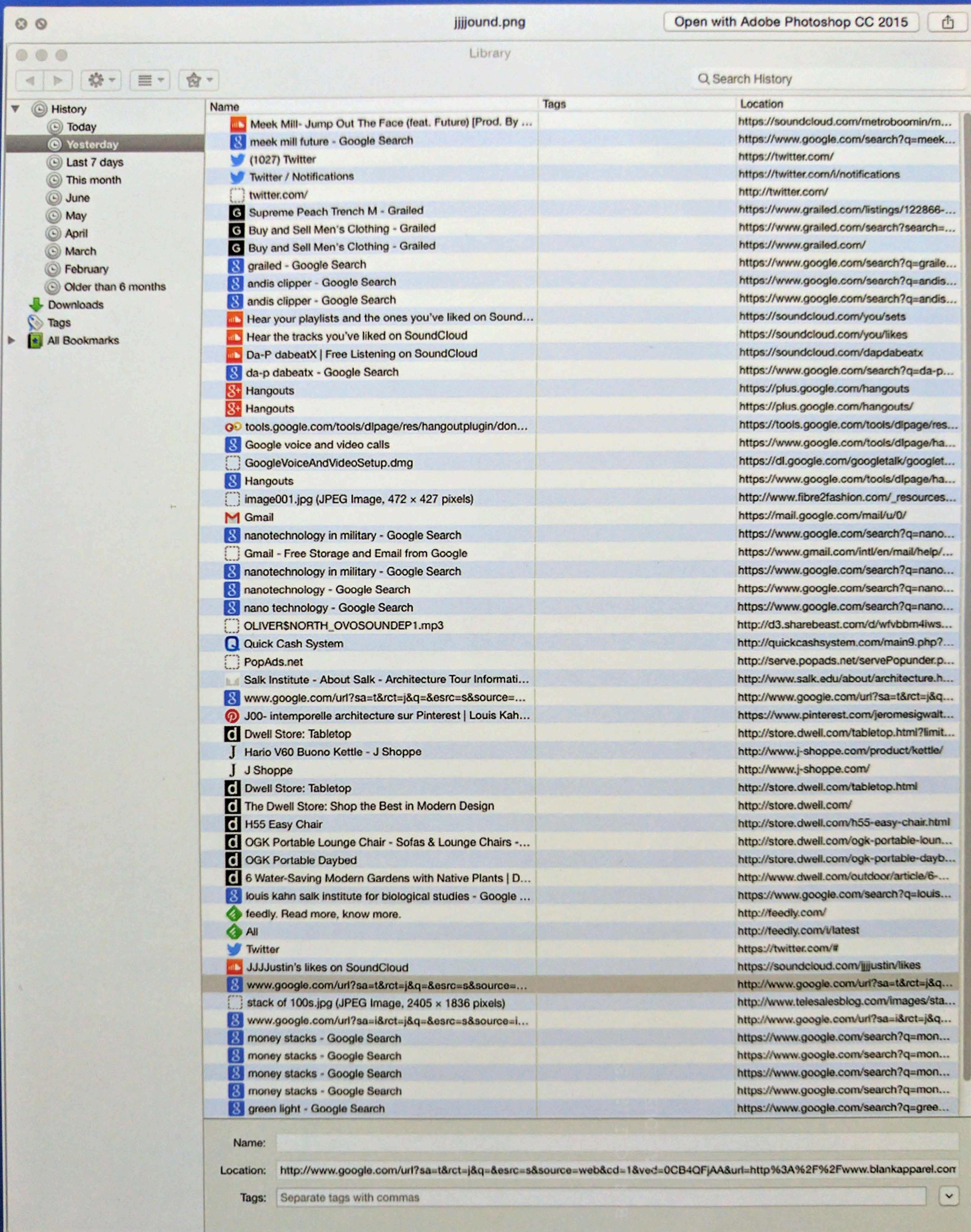
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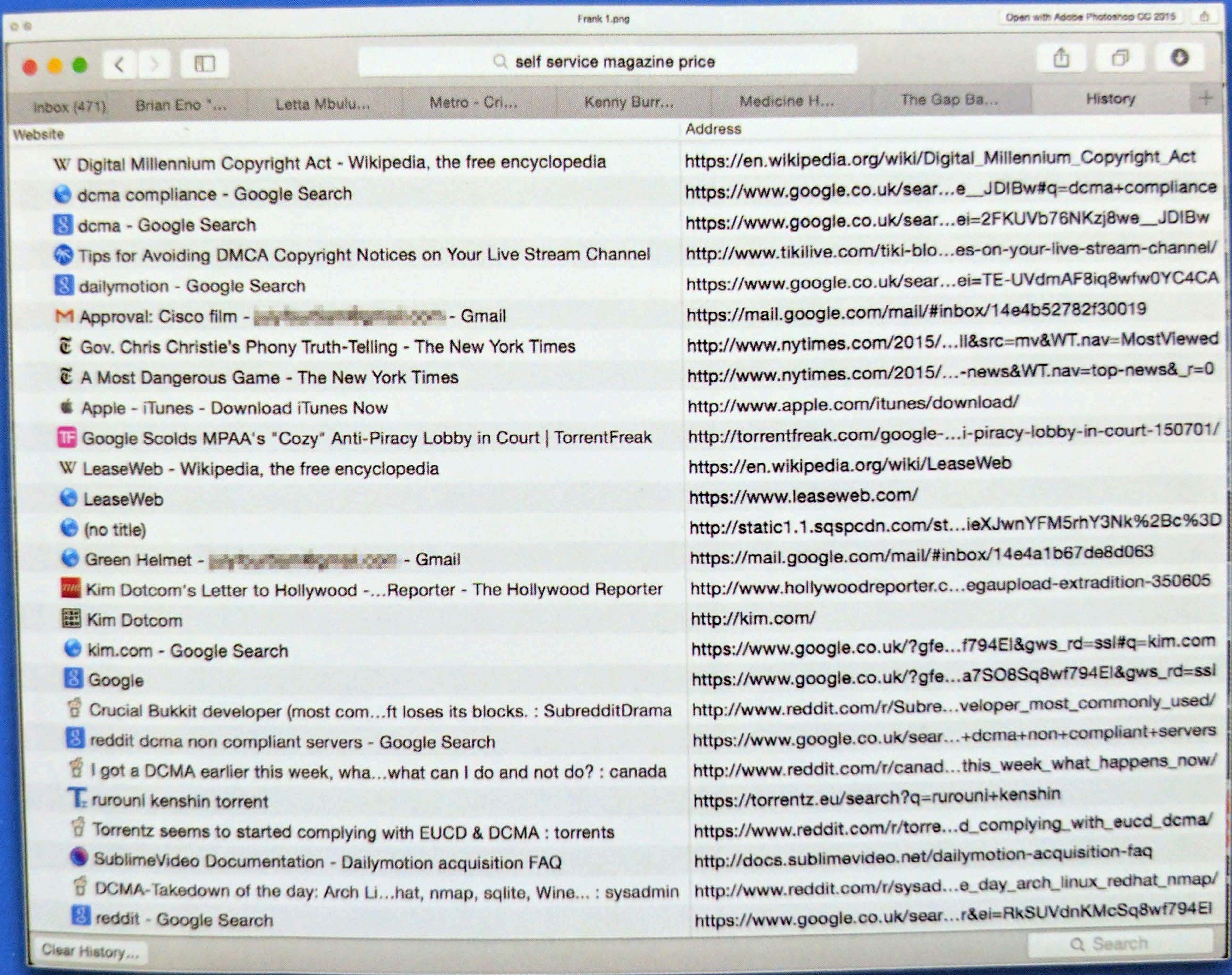
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m88/3 engine for sale - Yahoo Search Results	https://uk.search.yahoo.com/search?fr=chr-greentree_sf&ei=utf-8&ilc=12&type=808263&p=m88%2F3%20engine%20for%20sale
back stretchesfor lower back - Yahoo Search Results	https://uk.search.yahoo.com/search?fr=chr-greentree_sf&ei=utf-8&ilc=12&type=808263&p=back%20stretchesfor%20lower%20back
how to sew - Yahoo Search Results	https://uk.search.yahoo.com/search?fr=chr-greentree_sf&ei=utf-8&ilc=12&type=808263&p=how%20to%20sew
934 hillclimb - Yahoo Search Results	https://uk.search.yahoo.com/search?fr=chr-greentree_sf&ei=utf-8&ilc=12&type=808263&p=934%20hillclimb
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porsche 912 for sale los angeles - Yahoo Search Results	https://uk.search.yahoo.com/search?fr=chr-greentree_sf&ei=utf-8&ilc=12&type=808263&p=porsche%20912%20for%20sale%20los%20angeles
190e 16v for sale - Yahoo Search Results	https://uk.search.yahoo.com/search?fr=chr-greentree_sf&ei=utf-8&ilc=12&type=808263&p=190e%2016v%20for%20sale
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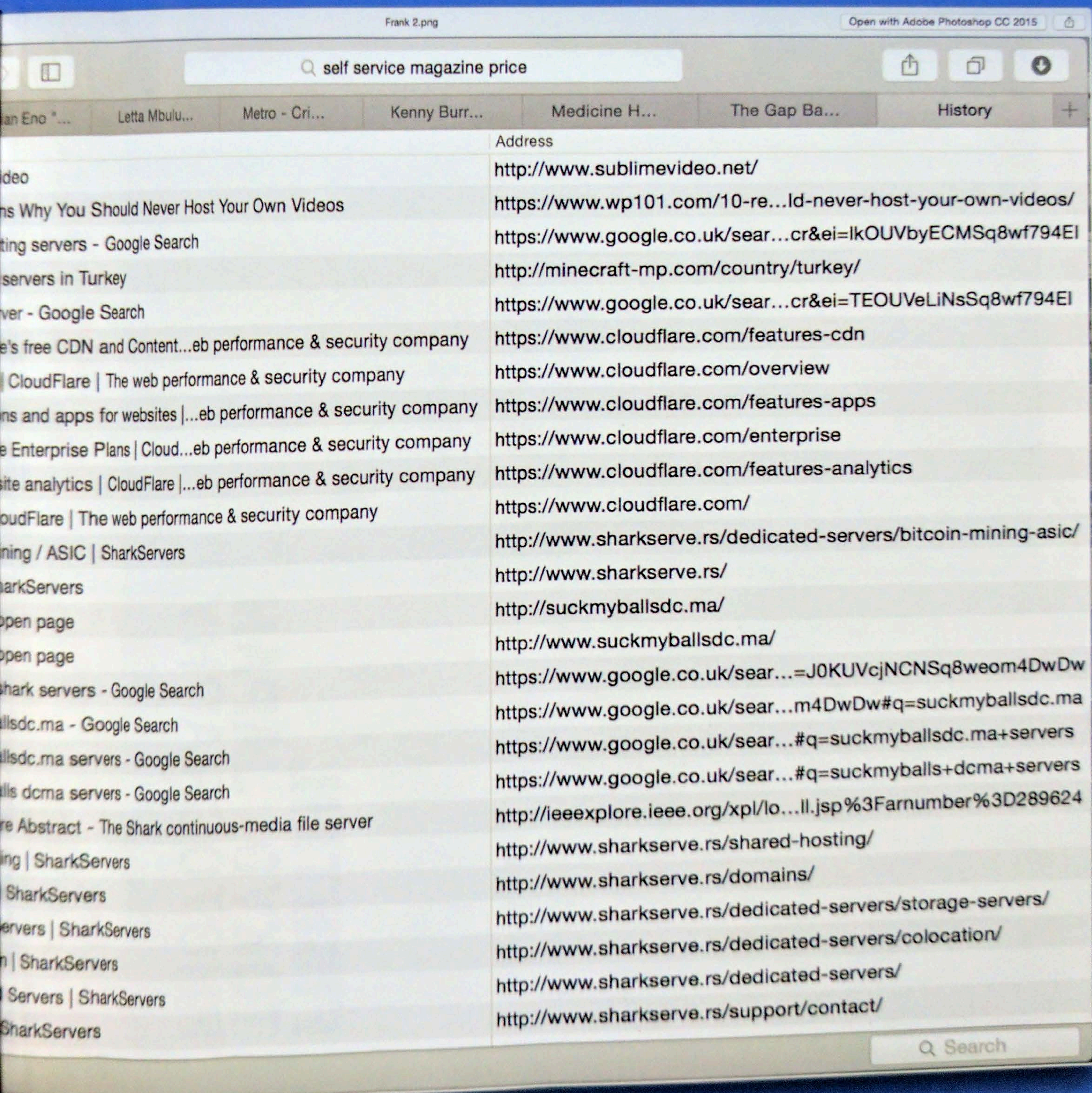
Clear History...

Search



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Search History
History
Today
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Last 7 days
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June
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April
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February
Older than 6 months
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Hear your playlists and the ones you've liked on Sound…
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Hear the tracks you've liked on SoundCloud
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da-p dabeatx - Google Search
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Quick Cash System
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PopAds.net
http://serve.popads.net/servePopunder.p…
Salk Institute - About Salk - Architecture Tour Informati…
http://www.salk.edu/about/architecture.h…
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J00- intemporelle architecture sur Pinterest | Louis Kah…
https://www.pinterest.com/jeromesigwalt…
Dwell Store: Tabletop
http://store.dwell.com/tabletop.html?limit…
Hario V60 Buono Kettle - J Shoppe
http://www.j-shoppe.com/product/kettle/
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Dwell Store: Tabletop
http://store.dwell.com/tabletop.html
The Dwell Store: Shop the Best in Modern Design
http://store.dwell.com/
H55 Easy Chair
http://store.dwell.com/h55-easy-chair.html
OGK Portable Lounge Chair - Sofas & Lounge Chairs -…
http://store.dwell.com/ogk-portable-loun…
OGK Portable Daybed
http://store.dwell.com/ogk-portable-dayb…
6 Water-Saving Modern Gardens with Native Plants | D…
http://www.dwell.com/outdoor/article/6-…
louis kahn salk institute for biological studies - Google …
https://www.google.com/search?q=louis…
feedly. Read more, know more.
http://feedly.com/
All
http://feedly.com/i/latest
Twitter
https://twitter.com/#
JJJJustin's likes on SoundCloud
https://soundcloud.com/jjjjustin/likes
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Tags: Separate tags with commas


Frank 1.png
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Brian Eno "...
Letta Mbulu...
Metro - Cri...
Kenny Burr...
Medicine H...
The Gap Ba...
History
Website
Address
Digital Millennium Copyright Act - Wikipedia, the free encyclopedia
https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Digital_Millennium_Copyright_Act
dcma compliance - Google Search
https://www.google.co.uk/sear…e__JDIBw#q=dcma+compliance
dcma - Google Search
https://www.google.co.uk/sear…ei=2FKUVb76NKzj8we__JDIBw
Tips for Avoiding DMCA Copyright Notices on Your Live Stream Channel
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dailymotion - Google Search
https://www.google.co.uk/sear…ei=TE-UVdmAF8iq8wfw0YC4CA
Approval: Cisco film - - Gmail
https://mail.google.com/mail/#inbox/14e4b52782f30019
Gov. Chris Christie's Phony Truth-Telling - The New York Times
http://www.nytimes.com/2015/…ll&src=mv&WT.nav=MostViewed
A Most Dangerous Game - The New York Times
http://www.nytimes.com/2015/…-news&WT.nav=top-news&_r=0
Apple - iTunes - Download iTunes Now
http://www.apple.com/itunes/download/
Google Scolds MPAA's "Cozy" Anti-Piracy Lobby in Court | TorrentFreak
http://torrentfreak.com/google-…i-piracy-lobby-in-court-150701/
LeaseWeb - Wikipedia, the free encyclopedia
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LeaseWeb
https://www.leaseweb.com/
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http://static1.1.sqspcdn.com/st…ieXJwnYFM5rhY3Nk%2Bc%3D
Green Helmet - - Gmail
https://mail.google.com/mail/#inbox/14e4a1b67de8d063
Kim Dotcom's Letter to Hollywood -…Reporter - The Hollywood Reporter
http://www.hollywoodreporter.c…egaupload-extradition-350605
Kim Dotcom
http://kim.com/
kim.com - Google Search
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Crucial Bukkit developer (most com…ft loses its blocks. : SubredditDrama
http://www.reddit.com/r/Subre…veloper_most_commonly_used/
reddit dcma non compliant servers - Google Search
https://www.google.co.uk/sear…+dcma+non+compliant+servers
I got a DCMA earlier this week, wha…what can I do and not do? : canada
http://www.reddit.com/r/canad…this_week_what_happens_now/
rurouni kenshin torrent
https://torrentz.eu/search?q=rurouni+kenshin
Torrentz seems to started complying with EUCD & DCMA : torrents
https://www.reddit.com/r/torre…d_complying_with_eucd_dcma/
SublimeVideo Documentation - Dailymotion acquisition FAQ
http://docs.sublimevideo.net/dailymotion-acquisition-faq
DCMA-Takedown of the day: Arch Li…hat, nmap, sqlite, Wine… : sysadmin
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Clear History…
Search


Frank 2.png

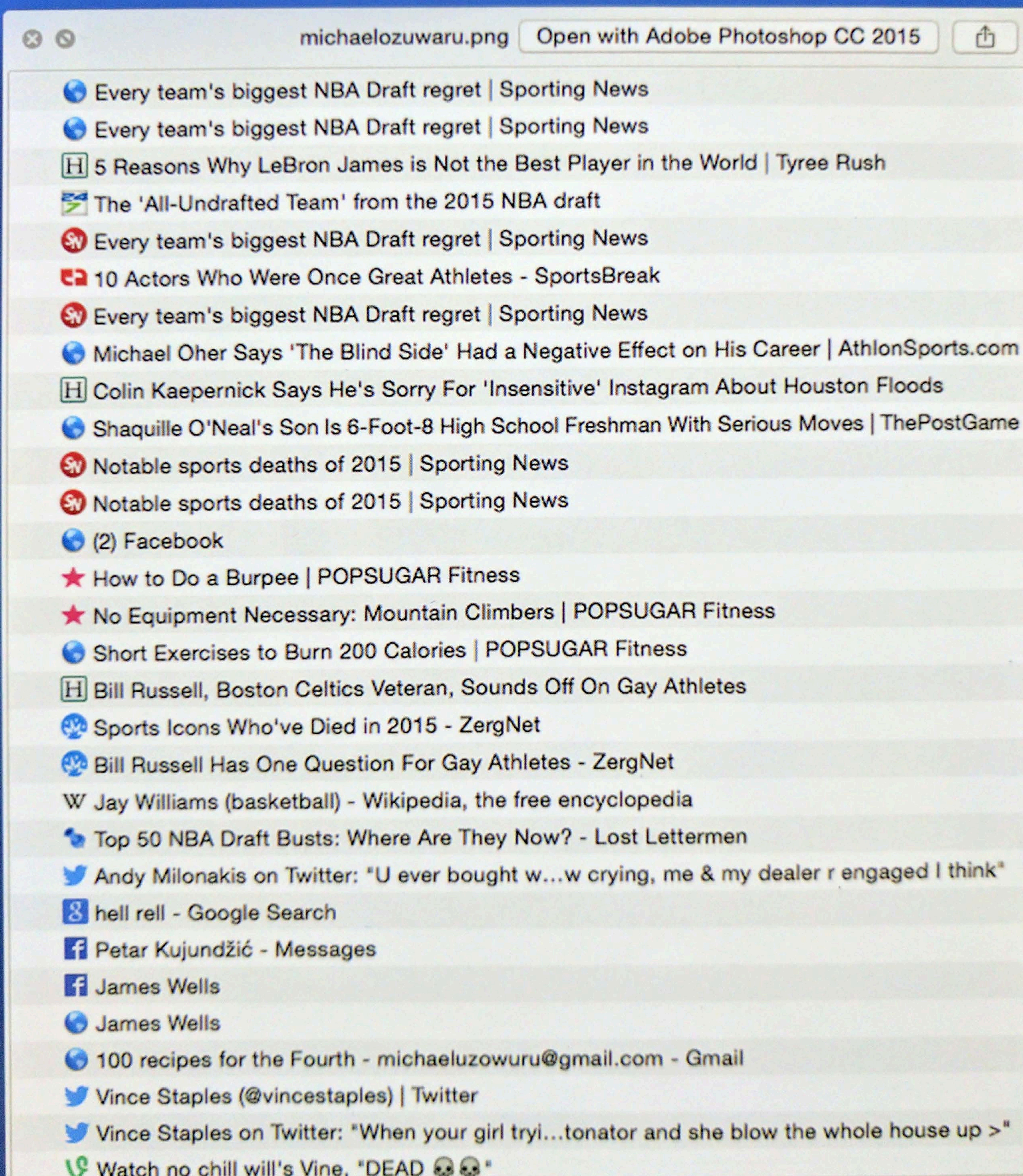
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self service magazine price

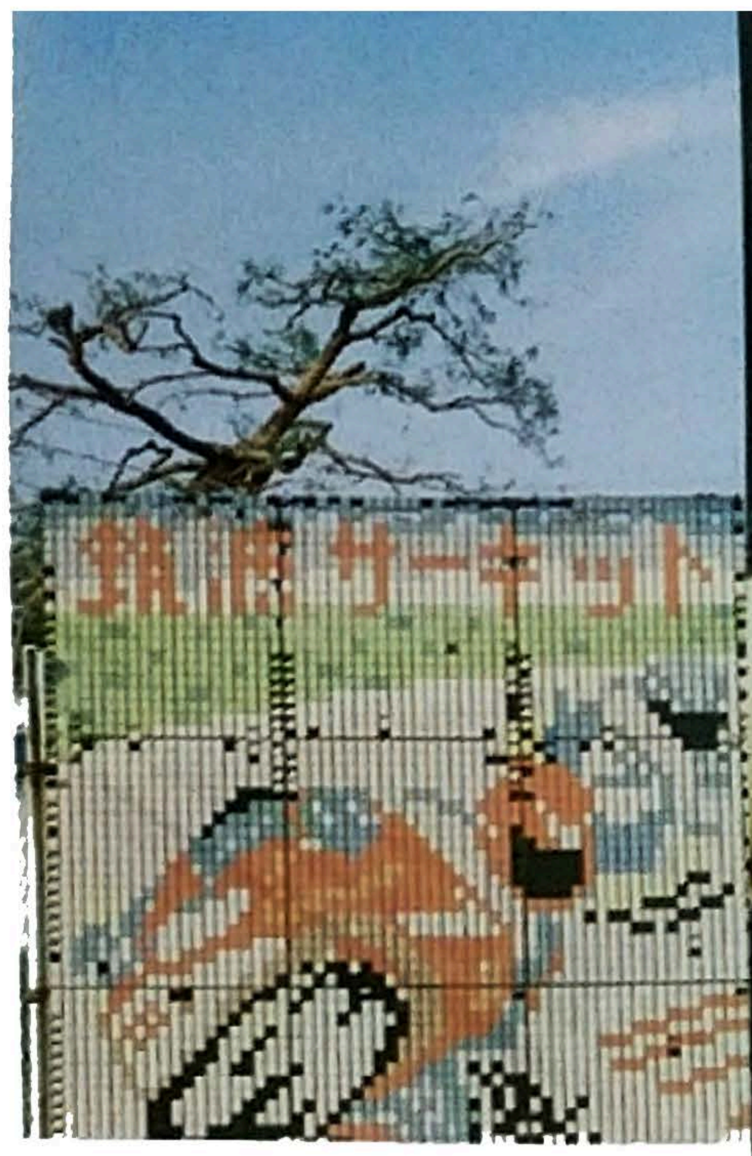
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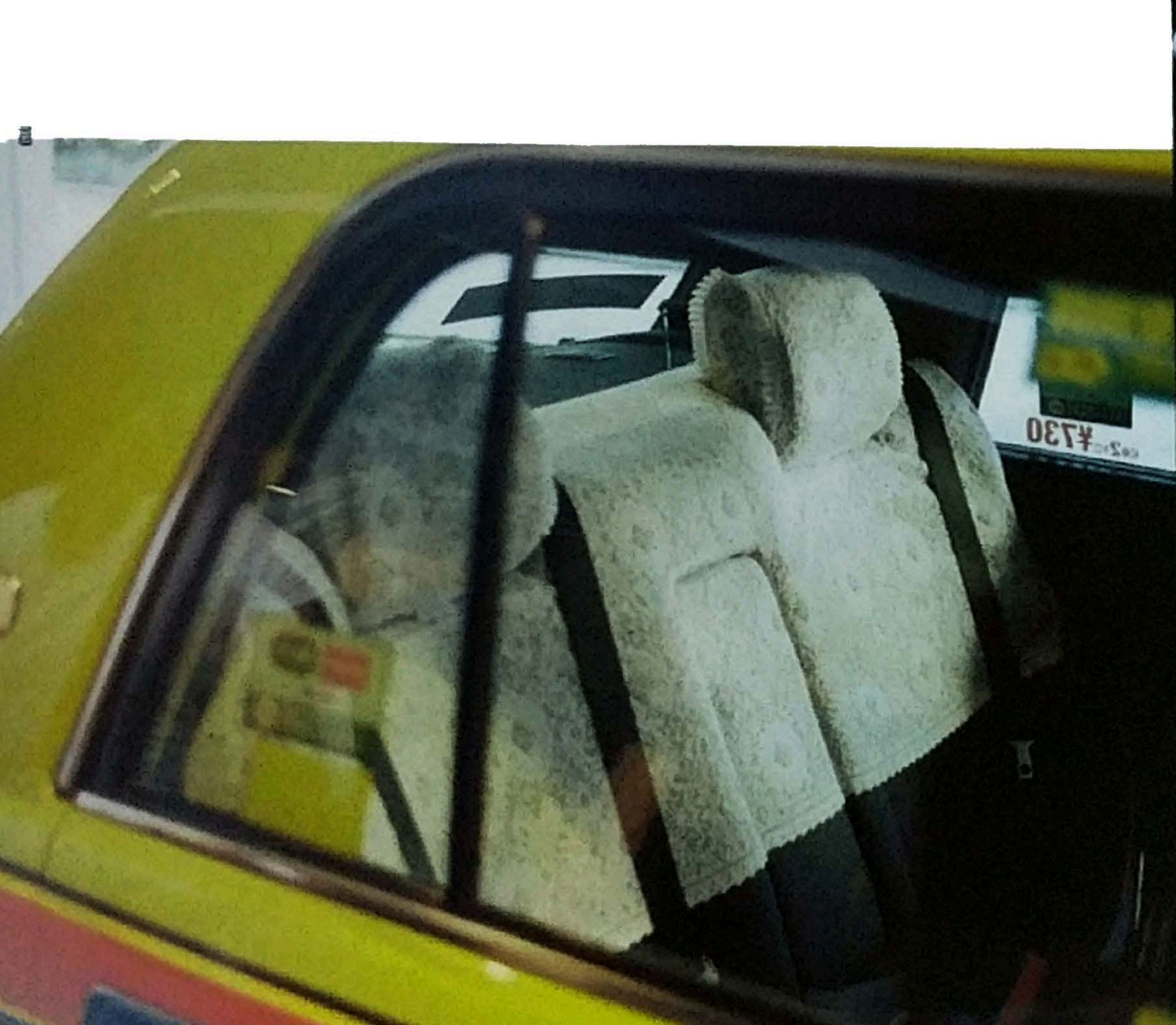
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Every team's biggest NBA Draft regret | Sporting News
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5 Reasons Why LeBron James is Not the Best Player in the World | Tyree Rush
The 'All-Undrafted Team' from the 2015 NBA draft
Every team's biggest NBA Draft regret | Sporting News
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Every team's biggest NBA Draft regret | Sporting News
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Notable sports deaths of 2015 | Sporting News
Notable sports deaths of 2015 | Sporting News
(2) Facebook
How to Do a Burpee | POPSUGAR Fitness
No Equipment Necessary: Mountain Climbers | POPSUGAR Fitness
Short Exercises to Burn 200 Calories | POPSUGAR Fitness
Bill Russell, Boston Celtics Veteran, Sounds Off On Gay Athletes
Sports Icons Who've Died in 2015 - ZergNet
Bill Russell Has One Question For Gay Athletes - ZergNet
Jay Williams (basketball) - Wikipedia, the free encyclopedia
Top 50 NBA Draft Busts: Where Are They Now? - Lost Lettermen
Andy Milonakis on Twitter: "U ever bought w…w crying, me & my dealer r engaged I think"
hell rell - Google Search
Petar Kujundžić - Messages
James Wells
James Wells
100 recipes for the Fourth - michaeluzowuru@gmail.com - Gmail
Vince Staples (@vincestaples) | Twitter
Vince Staples on Twitter: "When your girl tryi…tonator and she blow the whole house up >"
Watch no chill will's Vine, "DEAD 💀💀"

FISHTAIL
TOKYO, JAPAN
PHOTOGRAPHY BY MICHAEL MAYREN










CARGUY


RWB
神戸358
な・911

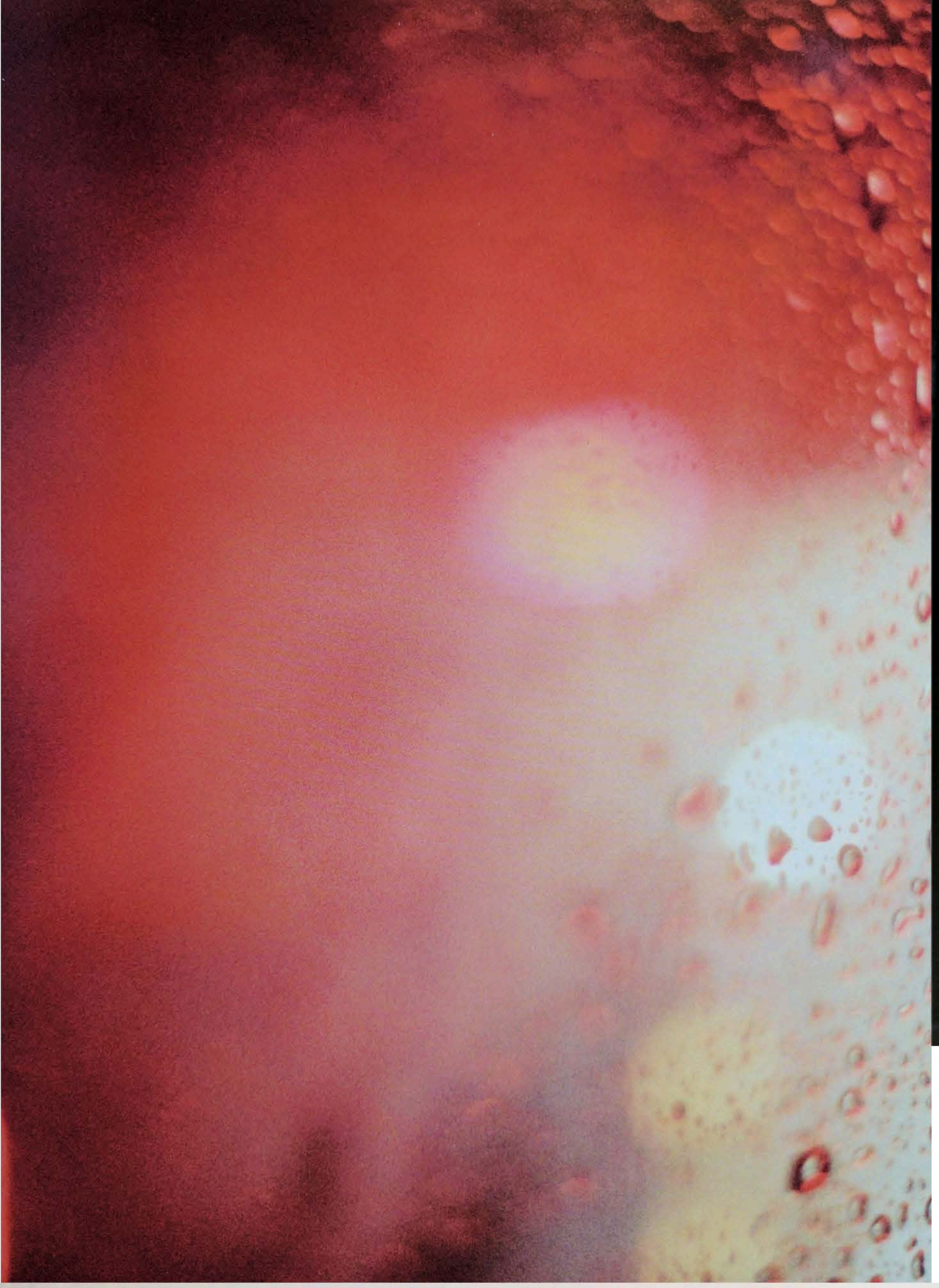

大阪


神戸358
な・911




かまぼこ
ひもの
食事処








H.YOSHIMOTO Rh+B
世界で一着！自分だけのレーシングスーツを作りませんか？
●自分の体型にあったサイズのスーツが無い・・・。 YES : NO
●人と違うスーツが着たい。 YES : NO
●新しいスーツの購入を考えている・・・。 YES : NO
左の質問にに1つでも当てはまる方、自分だけのオーダースーツを作ってみませんか！(^^)！
カラーやサイズだけじゃ無く、好きなデザインでの製作もOK!!
ARD
チェンジカラーオーダースーツ スーツ代+¥15.750
ARD-110シリーズのデザインはそのま まで、カラーのみ変更可能。
スペシャルオーダーメイドスーツ ¥199.500~
お客様の体の寸法で、世界で1着だけのオリジナルデザインスーツをお作りします！
CLA
デザインオーダースーツ ¥52.500~
サイズオーダースーツ ¥73.500~
フルオーダースーツ ¥89.250~
sparco
フルオーダースーツ
¥180.000~
DESSPEED
サイズオーダースーツ スーツ代+¥5.000~
フルオーダースーツ ¥105.000~









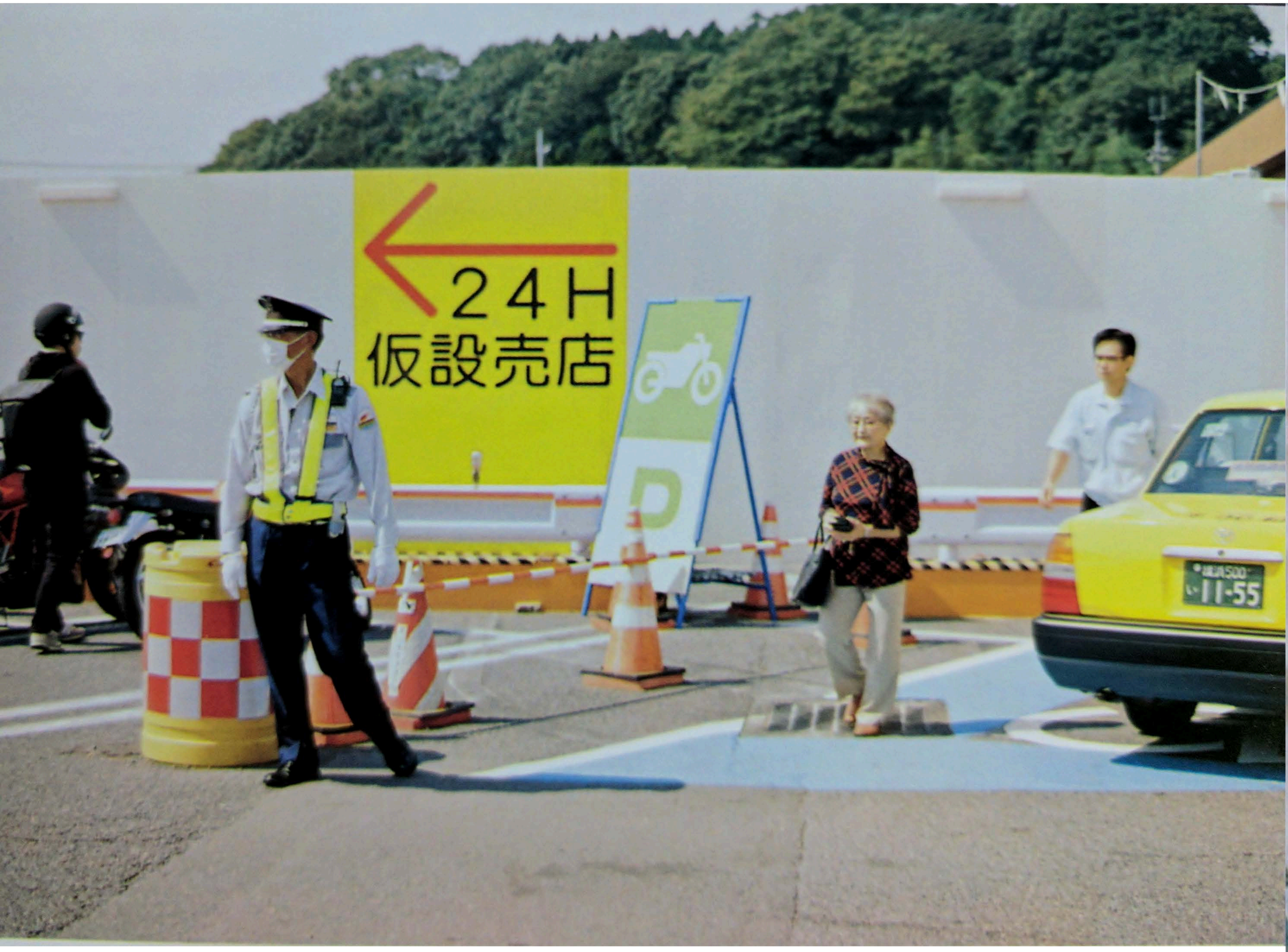

2000 GT




Champion


Sands
MARINA BAY
Zweite Entwicklung

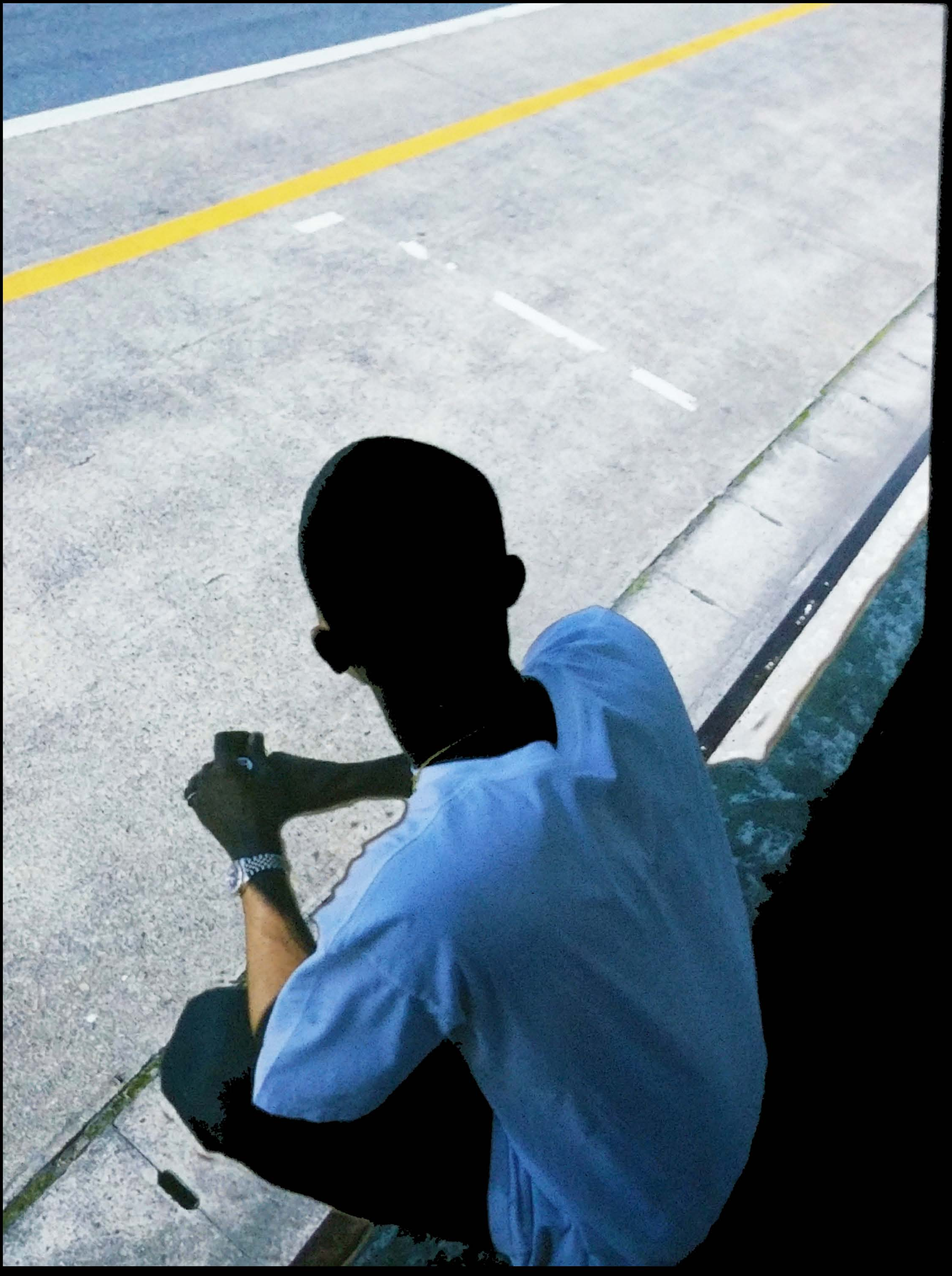

広島339
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24H
仮設売店






修禅寺
スマートボー
娯楽
射的
遊技



FOXFACE
TOKYO, JAPAN
PHOTOGRAPHY BY VIVIANE SASSEN


UH-Welt
BRIDE


KUMHO TIRES
155
KUMHO TIRES
60
BODY WORKS
N-STYLE


ADVAN
110
KUMHO TIRES
87










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ENDLESS®








Arai


BRIDE JAPAN














BRIDE

FIRE HYDRANT



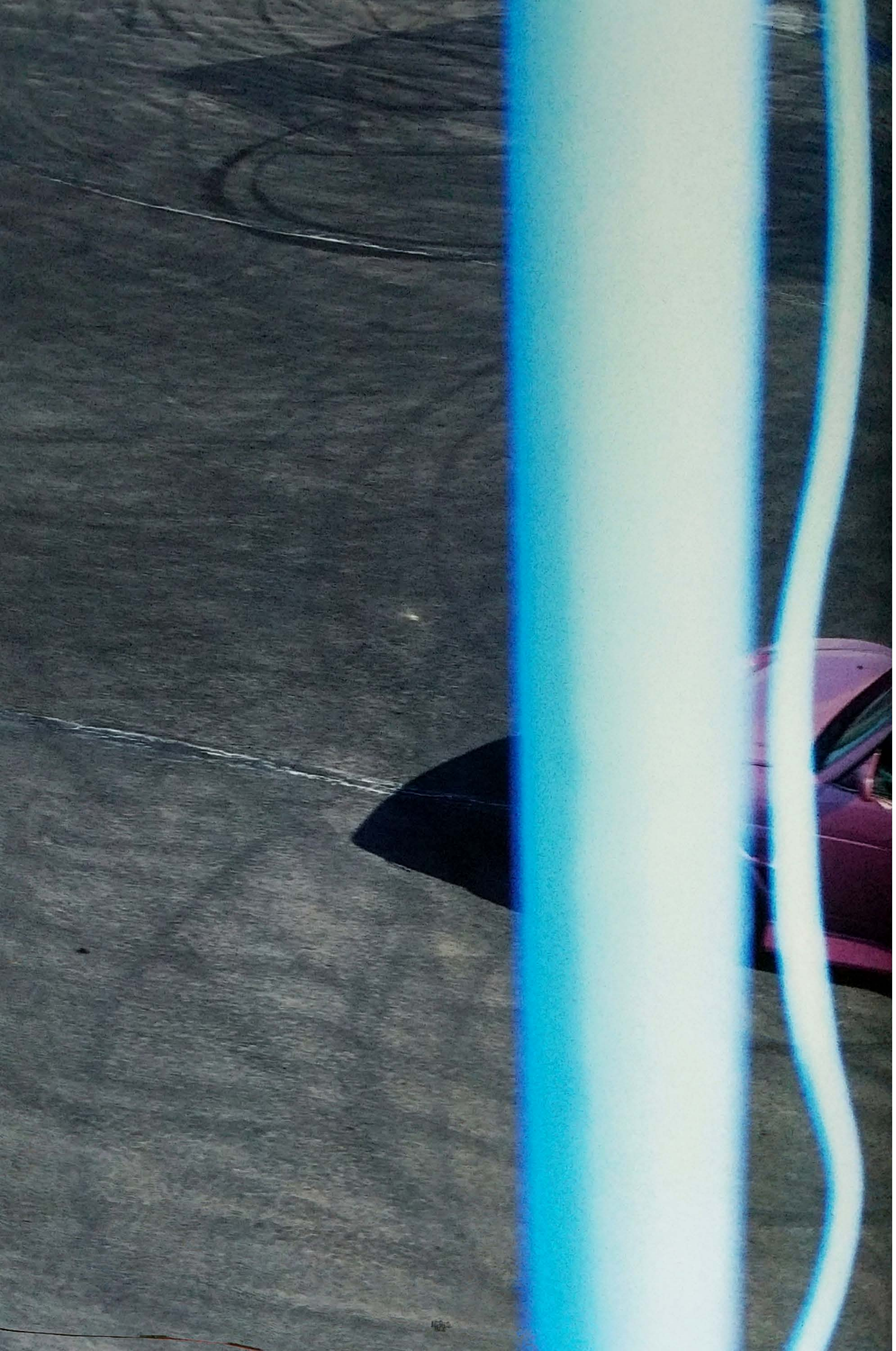


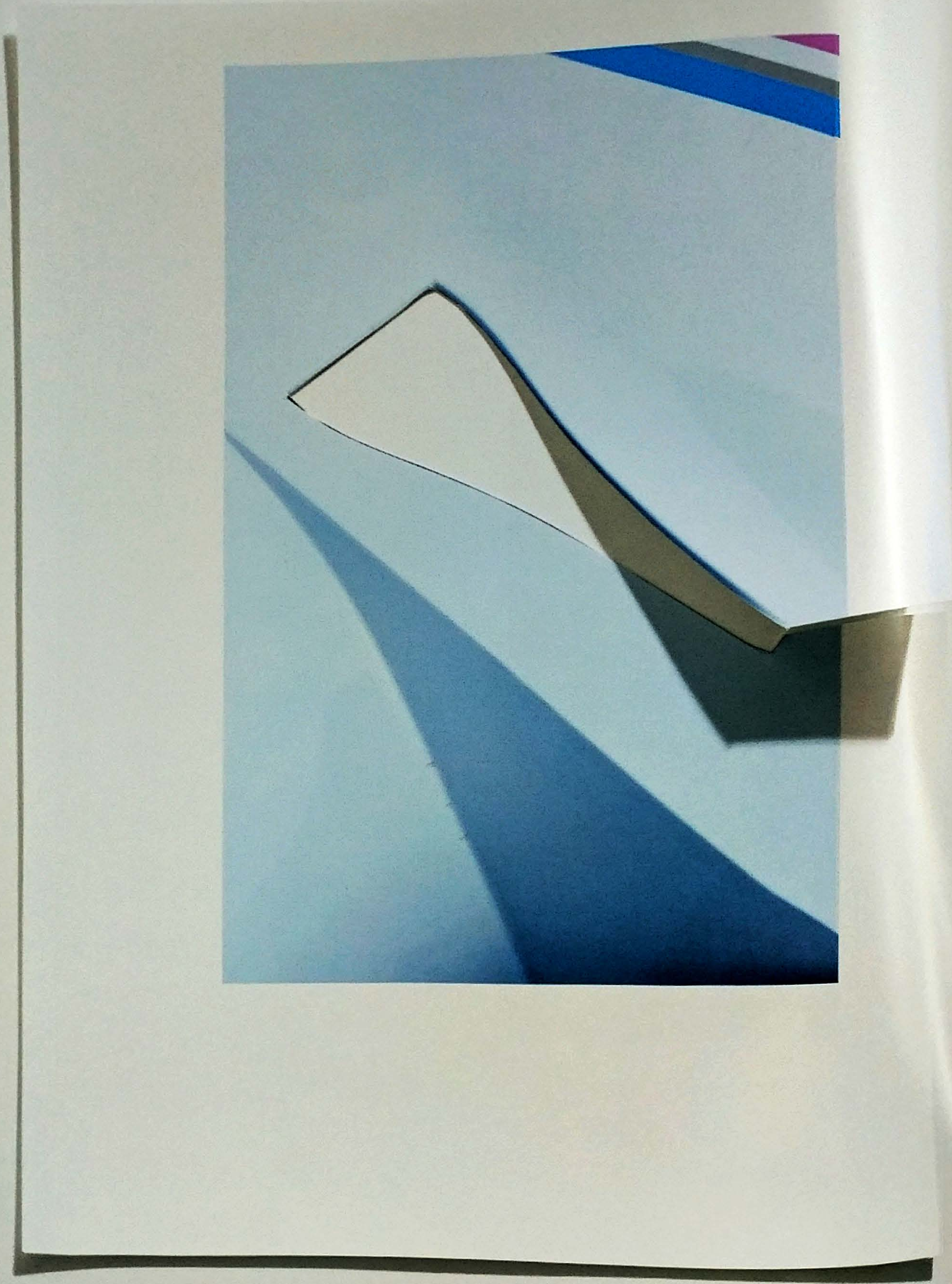






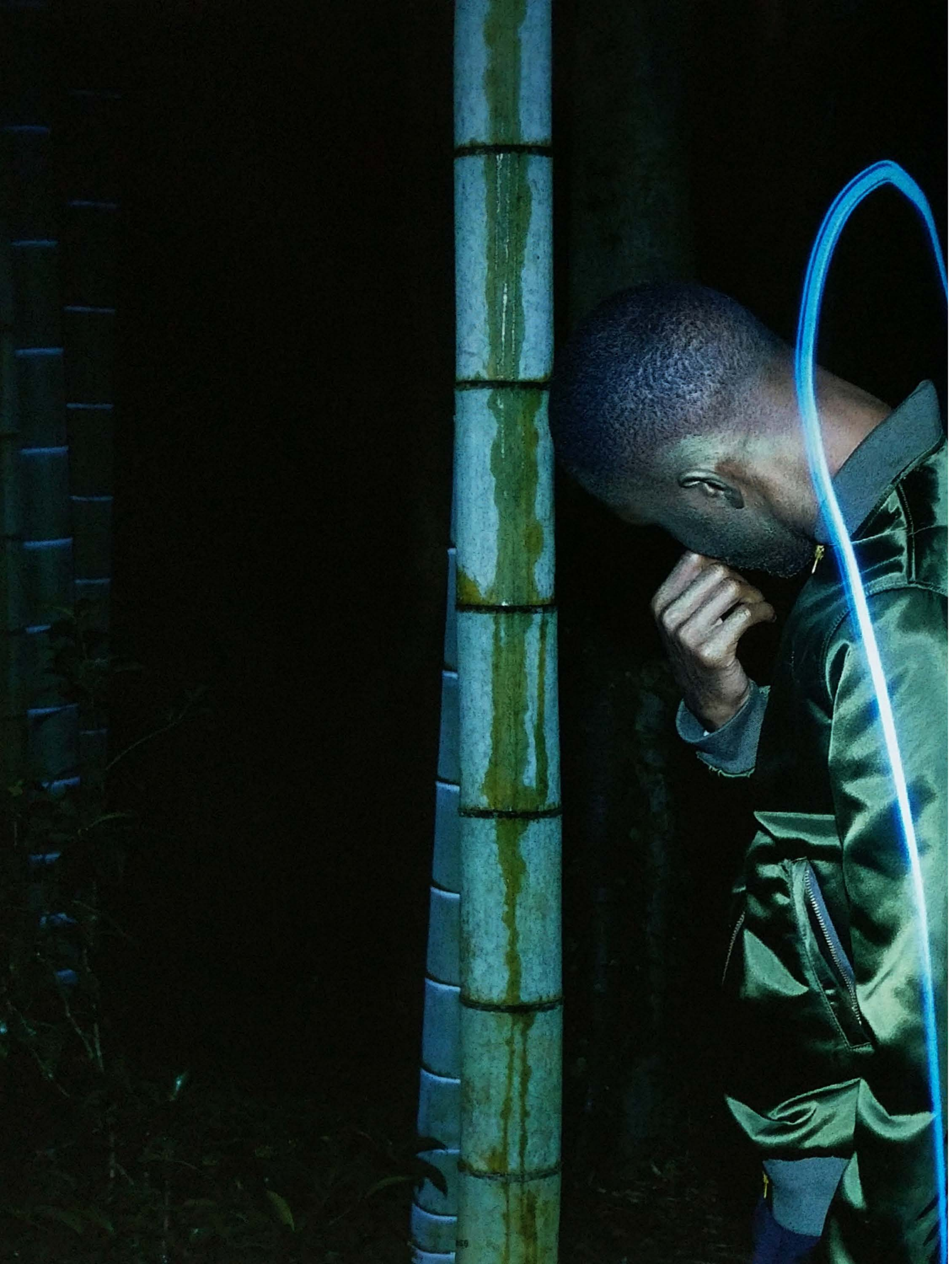

Rae
DUNLOP
MOTORSPORT




Arai
HELMET



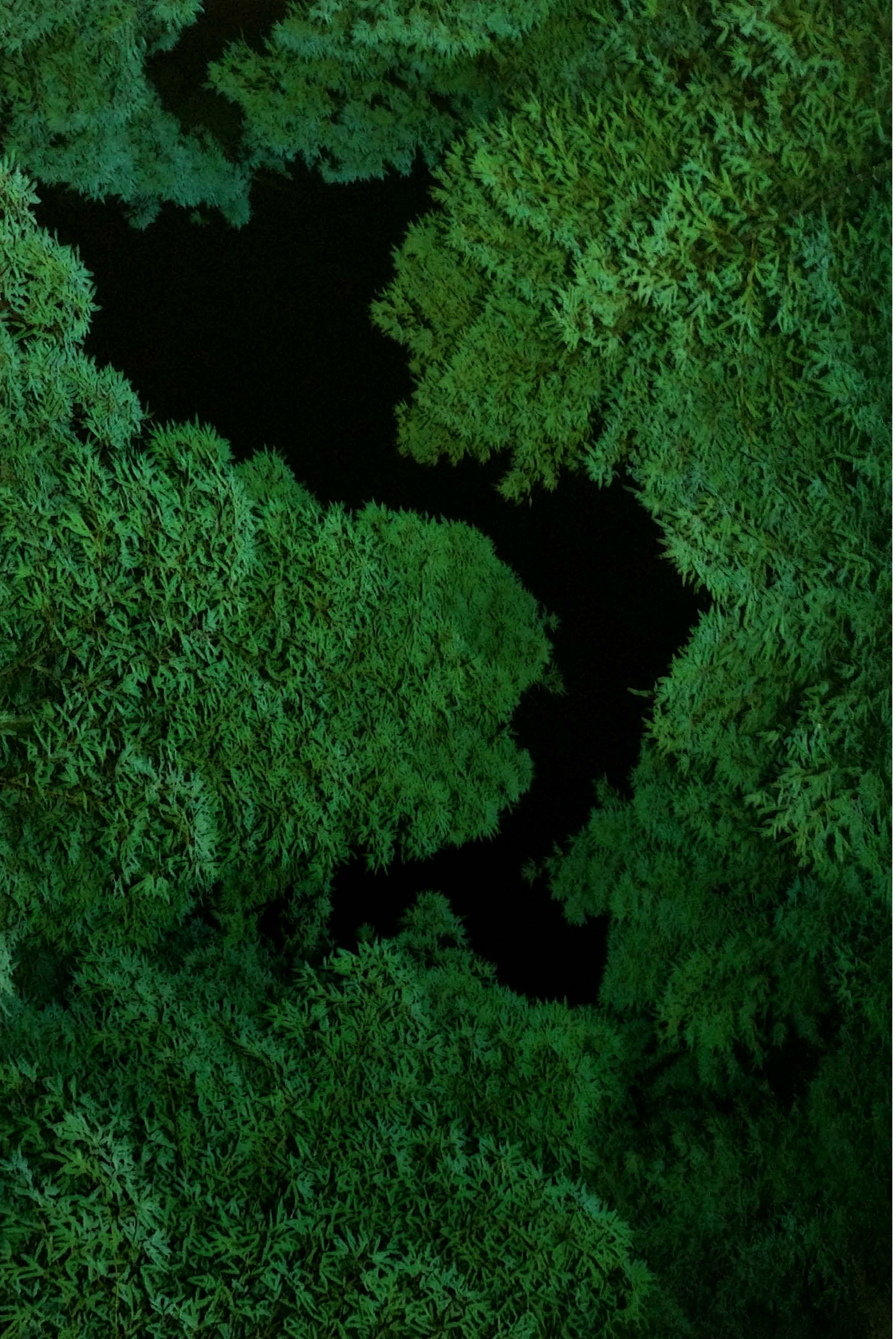



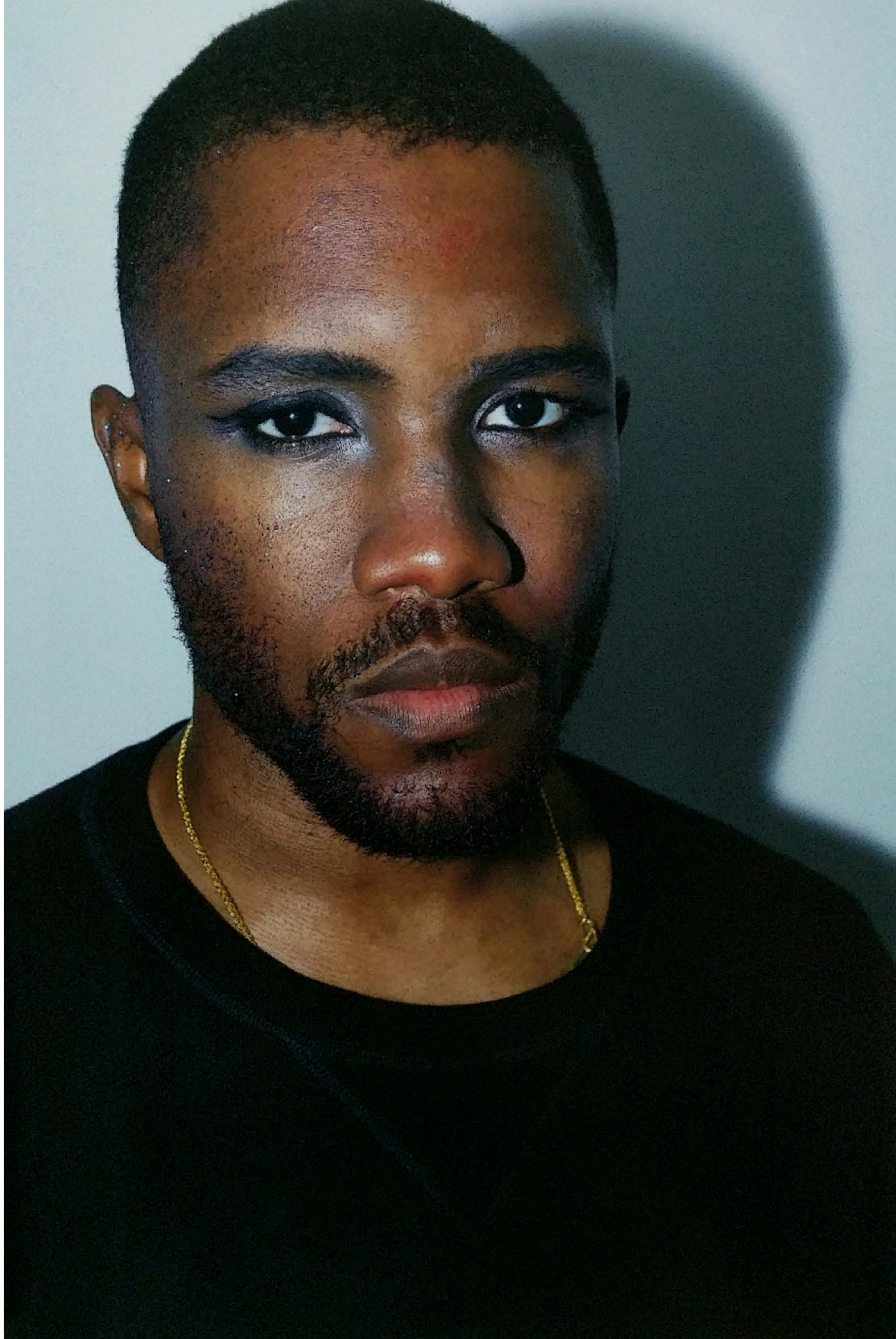




THE NORTH FACE





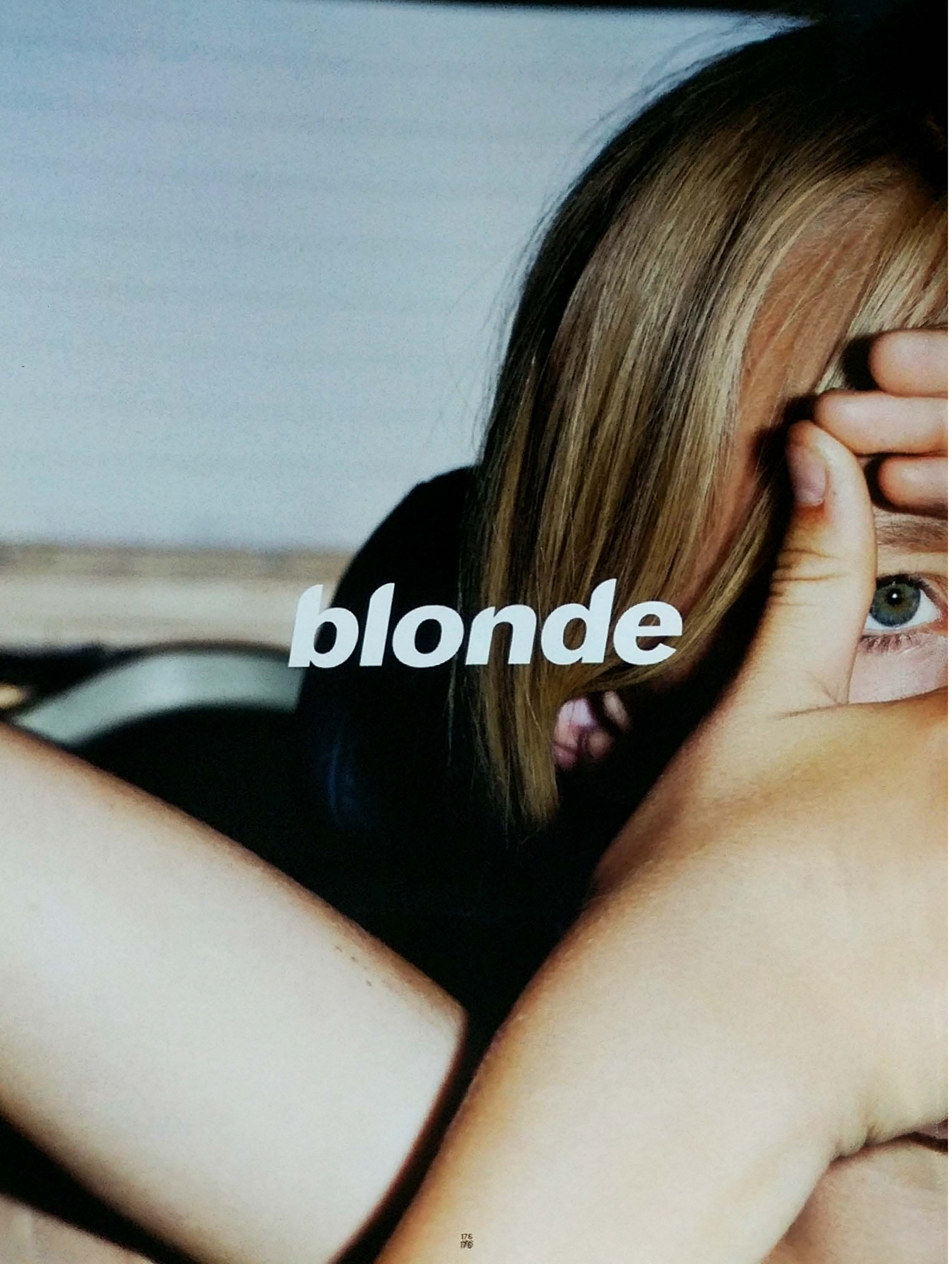




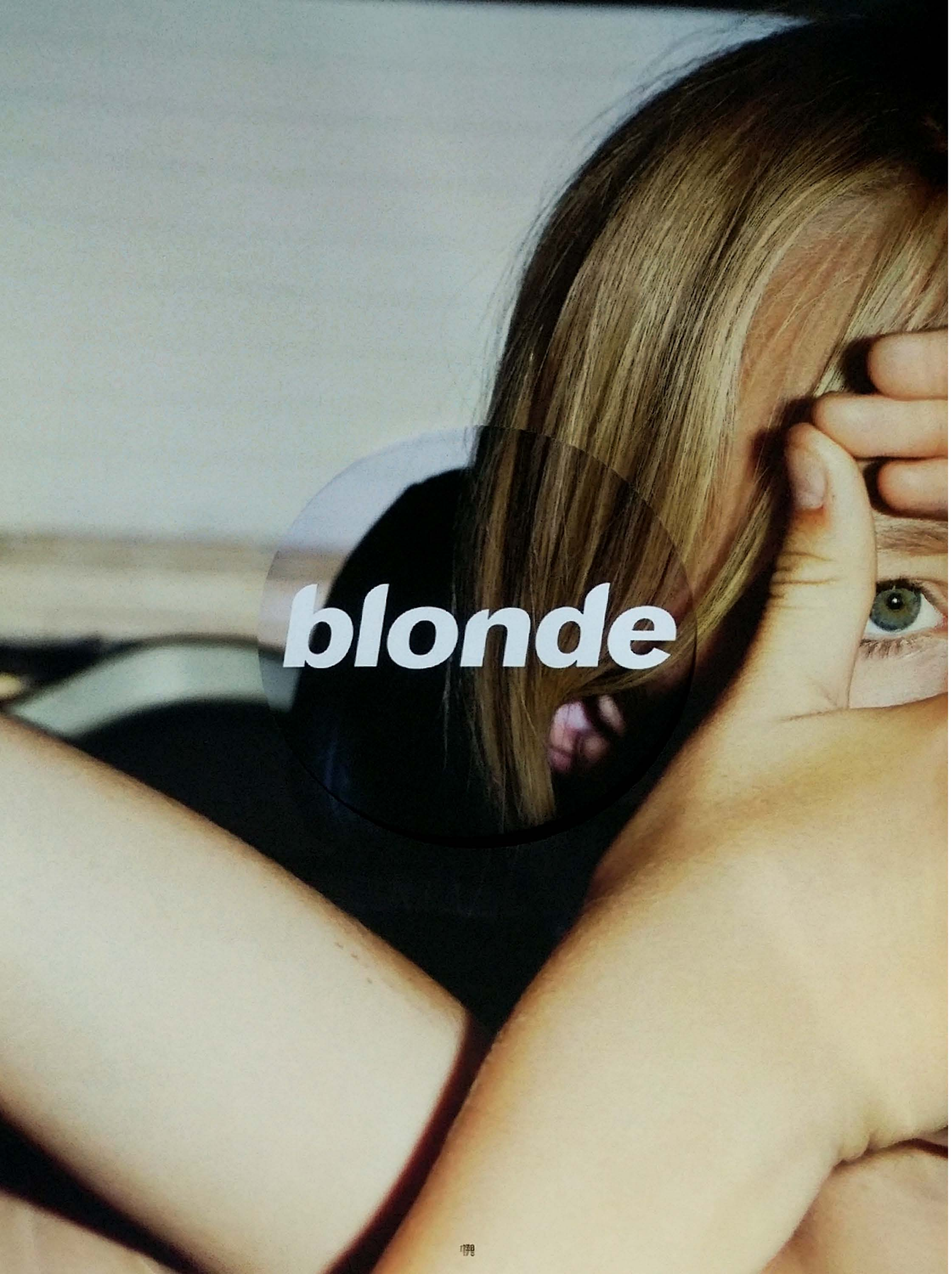




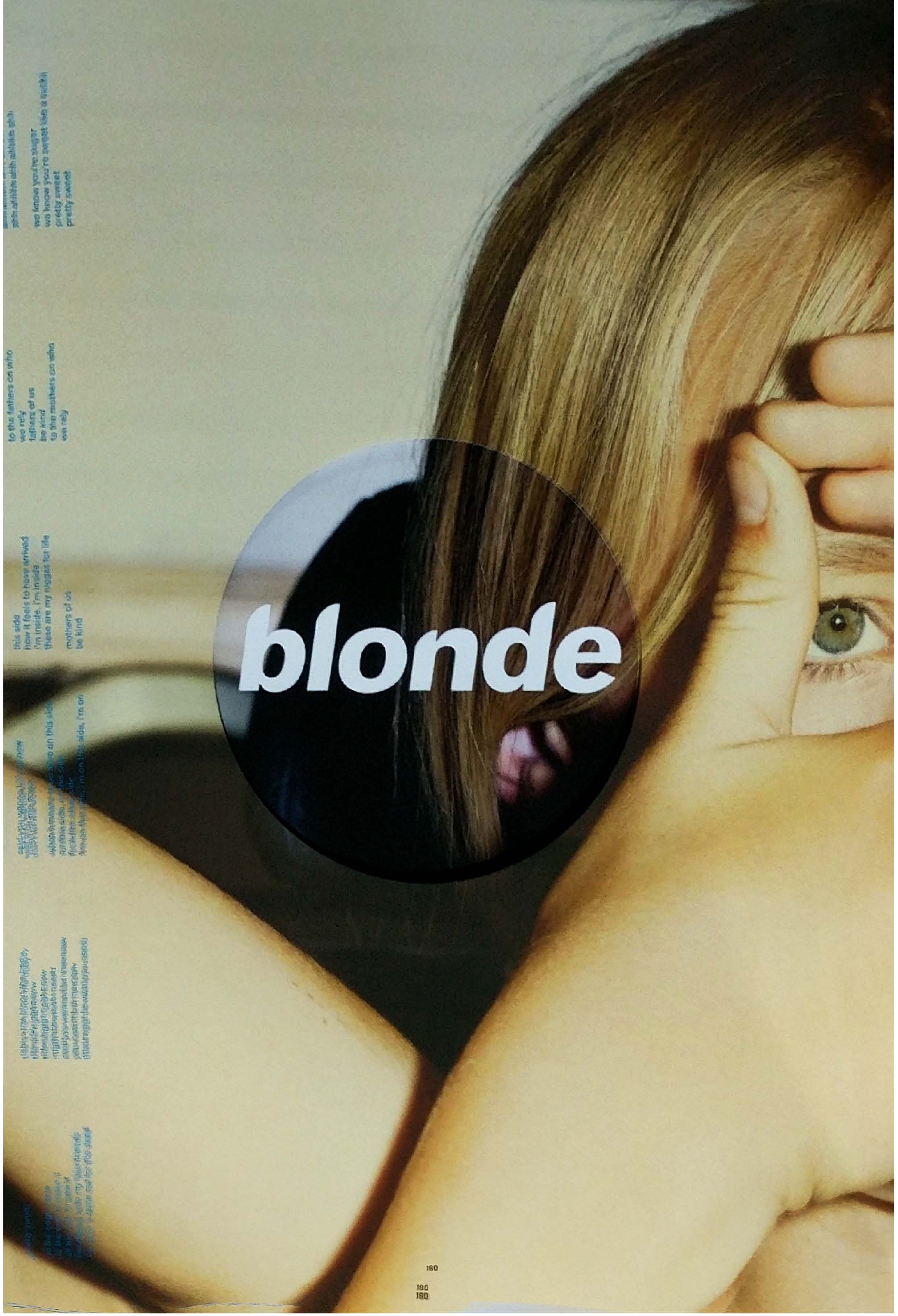

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MOTOCROSS
WAKO'S
PROTO
Castrol
FORMULA
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TEAM
メッカ
RACING
Engineering & Development


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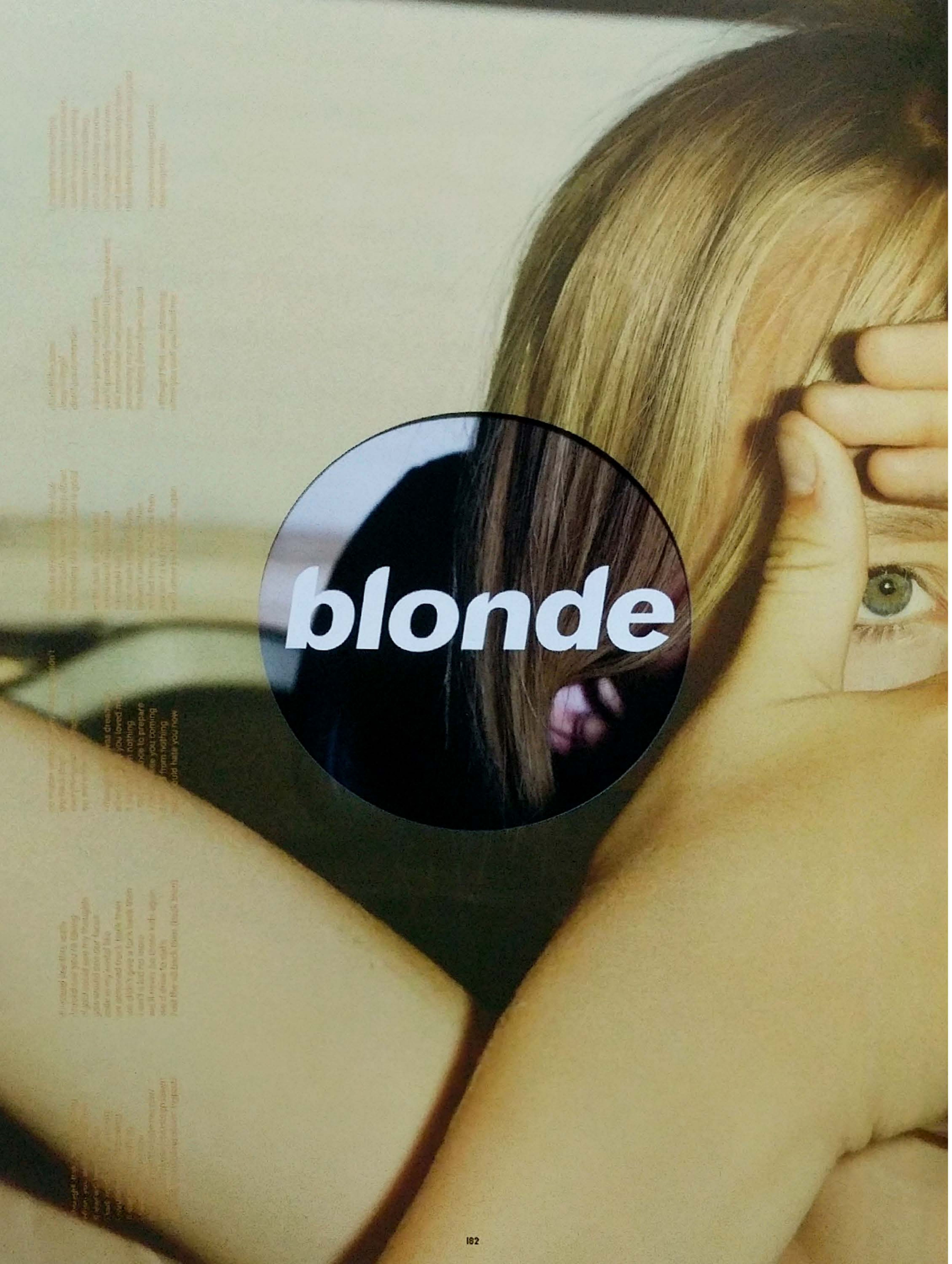

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[illegible] dirty dancing
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[illegible] my jacket
[illegible] loud in public them police turned
[illegible] the function
[illegible] we outside and the timing's perfect
[illegible] to tell you
gotta tell you how much i vibe with you

and we don't gotta be solo
now stay away from highways my eyes like
them red lights
right now i prefer yellow
redbone so mellow
fuck 'round be cutting you
think we were better off solo
i got that act right in the windy city
that night
no trees to blow through
but blow me and i'll owe you two grams
when the sunrise
smoking good rolling solo
a solo

(solo)
solo
(solo)
s-solo
(solo)
s-solo
(solo)
it's hell on [illegible] on fire
inhale [illegible]
there's [illegible]
dueling [illegible]
inhale [illegible]

solo
solo)
i'm skipping showers and switching socks
sleeping good and long
bones feeling dense as fuck
wish a nigga would cross
and catch a solo
on time
white leaf on my boxers
green leaf turn to vapors for the low
and that mean cheap
cus aint' shit free and i know it
even love aint
cus this nut cost that clinic killed my soul

but you gotta hit the pussy raw though
now your baby momma ain't so vicious
all she want is her picket fence
and you protest and you picket sign
but them courts won't side with you
won't let you fly solo
i wanted that act right in colorado
that night
i brought trees to blow thru
but it's just me and no you
stayed up till my phone died
smoking big rolling
solo
it's hell on earth and the city's on fire

inhale inhale there's heaven
there's a bull and a matador
dueling in the sky
inhale in hell there's heaven
(solo
solo
solo
solo)
by myself

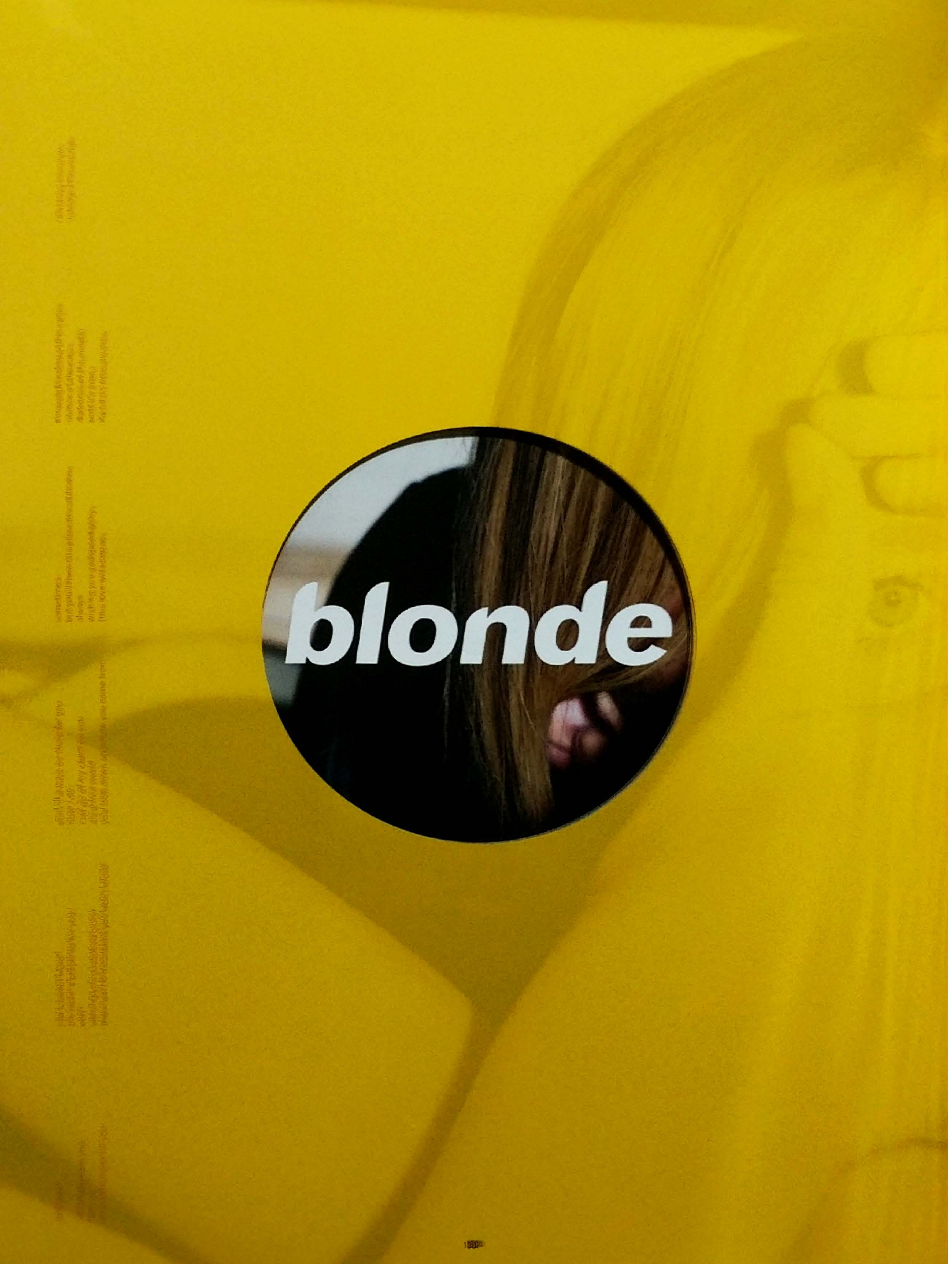



blonde


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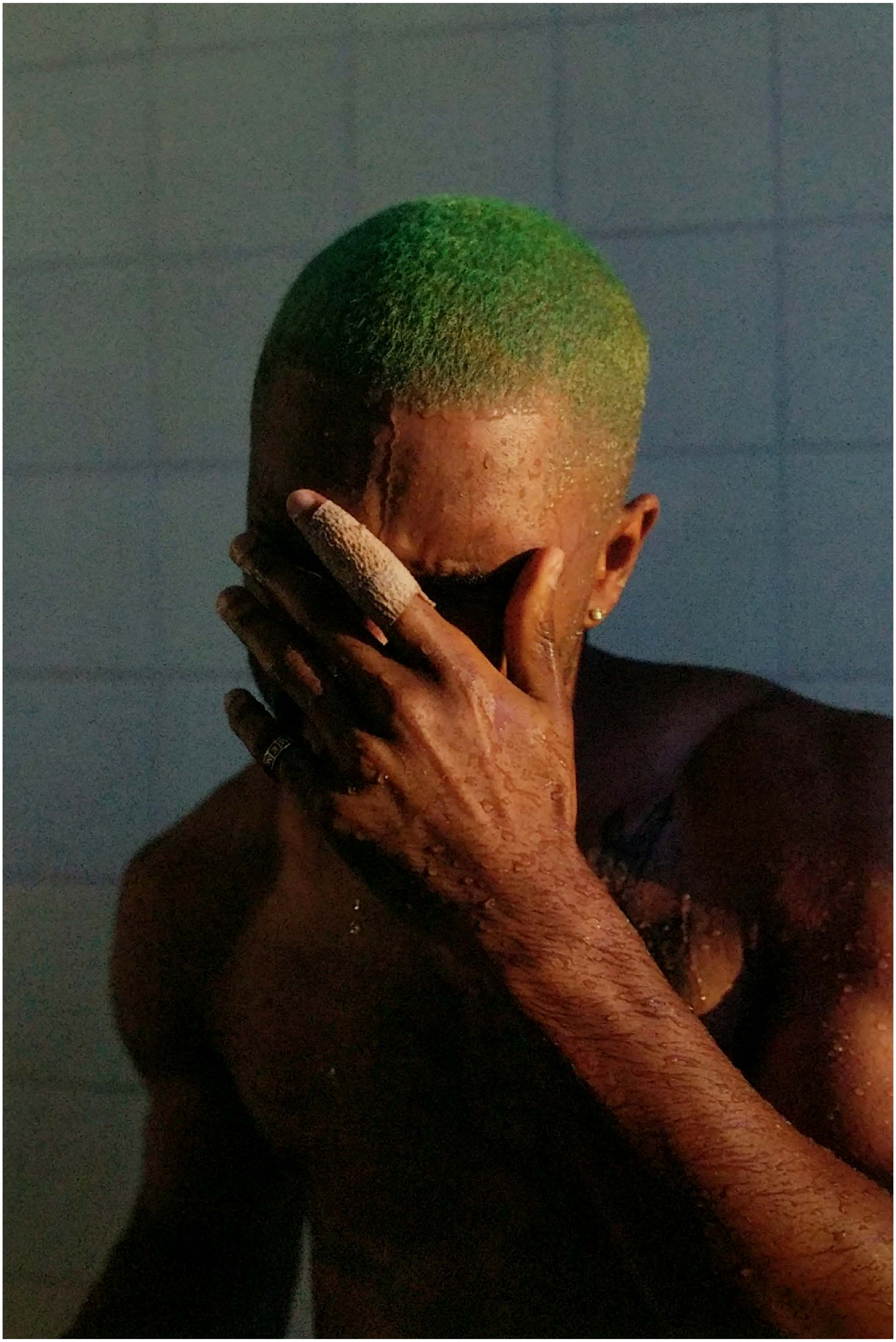

blonde

blonde


blonde


blonde


I'M A MORNING PERSON
BERLIN, GERMANY
PHOTOGRAPHY BY WOLFGANG TILLMANS














saturday i'll wake up in central london stretched out lil low on serotonin cus last night was extra'd out place both knees

on the ground then ask God what he talking bout before i kiss him on the mouth God himself breathing in and out last

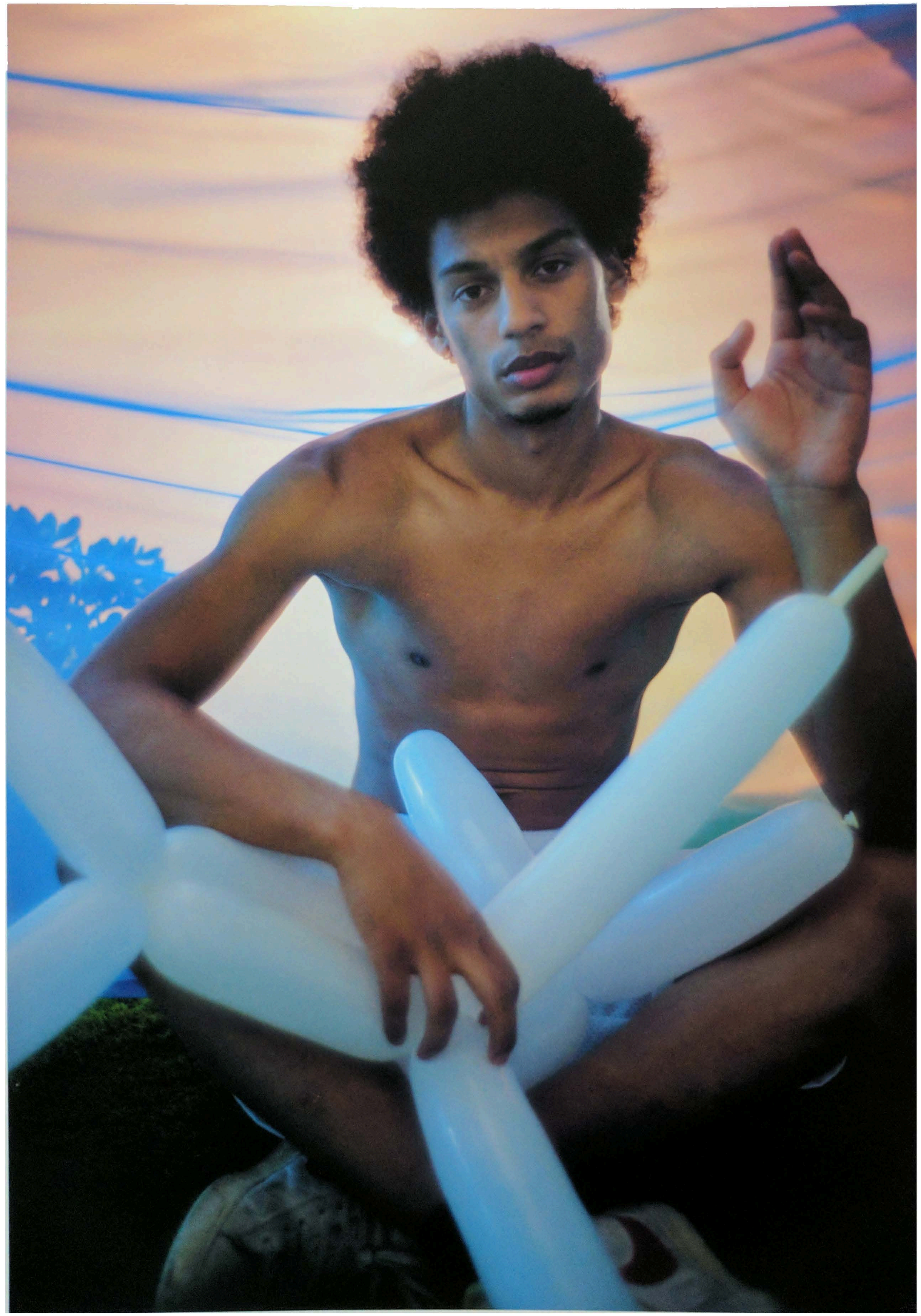
night i had a dream, Gyllenhaal on a mountaintop holding on two stone tablets with ten commandments and a flower

crown power couple propaganda phamplet black panther and white panther you and me could run the jungles sleeping

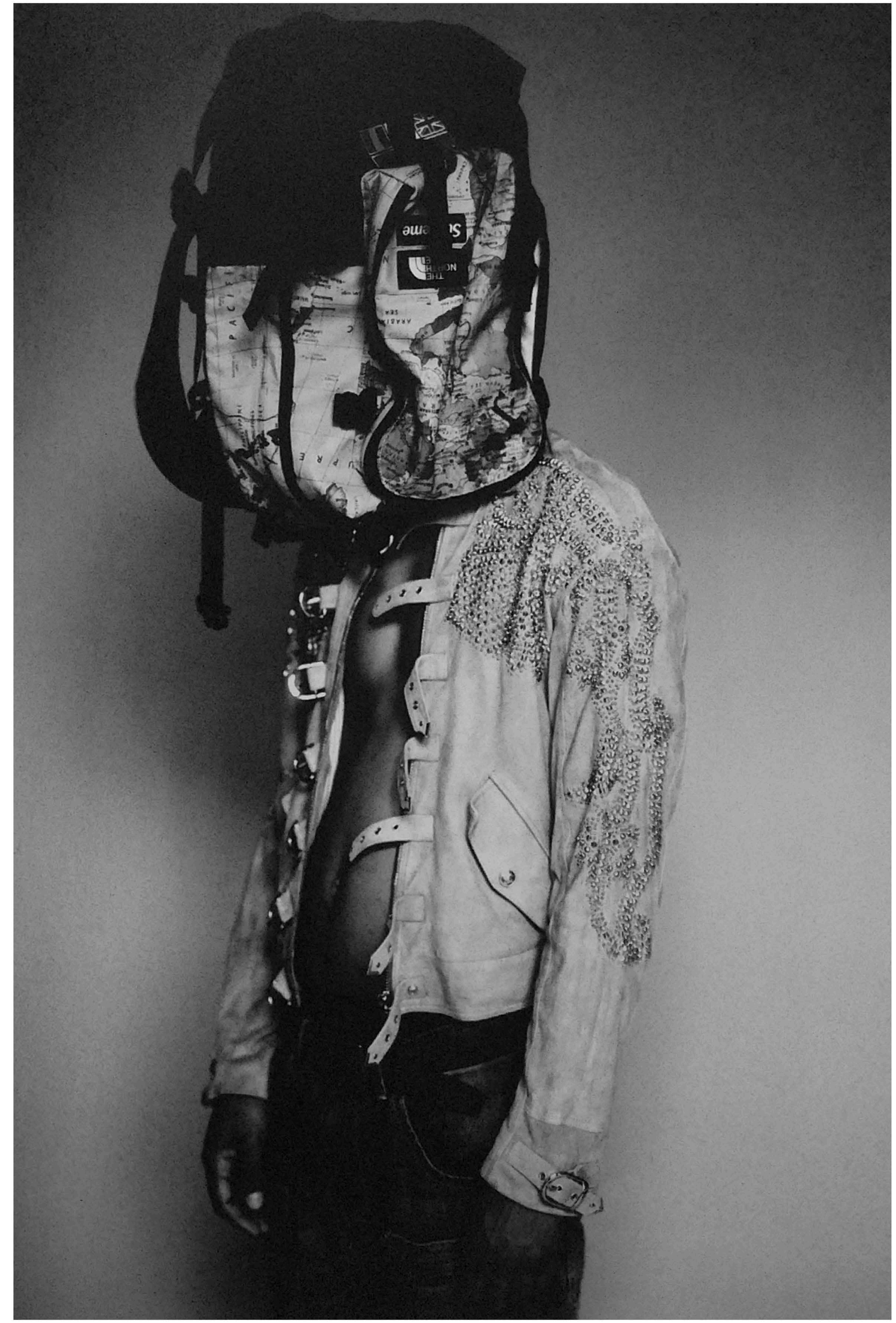
free on the tree branches no light pollution look how slow all the life is moving once you get your heart racing today

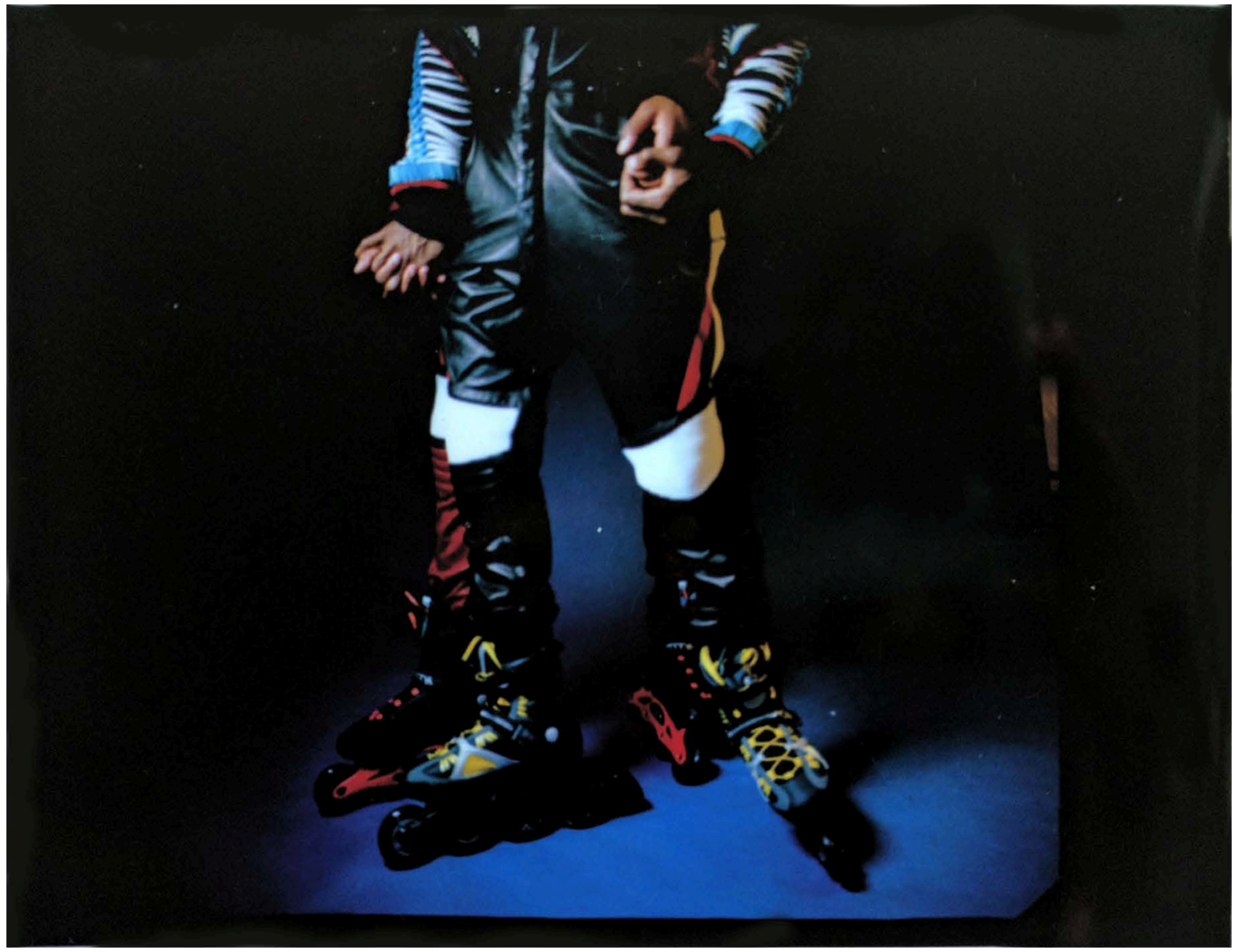
if i survive i'll let my feet leave the ground levitations and revelations take me up in your rapture now





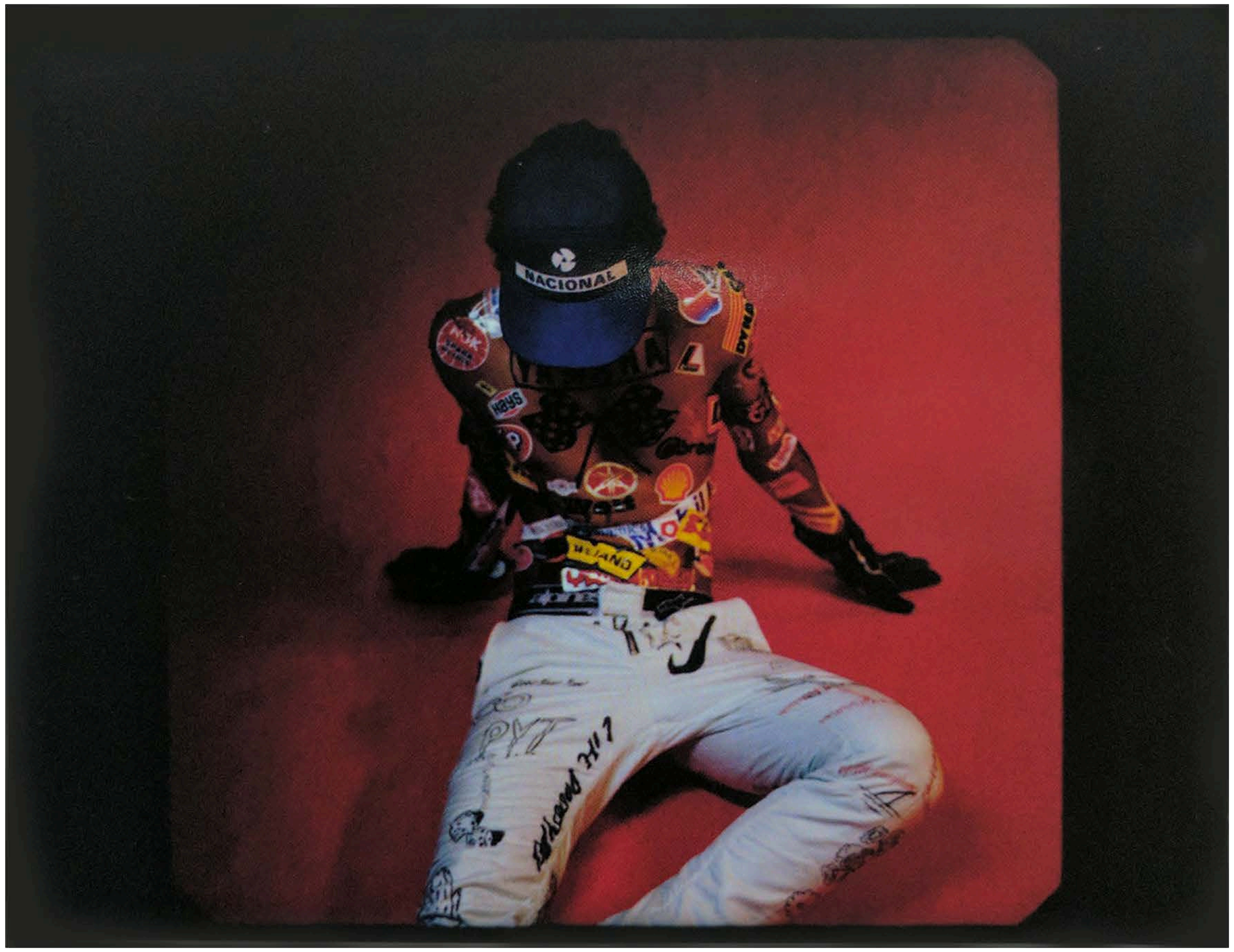


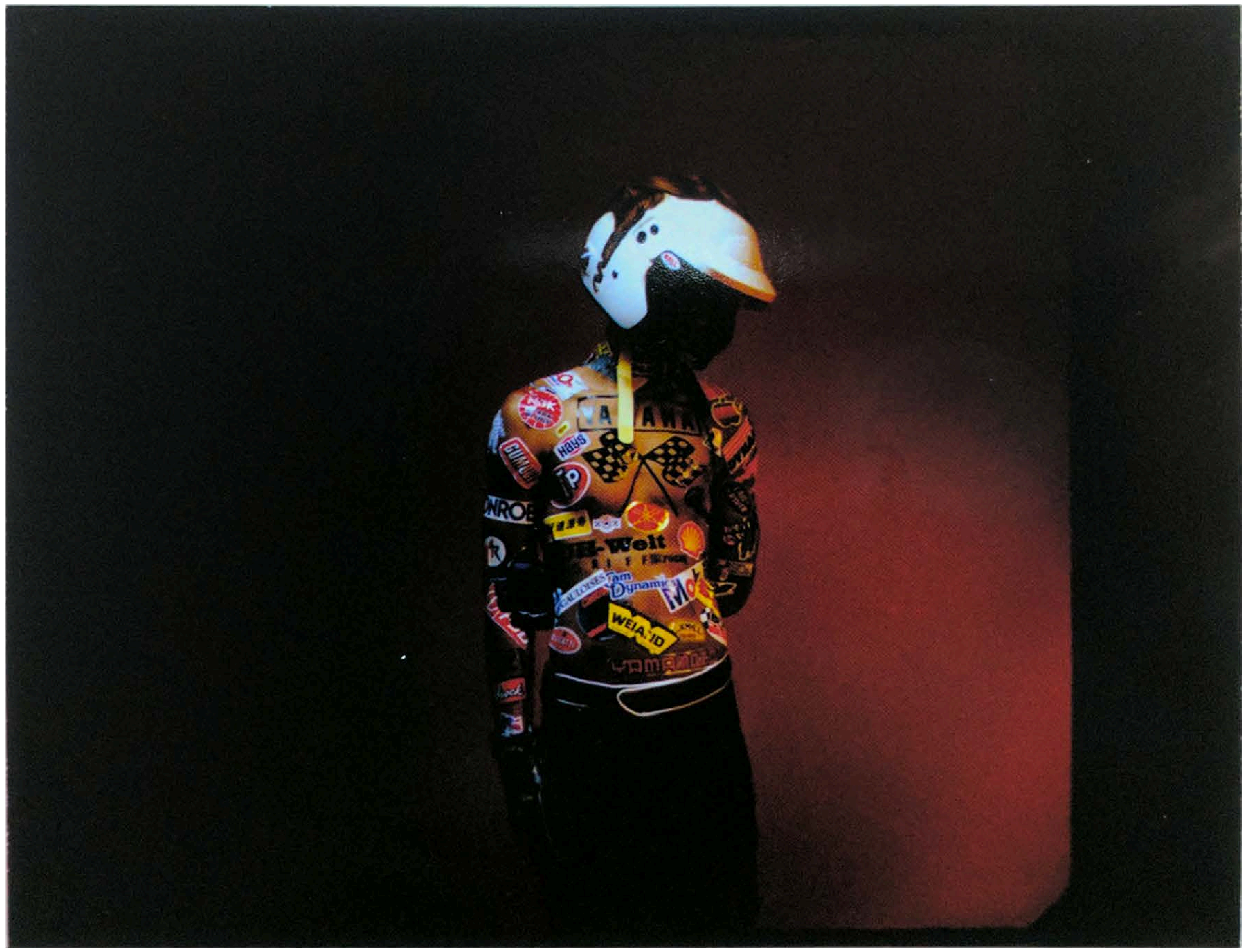


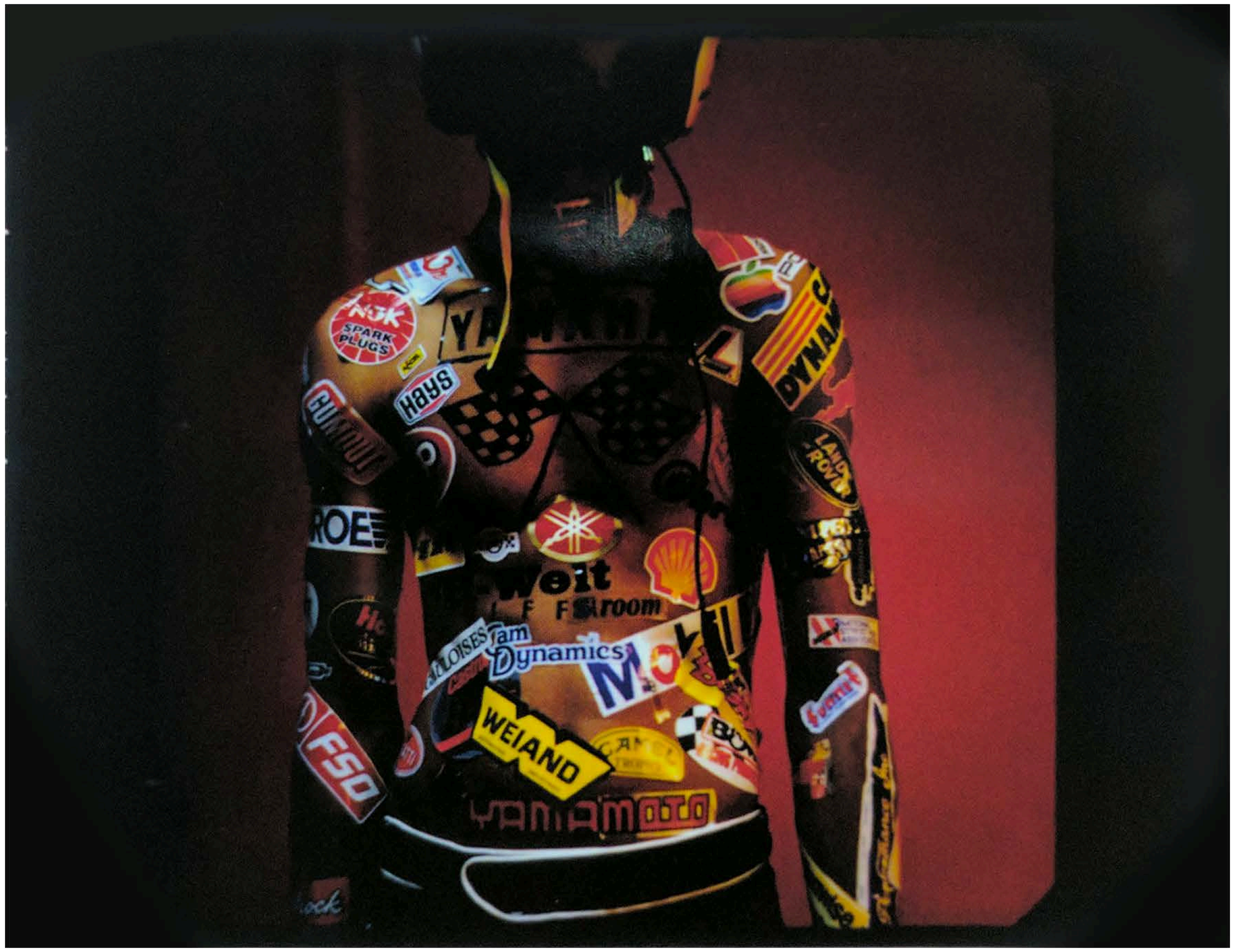


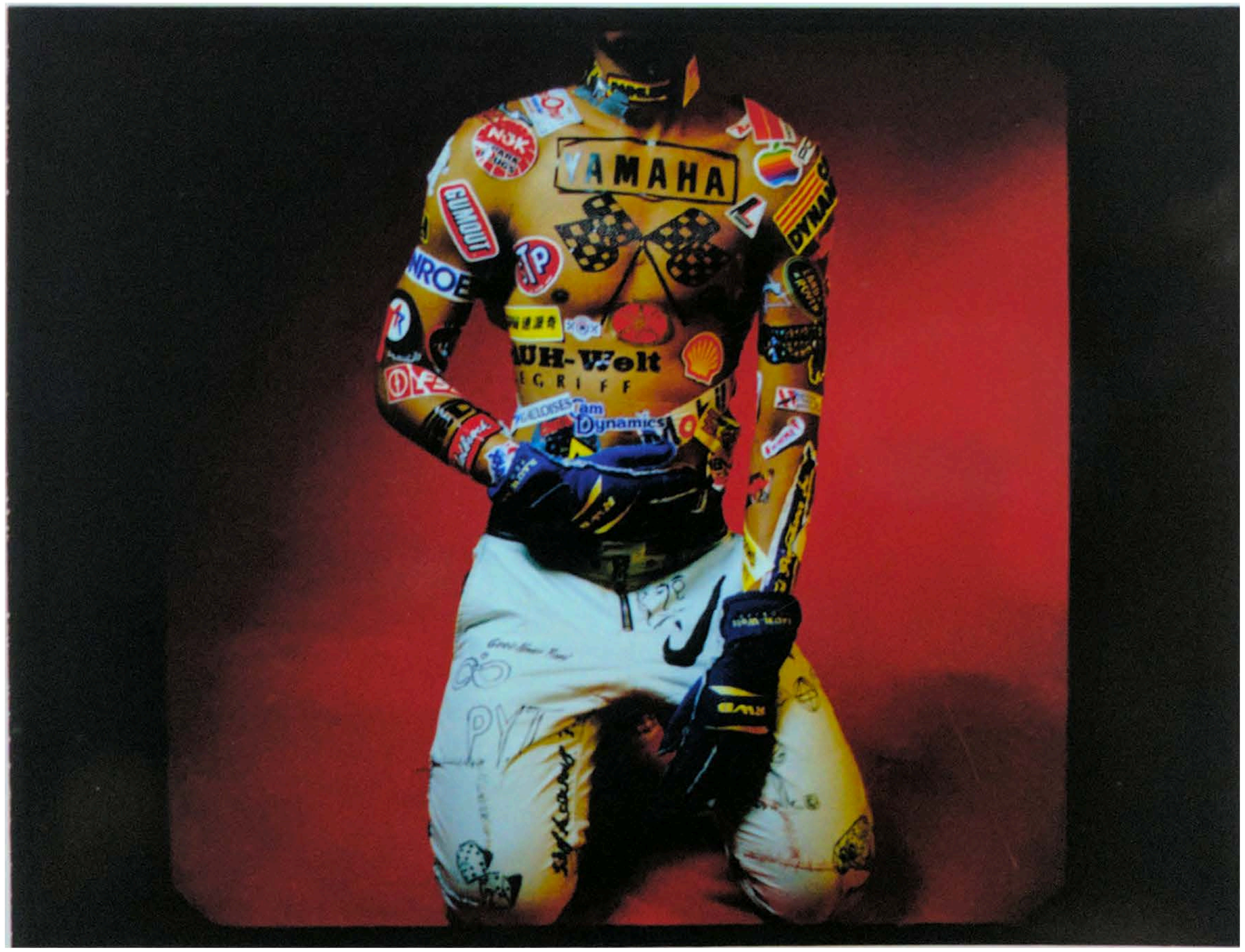


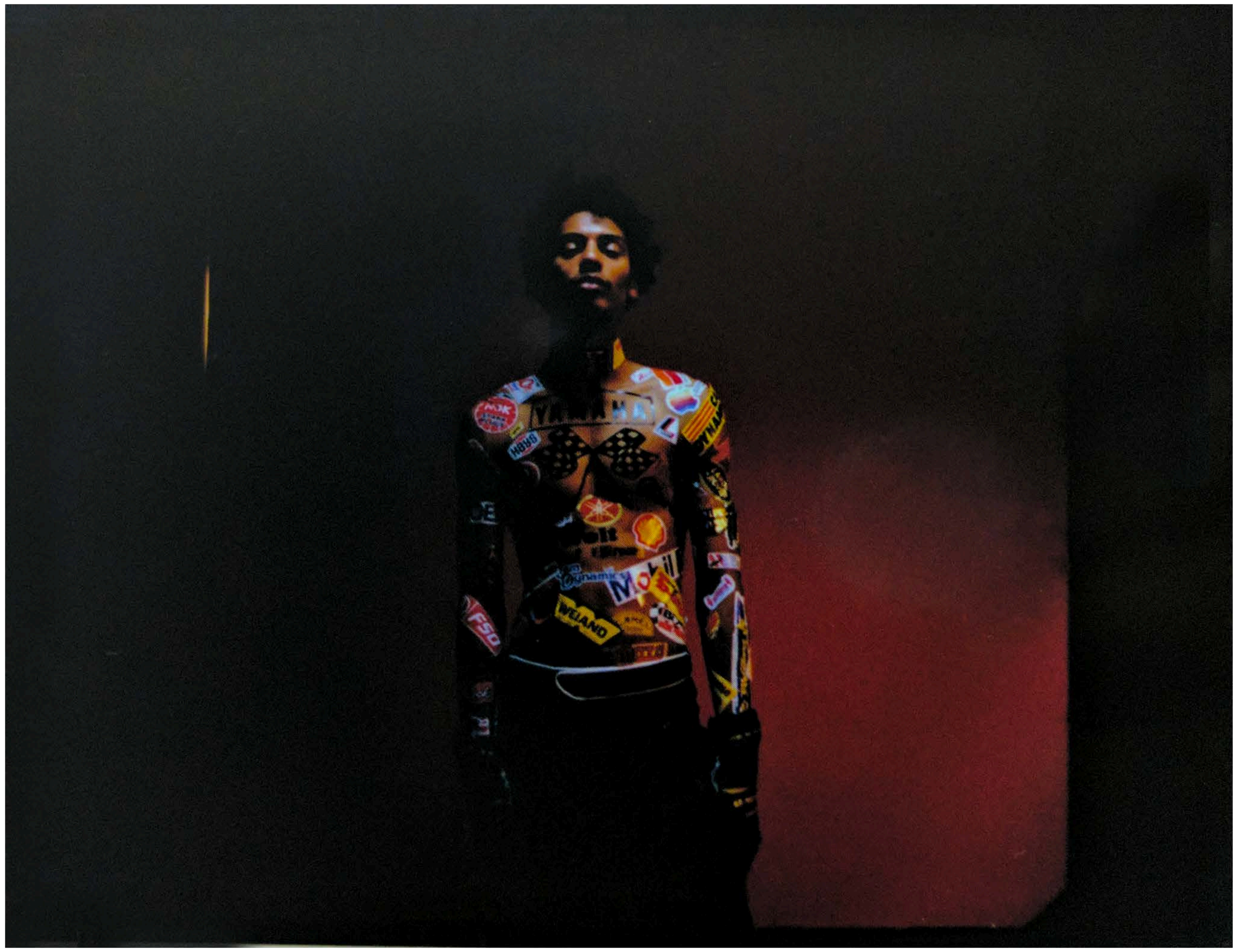



NACIONAL




SPARK PLUGS
WEIAND
Dynamics
YAMAMOTO


YAMAHA
GUMOUT
UH-Welt
Dynamics

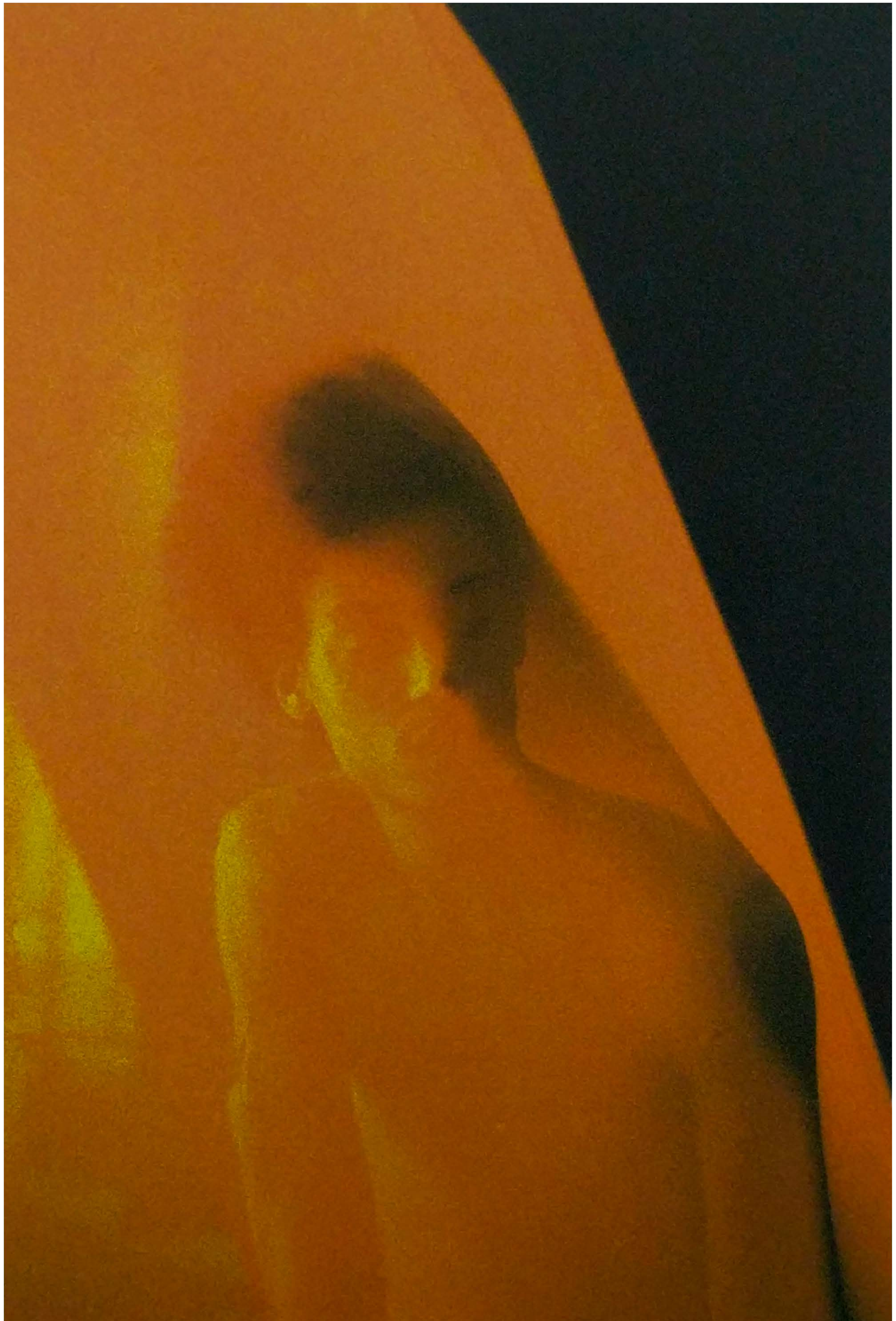


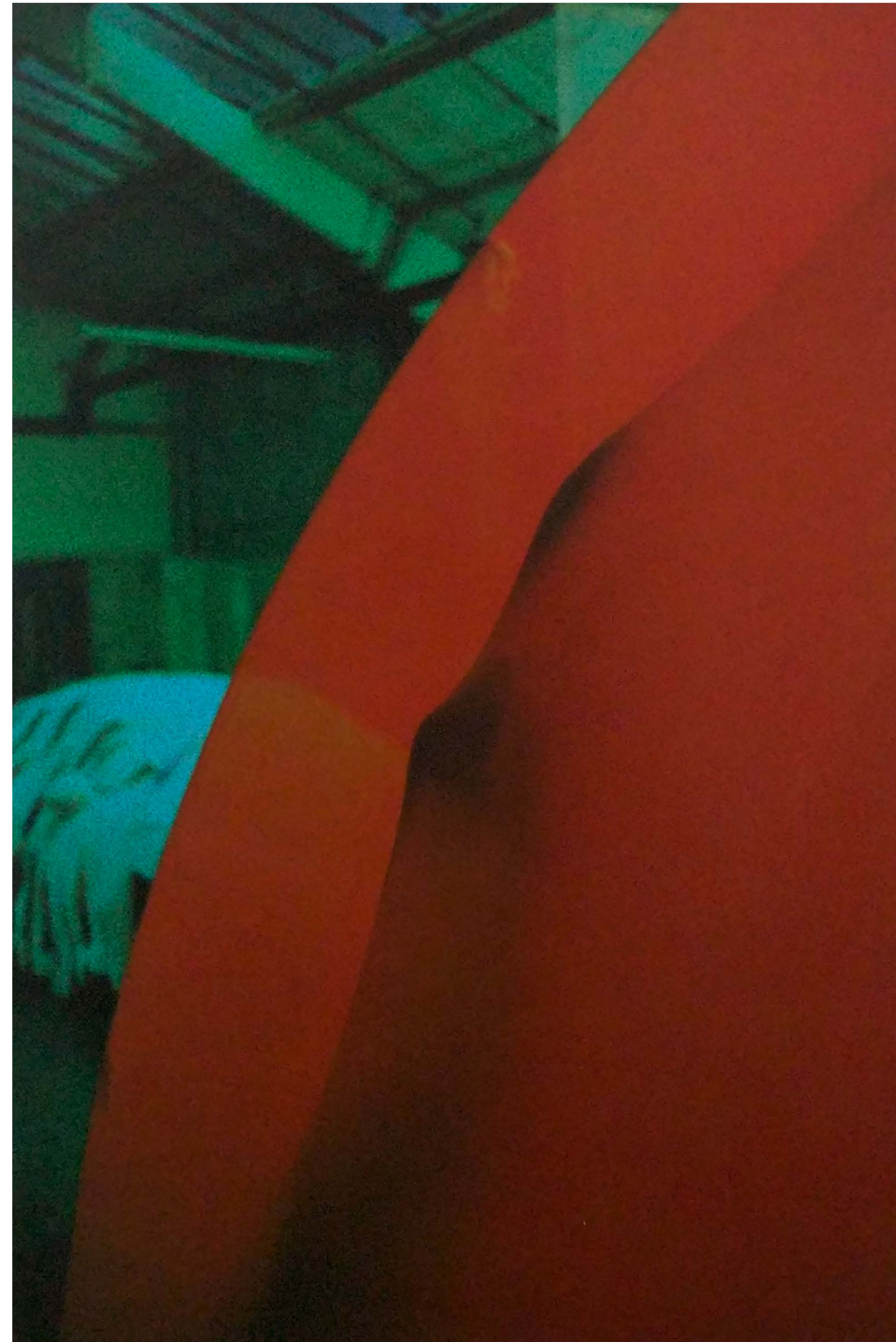

YAMAHA

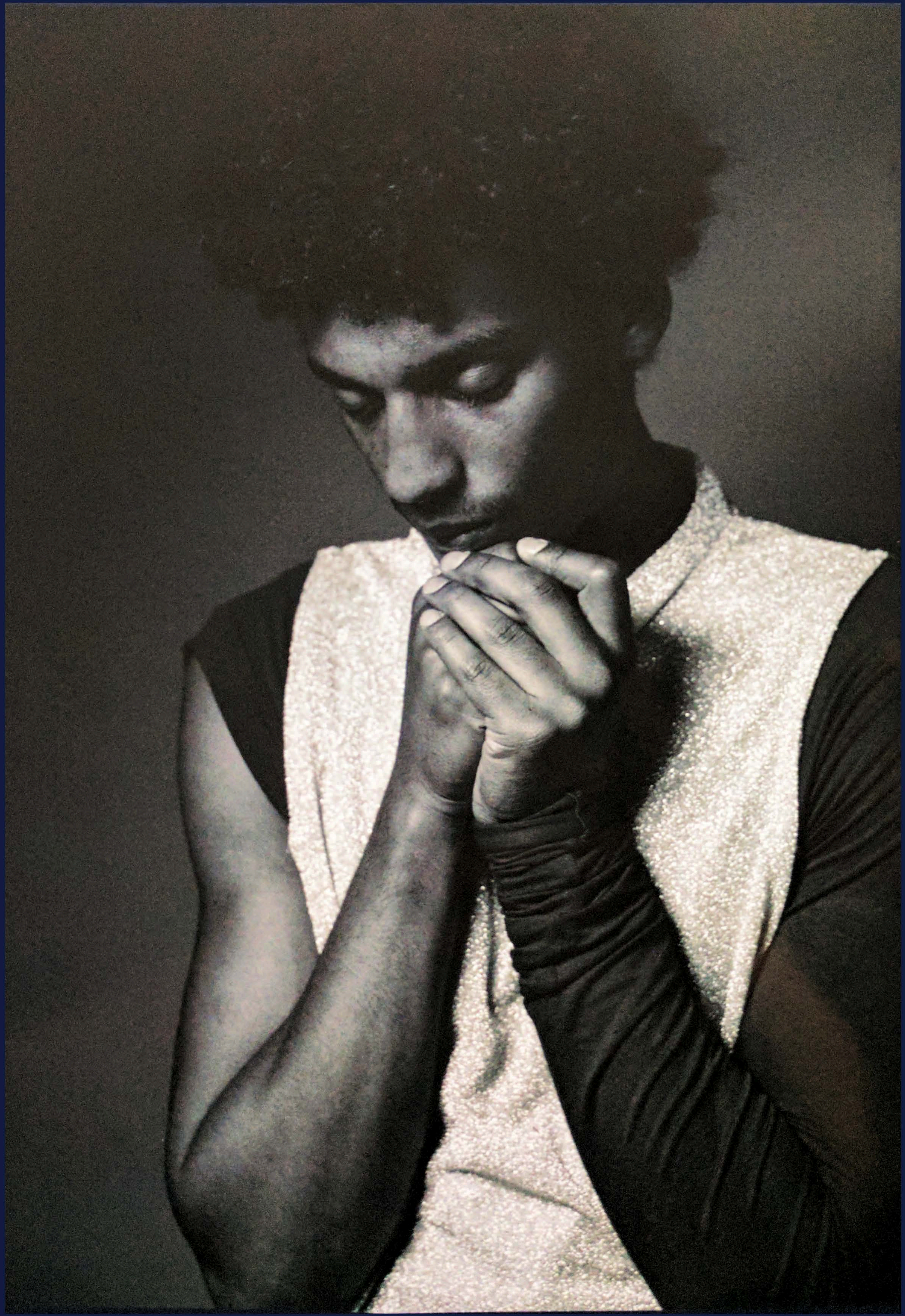

YAMAHA



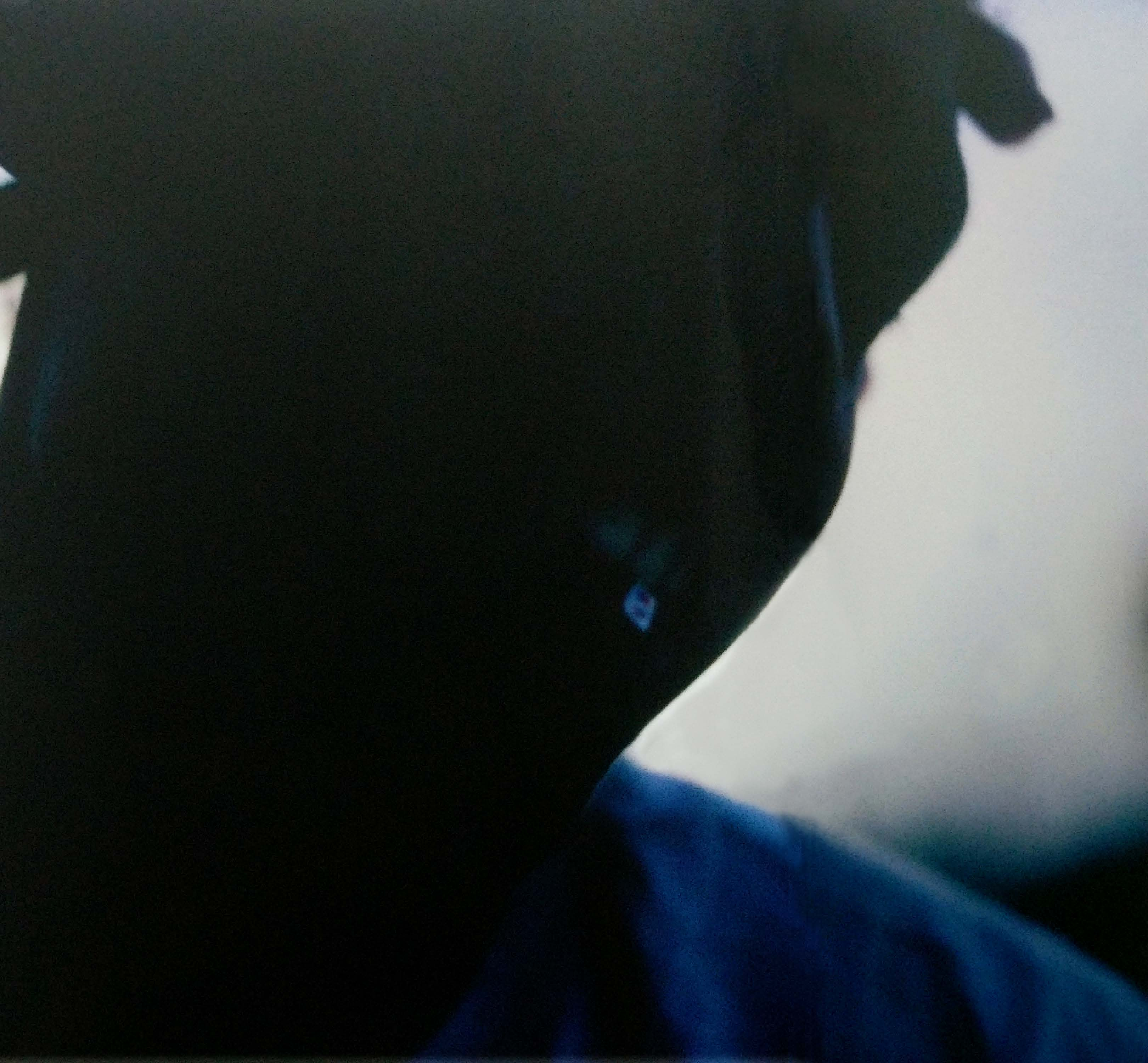


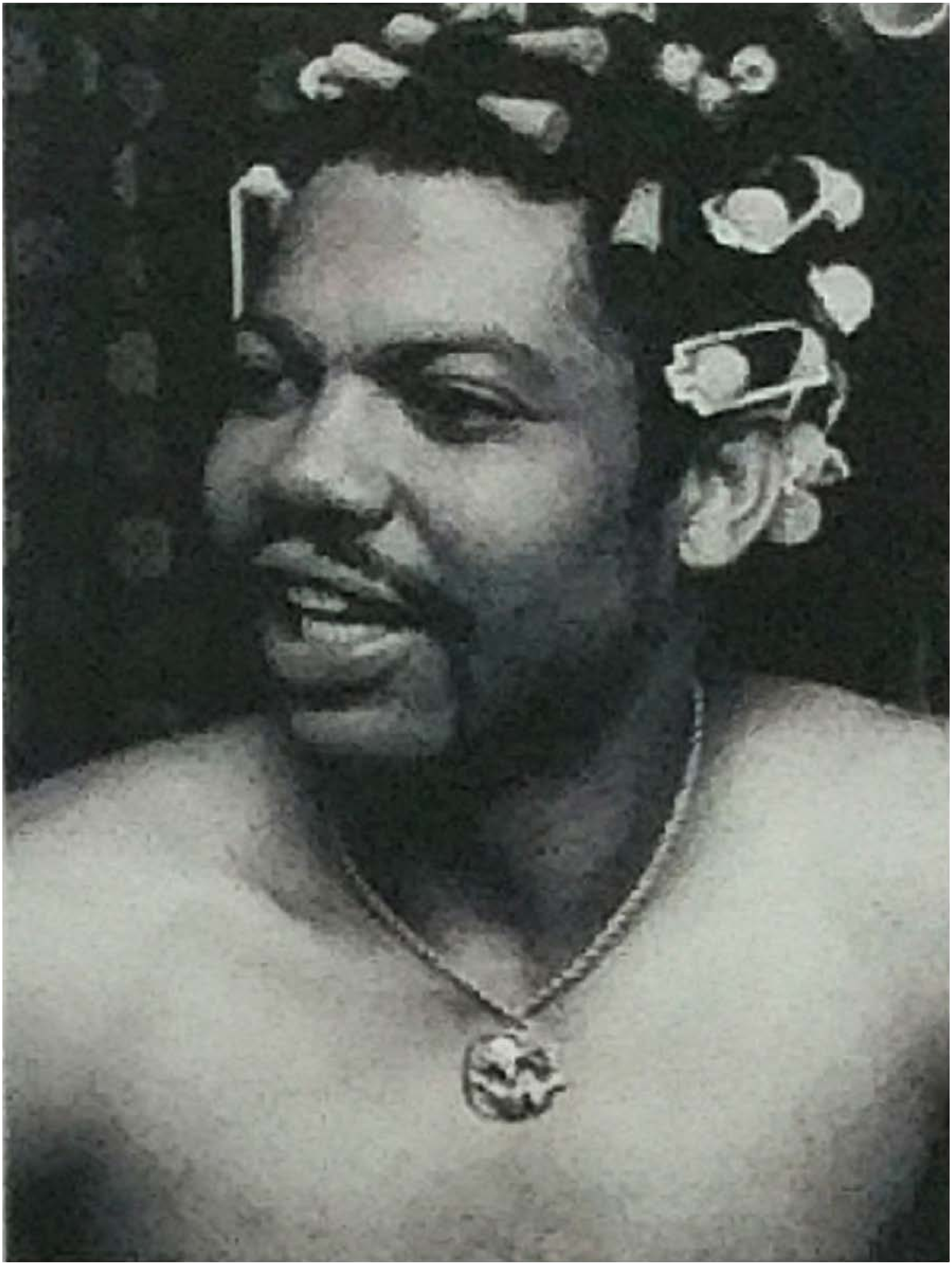













Photograph: Brian Ward

KEY WORDS

PARIS, FRANCE

PHOTOGRAPHY BY NABIL

ILLUSTRATIONS BY DANIEL DAVID FREEMAN

TEXT BY FRANK OCEAN & ZING ZING TSENG



I COMPACT U
BEIJING, CHINA
PHOTOGRAPHY BY REN HANG















CROUCHING TIGER, HIDDEN WATER MOCCASSIN
RED CREEK, MISSISSIPPI
PHOTOGRAPHY BY JIM MANGAN















2011

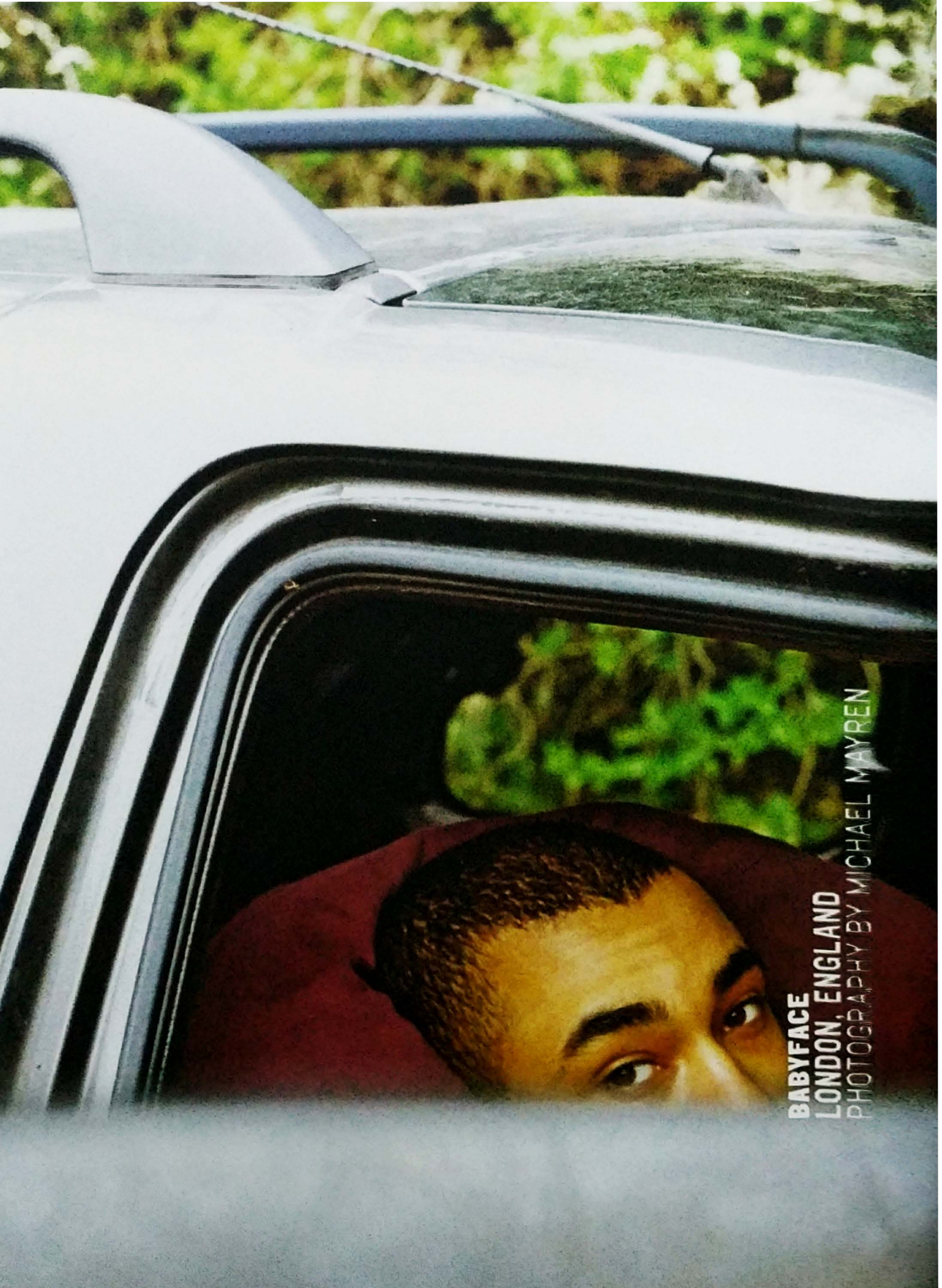












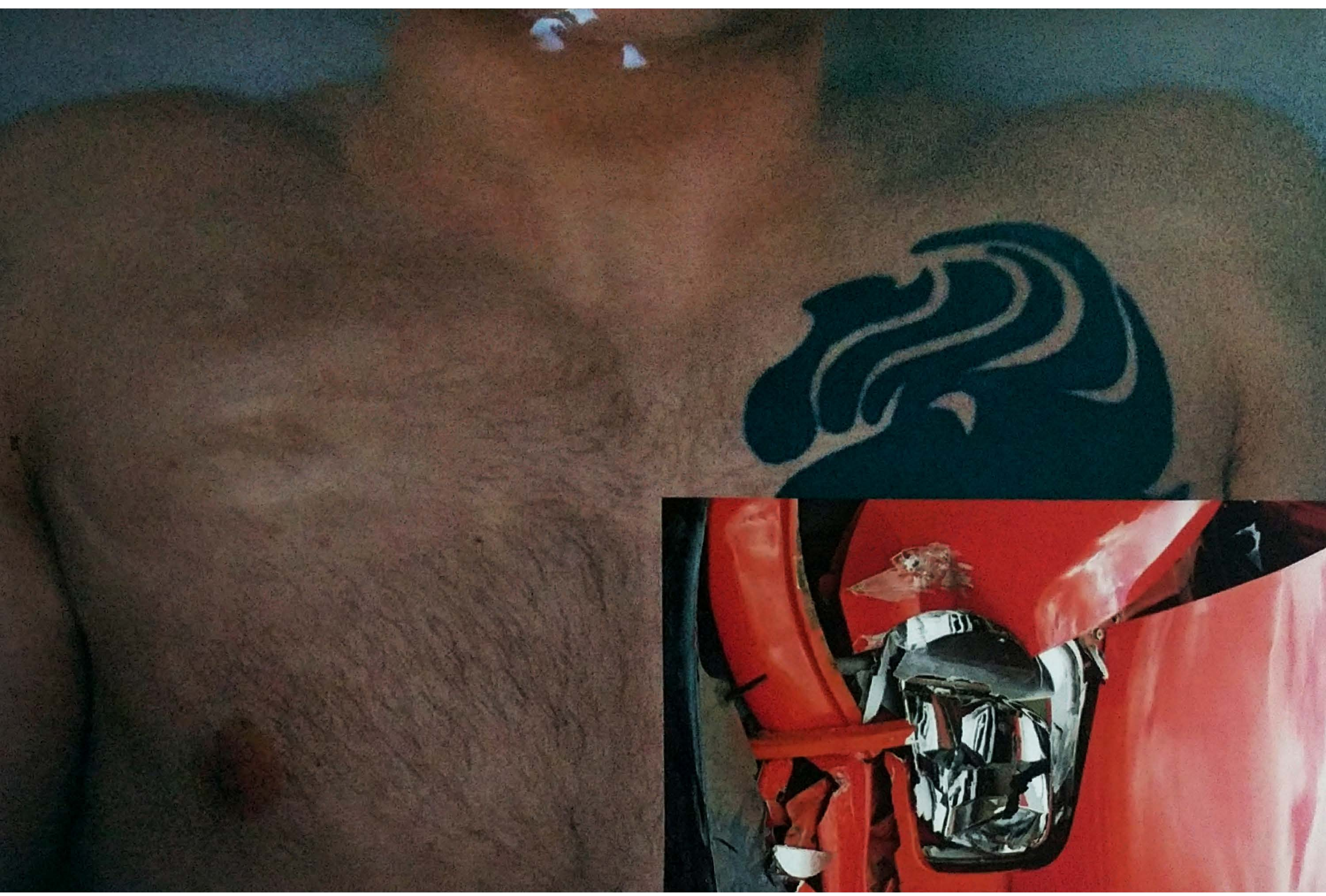
BABYFACE
LONDON, ENGLAND
PHOTOGRAPHY BY MICHAEL MAYREN






WBC WORLD
M I K
CHAMPION
VS.
CHAMPION






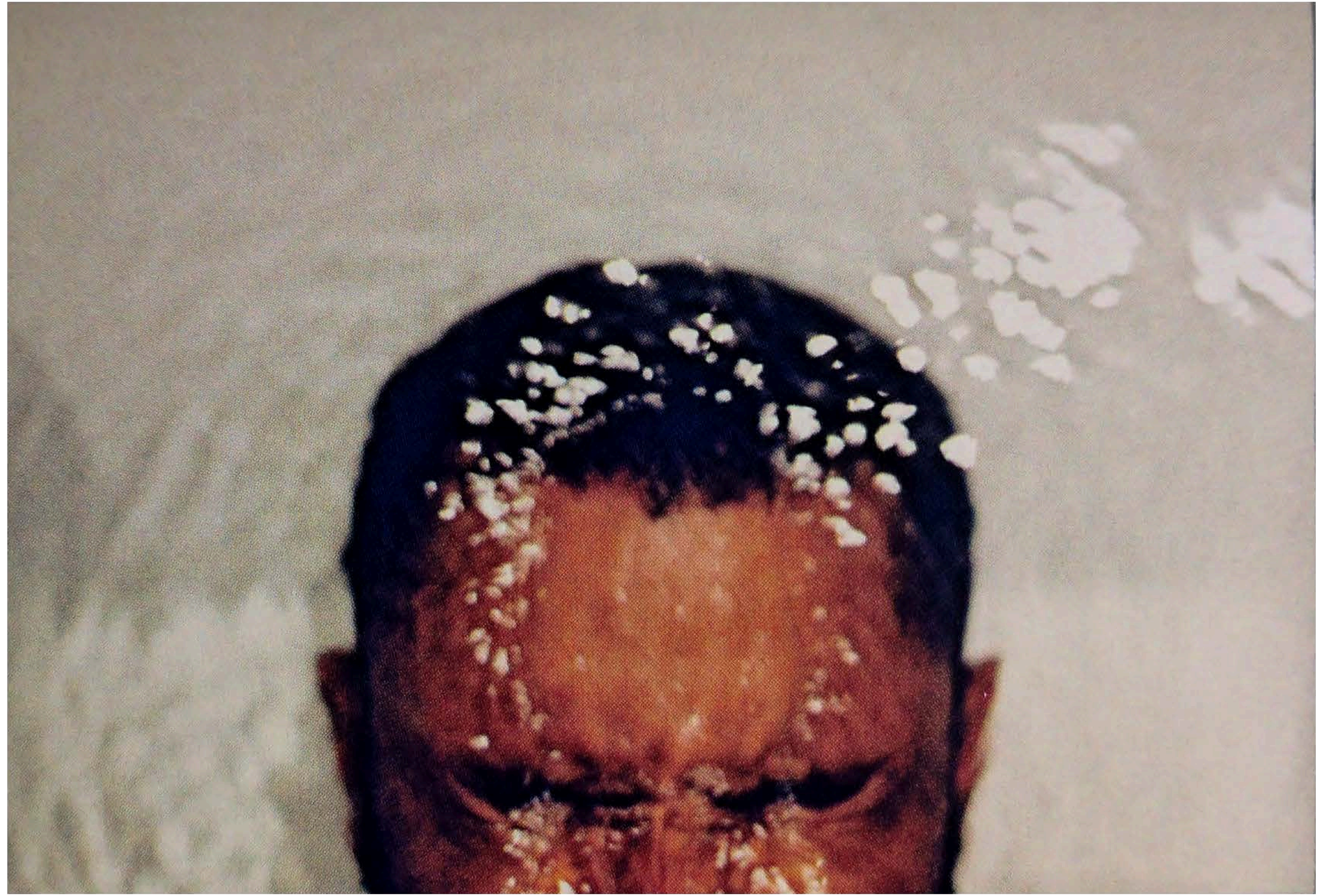
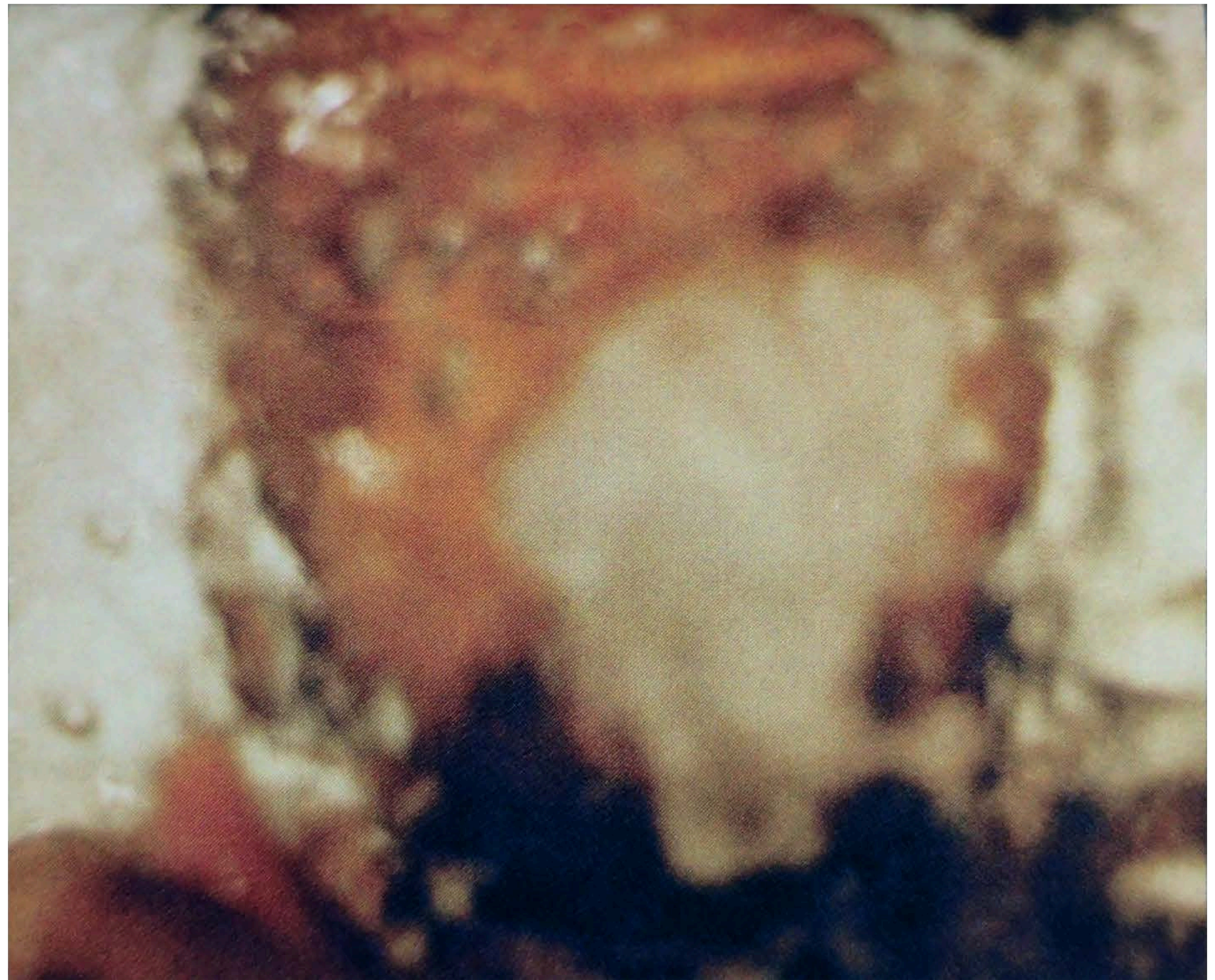


ELLAGI
AYBAC
CH 62S
RT L10B
EN F1 GT
CLAREN
SEL 6.3
65 AMG
ERCEDES
CLKGTR
72 AMG






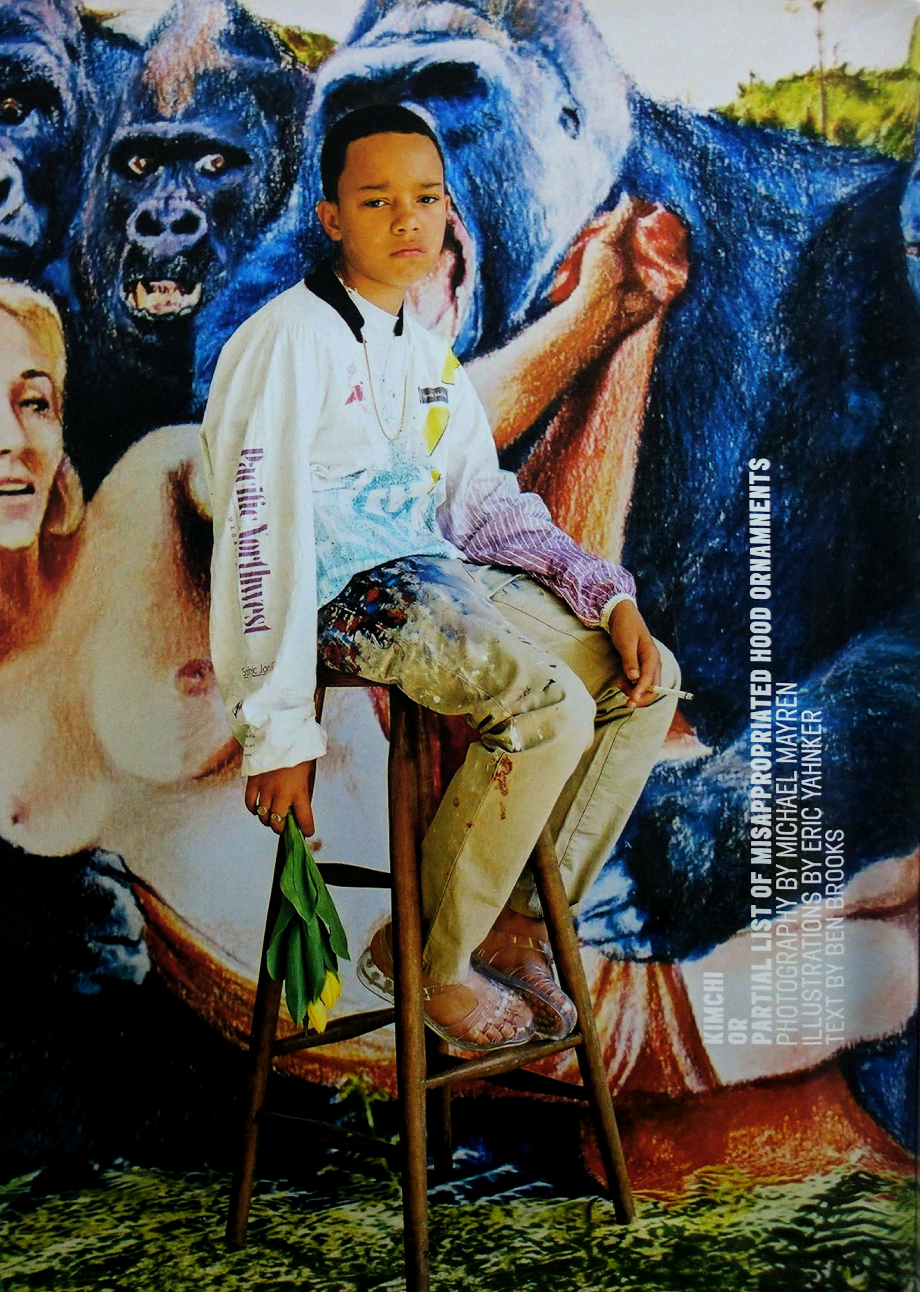





ESHIRE CONTRACTING









KIMCHI OR PARTIAL LIST OF MISAPPROPRIATED HOOD ORNAMENTS

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MICHAEL MAYREN
ILLUSTRATIONS BY ERIC YAHNKER
TEXT BY BEN BROOKS

My girlfriend Carissa wears breasts like no other. I am eleven but she stoops on account of my painting ability and bank account. Truly I am prodigious at art. I have had four shows that sold out even before the doors were open. Mahmoud says The Lady Who Made Me bought them all. Mahmoud is a liar and an incontinent. He is also my best friend. The Lady Who Made Me drinks port until her planet looks bright. I pay the gas bills.

My dealer is named Fenton. It happened once that I fell asleep on a palette and Fenton sold it for enough to remodel our kitchen. I was not proud. I severely reprimanded him with the aid of my elbows. Recently, he has been thieving items from my room, dubbing them 'Hope In Candyland', and 'Sink', and 'Cat Call', and whatnot, and selling them to businessmen for extortionate sums. His house is as big as three houses. He says my sloth-like manner of painting injures us both. Yesterday, he suggested employing a team of people to paint on my behalf. We were sipping chai at the office. Again, I forcibly ejected the idea from his brain with physical violence.

I work exclusively in oil and on a large scale. I paint on average eight hours a day. The highest price ever paid for a piece of my work was £215,000. The piece was titled Dear Mum, Please Go Back In Time And Abort Me. The buyer wished to remain anonymous but failed to do so and was later identified by The Daily Mail as a Congolese kleptocrat named Patrice.

Today Carissa met me at the school gates the same way Carissa always meets me at the school gates. With her lips, she sucked up a reef of busted blood vessels on my neck. I noticed we were being dogged by a man with a skull-sized camera strapped to his ribs and I lobbed my lunchbox at his head and he went away.

We convened with Mahmoud on the motorway bridge. He came armed with double malt beer and a fax machine. Once the beer was gone, we scrolled through the passing cars, looking for a suitable target. The fax machine made a sizeable crater in what Mahmoud insists was a Bugatti. I told him he was blind. He told me I was lumpy.

'Kimchi,' I said, on account of it being our safe word.

Cars are art but so is destroying expensive things that do not belong to you.

Carissa cradled me like a baby and carried me to safety as the supposed Bugatti driver emerged to holler at the clouds above. Carissa is twenty. A palm reader once promised she was immortal. Truly, she is the most angelic being either side of the Thames. There are times she makes me forget the impossibility of a higher power.

Partial list of misappropriated hood ornaments in my current collection: 18 Mercedes tri-stars, 4 broken chains of Audi rings, 1 Rolls Royce Spirit of Ecstasy, kneeling version, 2 leaping Jaguars, 1 custom chrome skull with red glass eyes.

I left school at eleven this morning and had Calabassi drive me to the studio. Attendance is not mandatory for the prodigious on account of our futures lying above the sad track of exam papers and whatnot. Our superpowers cannot be learned from books because they're already inside us, waiting to be dug up.

I recommenced work on a 6'x4' reimagining of The Last Supper in which every face is my face and every meal is me. Truly I am modest but I am also fair and I think it is a work of genius. Fenton and me admired it while sipping tea and shucking pistachios.

Carissa arrived at four. She looked as though she'd spent the day being waterboarded. I offered her tea. She screamed when I tried to touch her.

'What is it?' I said. She pelted my clavicles with her open hands.

'I wish you didn't exist,' she told me. She left.

I ventured off to drink beer and empty my skull of tears on the motorway bridge. I was recognized by a middle age man who attempted to photograph me with his phone until I smashed my bottle and chased him with the jagged remains. Truthfully, I am grateful to be remembered. But I wanted to be alone.

Carissa cradled me like a baby and carried me to safety as the supposed Bugatti driver emerged to holler at the clouds above.

Aggressive tendencies, an unrivalled ability to concentrate for long periods of time, and an impressive vocabulary mean that many adults have suspected some kind of disorder is at work in my brain. I failed the test for autism twice. The only thing wrong with me is me.

It was Friday when Carissa ate my heart. Today it is Monday. I spent the entire weekend in the studio, chewing coffee beans to stay awake and pitching paint at giant canvases.

It did not work.

I made nothing.

My new paintings look like the paintings of an eleven year old. All of them gutter-balls. My notoriety and future are heavily dependent on me being an eleven year old whose paintings do not look like the paintings of an eleven year old. I have made a list of the tallest buildings in the city. Not only did I fail to produce anything new, I squandered several promising works in progress with zigzags and a failure to keep colour where the colour should be. I draw stick people now. Women with triangles for dresses. Suns with smiling faces. It's all over. I am going to sleep.



Fenton woke me with a soft jab to the cheek and immediately began extolling my efforts. He spun in circles, gesturing with his clammy hands, leaking spit like a lawn sprinkler. He called it a whole new kind of primitivism. He said it was the most exciting work I'd ever produced. He vomited large numbers, promised we'd become richer than we already are, and attempted to embrace me. I kicked him in the shin.

I told him they were the worst, and I was the worst, and the paintings would be used as fuel for a colossal bonfire around which I would dance naked save for a waterproof poncho. He commenced the hailing of many Marys. He told me I was insane. Three times he asked whether I would set money alight.

That night three women accompanied me to my hotel room and we played Yahtzee until I fell asleep. I felt like a minor deity.

'No,' I told him. 'Probably not.'

'Then I implore you to let me have them,' he said.

I uppercut his ball sack and left him for dead.

Later I returned to the studio and, with the aid of my driver, Calabassi, proceeded to remove every canvas and board. We relocated them to my bedroom. I laid him off with a generous severance package and triple locked my door. A metal grill has now been fitted. I am not coming out.

The first painting I sold was a 4'x4' oil on wood depiction of The Lady Who Made Me getting explicit with a gang of great apes. It was titled 'Hopes For The Future'. Every newspaper jumped. The Man Whose Sperm Is In My Foundations was around then. His hobbies included beer and bed and online poker. Six times since leaving he has asked me for money via requests written in Birthday cards sent on days that are absolutely not my birthday. I sent them straight back. I am not interested.

It is more important now than ever to continue on with the expansion of my collection of car ornaments. I cannot paint but I can repurpose. Last night when the sun left, I exited through the window and commenced the hunting of suitable vehicles.

After my first show, I bought our current house specifically because it lies in a wealthy area studded with impressive cars. Some cars have retractable mascots. Most do not. Badges are fairly easy to chip off but difficult to remove in one piece. BMWs are the biggest challenge. A thin chisel is needed. I do not know why but Mercedes tri-stars come off the easiest. I have mugged several cars in the area multiple times. Now their owners are getting the replacements fixed on with Araldite to prevent me from doing so.

Anyway, I only managed an Alpha Romeo and the foot of a Peugeot lion. My heart was somewhere else.

Nine missed calls from Mahmoud. Nineteen missed calls from Fenton. Six hundred and fourteen unread emails.

Today I thought of Carissa and her breasts and the way she flaps her hands when she's excited and I screamed all manner of sadness at The Dog Star.

The little lump of meat that is me has made multiple appearances on breakfast TV, late night TV, lunchtime talk radio, and a celebrity cooking show in which I attempted to make risotto and found that I could not. There are people besides Fenton in charge of who I am. A woman named Louise is tasked with making me look as young as possible at all times to keep my prices high. Once, I arrived at a show in New York with beer on my breath and she made me chew fifteen tablets of gum before engaging in any conversation. You're eleven, she told me. I know, I said. That night three women accompanied me to my hotel room and we played Yahtzee until I fell asleep. I felt like a minor deity.

The Lady Who Made Me spent her entire day fist fighting with my bedroom door. She begged me to come out. She is a drunk and she does not have hobbies. She told me I was being selfish and that I needed to get ready for the show. She made mention of glass chalets on Lake Como, Apple watches, and an ultra-rare Armagnac that pre-dates the Boer War. Fenton had been whispering at her through phones.

'Surrender,' she shouted.

'Never,' I shouted back.

Various slices of processed meat were pushed beneath the door in order to keep me from dying. Chorizo, serrano, Ibérico, salami, pastrami, ham, Parma ham, corned beef. She passed out against my door. Fenton came and shifted her body out of the way. He came with some form of professional negotiator who made me promise on everything that I was not tying nooses or swallowing pills.

'Just give me something,' Fenton pleaded. 'Anything. The gallery are asking questions.'

'I want Carissa,' I told him and then I went quiet.

Fenton did not relent. He continued to scrawl notes on Rizla papers and push them into my personal space.

If Carissa does not want me to exist, I do not want to exist. If I cannot paint, I will not pretend to paint. I will eat pastrami. I will abort the coming days.

Notes received from Fenton:
Please just fall asleep on more palettes.
Bad shows are better than no shows.
You'll be forgotten faster than breakfast.

If you want to know the truth I am afraid. The



majority of child prodigies grow into competent but unexceptional adults. I want to be the most exceptional of all the adults. I want to be selected for the first Mars expedition. I want newly discovered species of jungle moth to be named after my name. I do not want to continue and fade and shrink like something pedaling away at the end of a mediocre evening.

Mahmoud's face appeared behind my window right when I was verging on sleep. I told him to disappear but he'd come carrying medium rare Aberdeen Angus steaks and also gin. We ate cross-legged on the floor. Truthfully I was getting sick of being alone. I am the most social out of all the animals and I had not seen even one face for a whole week.

'What did you do?' I said.

'Handstands,' Mahmoud said. 'You?'

I gestured at the walls. They are adorned now with every car badge I ever stole. I glued them into a kind of scale pattern. It looks like the skin of a robot shark.

We drank and ate and left via the window in order to search out the adornments of cars. Mahmoud is indiscriminate. He left with two Renaults. We drank and broke what we could break.

'You okay?' Mahmoud said.

'I don't want to do it,' I said.

'I know. But what else?'

'Kimchi,' I said.

I donated my phone to the clouds and sprinted home.

Fenton may have taken up residence in my house. Every morning, he's at my door, promising boats and gold and whatnot. At noon The Lady Who Made Me joins him. She swallows beers for breakfast. He gets frantic. They want me out. They want more smiling suns. They want anything.

'No,' I scream for the nine thousandth time.

'If you don't create, you'll die,' Mahmoud said, in a pitiful attempt to reignite his most lucrative income stream.'

I argued with Mahmoud for three hours about which Wes Anderson film is the best Wes Anderson film. Truly he is doomed if he does not convert to Rushmore. He said Fenton had been selling crumbs of plaster from the studio. He advised me to release a formal statement. I agreed.

I chewed my toenails.

I made a cape from the curtain.

The planet feels so small.

Conversation held with Fenton through the keyhole:

'I can't paint.'

'You don't have to.'

'I want to.'

'Throw me out some things from your room.'

'Cancel the show.'

'You're throwing it all away.'

'I'm allowed to throw it away if I want to. It's mine.'

'Please don't.'

'Cancel the show, you idiot piece of shit, and fuck off out of my house.'

'11 year old artist Elliot Vostock today announced his retirement in a statement relayed to The Guardian by telephone. It has been rumoured that the child prodigy has isolated himself completely for the past two weeks, ahead of his upcoming show at M. It is unclear whether or not the show will go ahead. When asked for comment, his art dealer Charles Fenton began to sob and shadowbox the space around him. More details to follow.'

There were journalists outside the house today. I hailed them with coffee cups until they went away. Police came. Police left.

I allowed Fenton into my room. He told me I'd done it. He bowed to the wall of car badges. His eyes burned and he bounced on the spot. He was more excited than I've ever seen him.

'You can't take them,' I said. 'They're stolen.'

'It's found art,' he said, phone pressed to his ear.

We drank and ate and left via the window in order to search out the adornments of cars. Mahmoud is indiscriminate. He left with two Renaults.

The first time I drew it was to make Mahmoud laugh. We'd both been dismissed to the corridor following a most raucous read-through of some dumb sonnet. I drew our red-cheeked teacher attempting to engage in self-fellatio. Fenton discovered me when I was nine. After that we got rich and it was hard to go outside.

I am leaving. Mahmoud is coming too. And The Lady Who Made Me. We'll go somewhere calm and tropical. Somewhere with white sand and rum. I won't paint. I want to learn to fix brains or lungs, or design cars, or make sushi.

Today I made nothing and I did not die.



SCALE 1:1
MILTON KEYNES, ENGLAND
PHOTOGRAPHY BY FRANK OCEAN




BMWM3
SPORT EVO.
TAMIYA
TT-01





ENGINE

Type.................................. S52 DOHC
Displacement.......................... 3,152 cc
Bore and stroke....................... 86.4 x 89.6 mm
Compression Ratio..................... 10.5:1
Maximum Torque........................ 524.2 ft-lbs @ 6,500 rpm
maximum Power......................... 552 HP

CHASSIS

Wheelbase............................. 2,562 mm (100.9 in)
Overall Length........................ 4,345 mm (171.1 in)
Overall Width......................... 1,680 mm (66.1 in)
Steering.............................. Rack and Pinion
Dry Weight............................ 2,645 Lbs

BRAKES

Front................................. Wilwood 310mm 6 Piston
Rear.................................. Wilwood 310mm 4 Piston

SUSPENSION

Front and Rear........................ H&R RSS Clubsport
Swaybar Front and Rear................ 22mm Front 19mm Rear

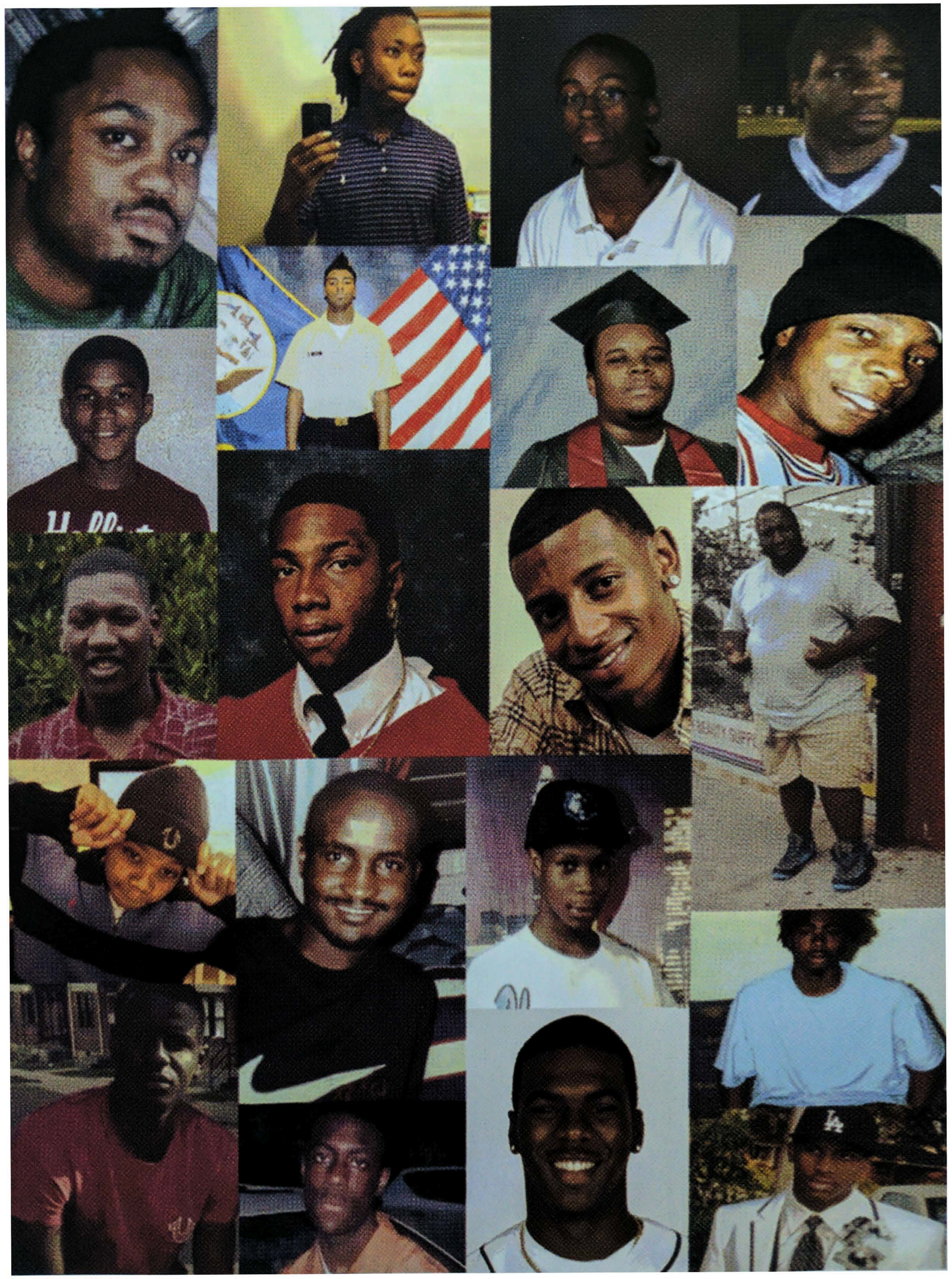
TIRES

Front................................. Nitto NT05 235/35/17
Rear.................................. Nitto NT05 255/35/17

Transmission.......................... ZF 5 Speed


BMWM3
SPORT EVO.
TAMIYA
TT-01
CHASSIS



BROWN EYED MAN
TEXT BY KATE TEMPEST

They took my friend.
They cuffed his wrists.
They beat him in the van.

He hadn't done a thing
But when they came, he ran.
And they pursued

And they were rude
And he said nothing,
He bit his lip.

If you speak, you'll feel their feet.
But if you don't
you'll still get hit.

What's the matter with you,
my lovely brown eyed man?
I can feel you shaking
when I take you by the hand.

Tell me. What's the matter,
my lovely brown eyed man?
How come I can feel you shaking
when I take you by the hand?

They want me bad, now bad I'll be.
They keep me poor
they make me sick

They feed me with desires for
things that I don't need that stick
their needles in my arms.

Expensive things I can't afford.
They show me rooms furnished with gold
and then they close the doors.
What's the matter with you,
my lovely brown eyed man?
I can feel you shaking
when I take you by the hand.
Please tell me,
what's the matter
my lovely brown eyed man?
I'm a child of the gimme-more nation.
When they want something,
they launch an occupation.

They plunder and pillage
and they say that they're saving.
They're bombing and maiming.


They're taking and taking.

But they lock me up,
and they paint me a demon
for trying to feed
my screaming children.
While they're killing for money
and they're crippling countries
and they're doing it all
beneath a flag saying

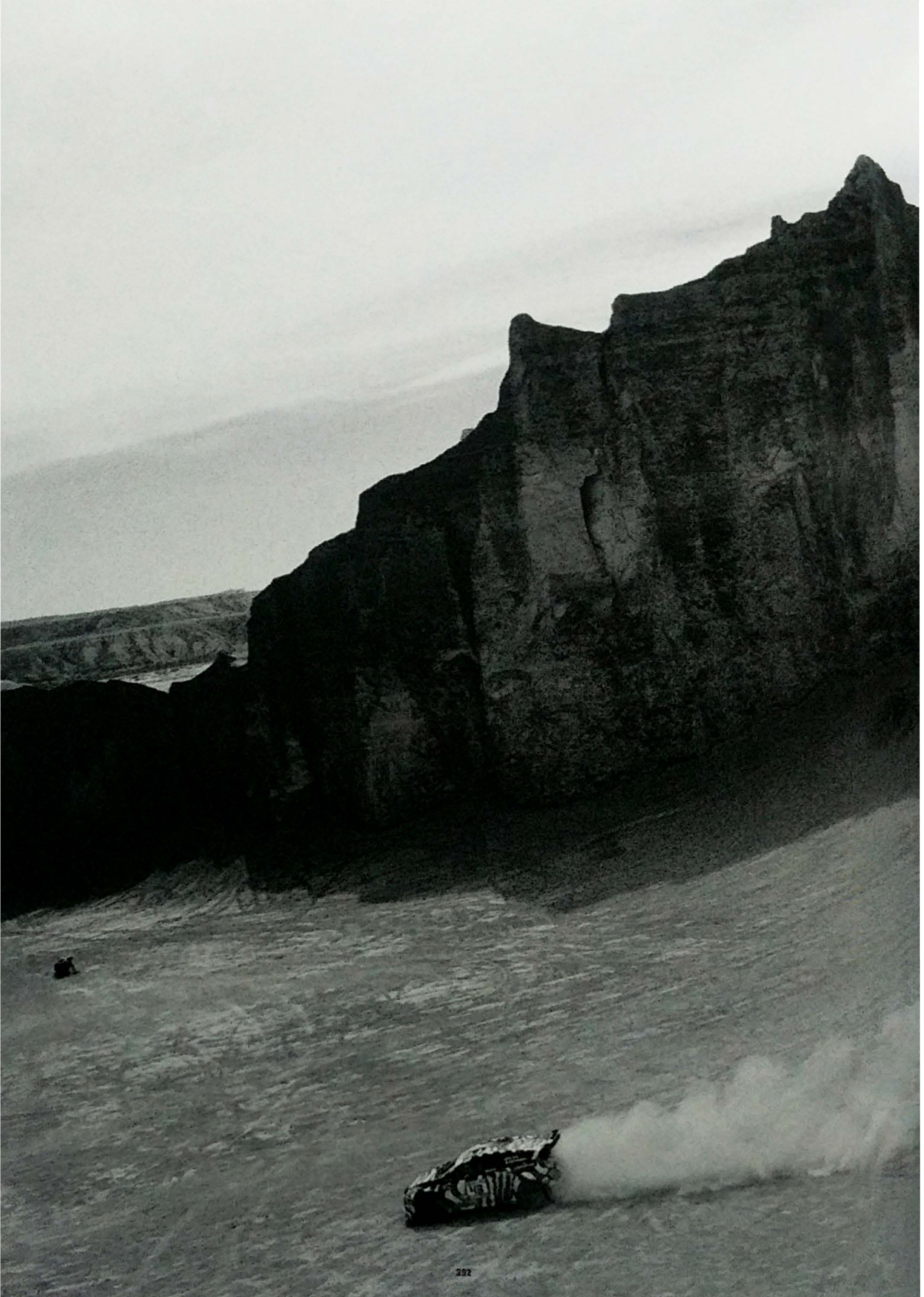
Freedom.

Now, what's the matter with you?
You're lying if you think
that my pain isn't your pain,
'cause when I'm hit you flinch.

What's the matter with you,
my lovely brown eyed man?
how come I can feel you shaking
when I take you by the hand?



BLAST CMD + C
GOBLIN VALLEY, UTAH
PHOTOGRAPHY BY JIM MANGAN







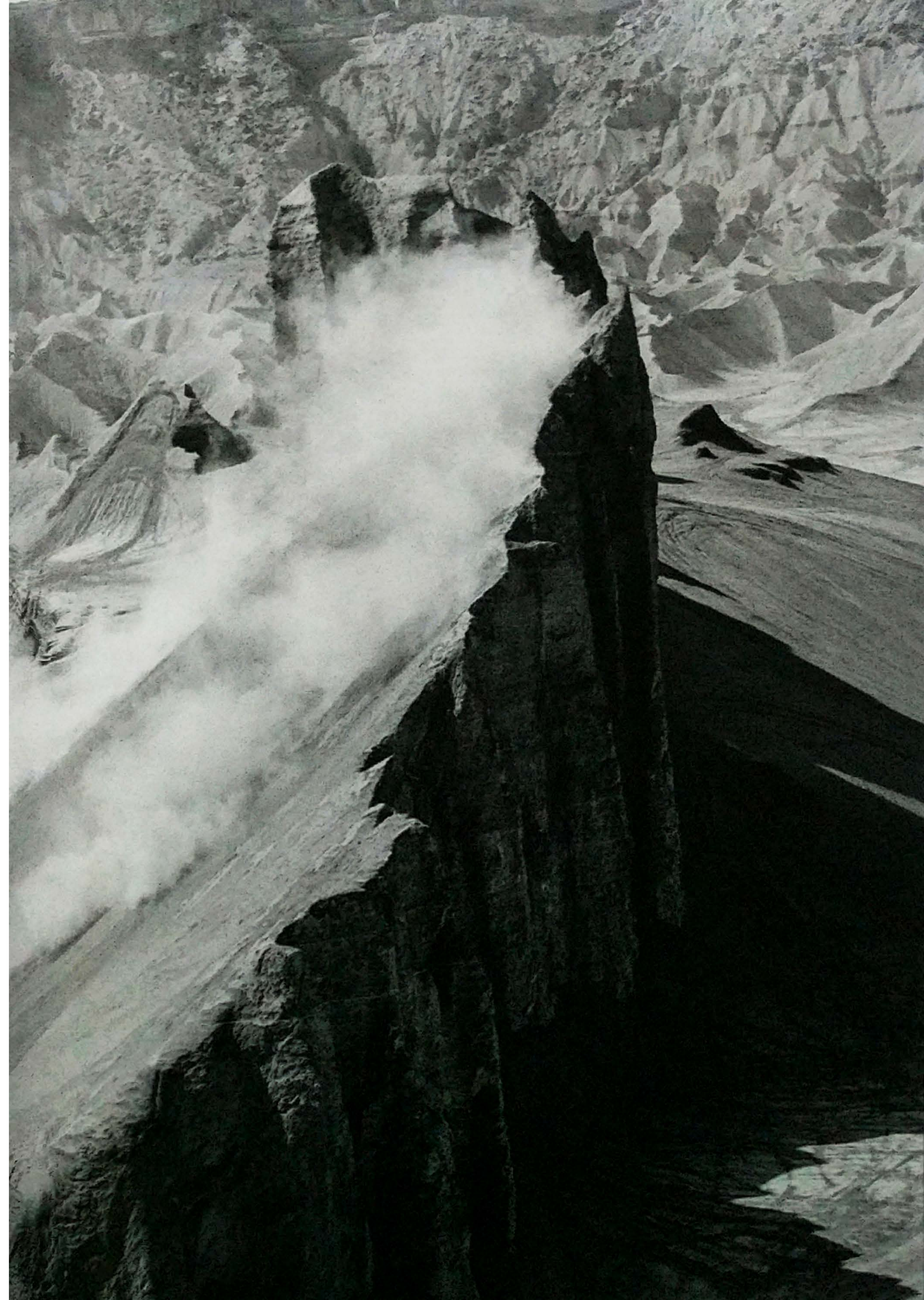


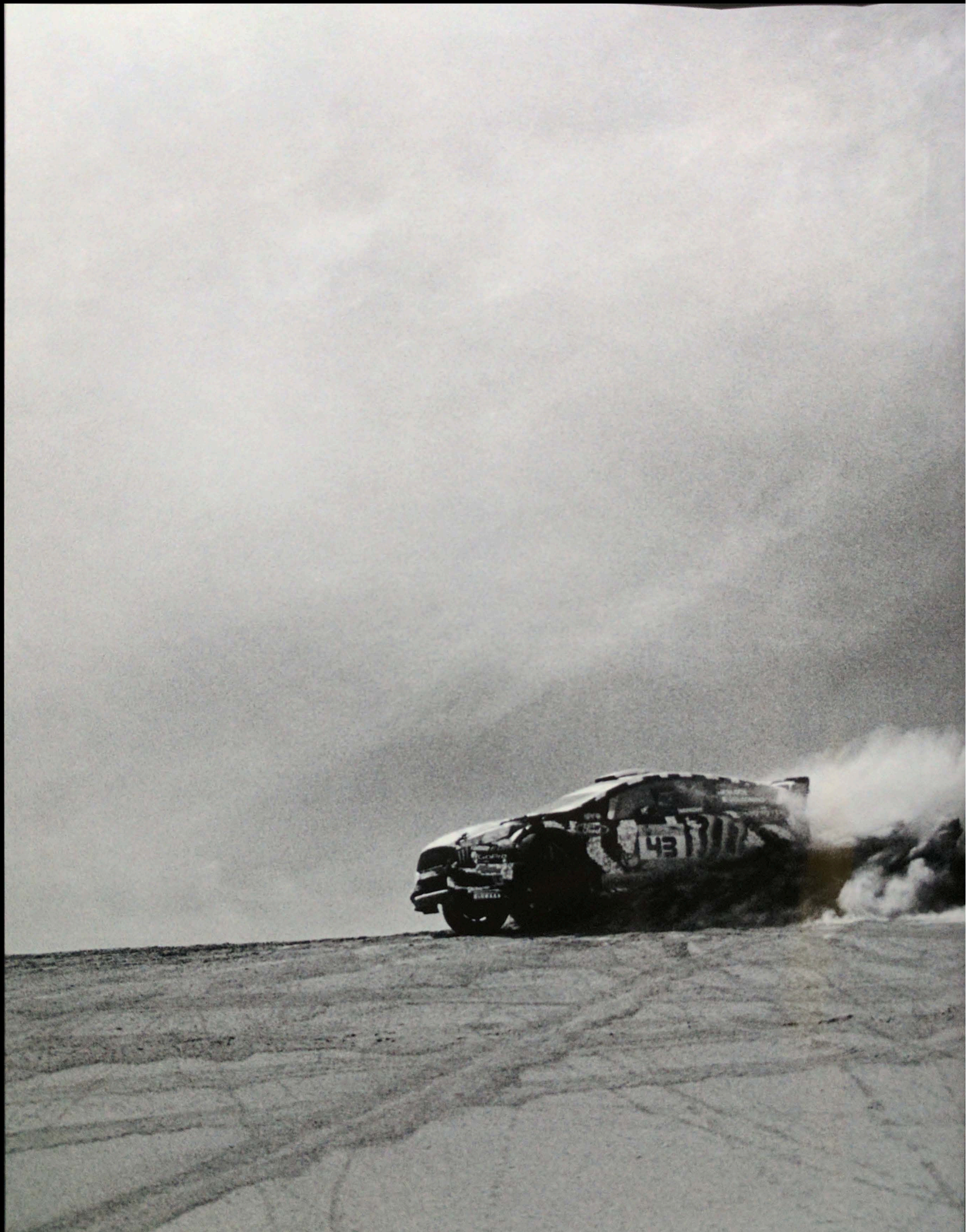








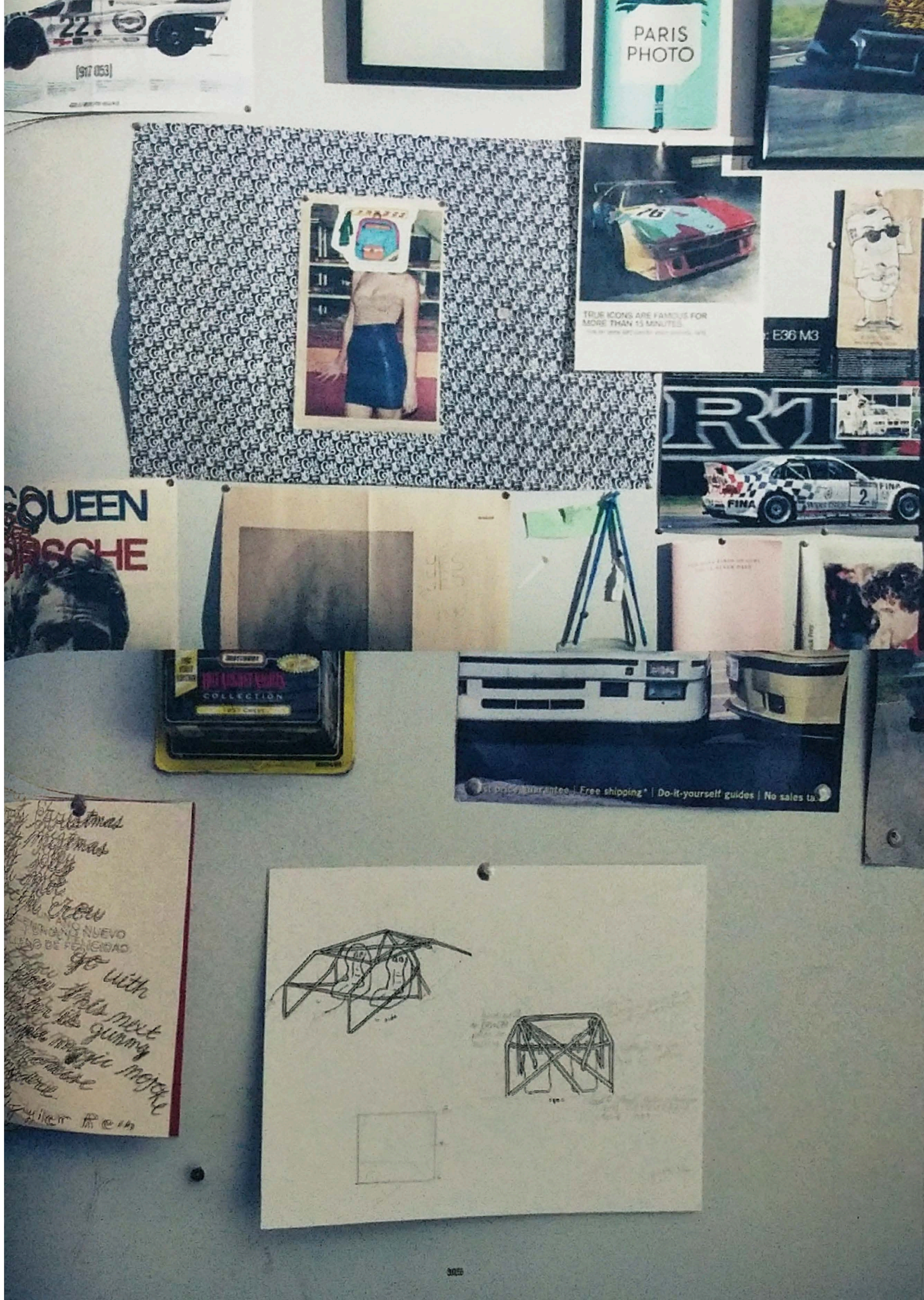









ED AKA THE SLOTH
WILLOW SPRINGS, CALIFORNIA
PHOTOGRAPHY BY FRANCISCO SORIANO
TEXT BY FEDERICO ALIPRANDI




Please Do
Drink &
Hoosier
K1 Racing

FA So, whats your name? And if you had to have a racing nickname what would it be?

EC My name's Evan Daniel Clark. And about the nickname, well, my aunt always used to call me Ed since I was little, since my first name is Evan and my second name is Daniel and no one else calls me Ed. I always thought that was cool for some reason, so yeah, Ed.

FA Just Ed?

EC Yeah *laughs* it's like the least dramatic answer but...

FA Yeah I was expecting something a little more fierce!

FA Do you have any other cars?

EC Yeah, I have another E36 M3, four-door, with an S54 motor in it, the engine from the E46 M3, and I just sold my 1974 BMW 2002.

FA When did you realize you were a car guy? When did you feel that it wasn't just something you kinda cared about?

EC Let me give you an example, I found this piece of paper, during a school exercise in second grade, about what you wanted your family to be and what you wanted to be when you grew up, and I wrote that I wanted to be a car designer, which was funny because after I studied car design I found this piece of paper again and I was like "Oh my god! This is crazy". I would've never thought I was interested in cars for so long.

FA If money was no object, what car would you pick? You can pick one-offs.

EC *Long silence* I'd have to pick - and currently it might sound kinda like a cliché - but I swear it's been my pick for a long time, the Ferrari 250 GTO.

FA What do you think about modern cars in general, do you think cars are losing their 'soul'?

EC Well, you know, on one hand I feel like, it may be hard to say because we're living in the period where it's hard to say what lived on from [the old classics] but, on the other hand, they're constantly turning in cars that the consumer wants, so you're constantly adjusting the car for the various world markets. I like the fact that brands now are

I like the fact that brands now are starting to recognize that 'Soul' that people want.

starting to recognize that 'Soul' that people want. I feel BMW is going back to that a little bit, you know, trying to 'Purify' their sports cars, because they've had fast cars, but it's been a while since they had a proper sports car.

FA What did you do to your E36? Was it 100 per cent stock when you got it?

EC The car was relatively stock, it had ugly wheels on it and other little aftermarket interior pieces, but I liked it because it wasn't really beat up. First thing I did was to take a lot of weight out of it, I did suspension, tyres, better cooling so it could survive on the track, I tracked it here and there but it was still my daily driver... sometimes I would just have one seat in it and my friends would give me shit because I couldn't carry anyone at all.

FA Did you work on your car by yourself? Or maybe your dad helped you from time to time?

EC Yeah, my dad helped me getting most of the work done.

FA Frank told me you did some interesting stuff to make it lighter, what did you do?

EC You can get pretty creative you know, you can cut out a lot of things and whatever structural rigidity you compromise by losing weight, you want to reinforce with the structure of the roll cage, which I feel like it was done really well in my car. I was able to cut out a lot of the inside of the car in addition to the interior stock parts and everything. I was able to save a whole lot of weight. I got the car down to almost 2500lbs and as far as changes that are gonna happen soon, I'm gonna change the entire suspension geometry so I'll be able to cut off the fenders and put on bigger tyres.

FA You're running stock size wheels?

EC No, no, I'm running 255, stock is like 235, so this would allow me to run something like a 275 with slicks, which would be pretty sweet.

FA And also widebody always looks better.

EC Yeah, that's my inspiration there *points at E36 GT3 poster*

FA Favorite race track in the world?

EC It's funny I've never been to either of them, and I don't know which one I prefer, but I'll have to go with Spa and the Nürburgring. Can I leave those at a tie?

FA I know you watch racing, what's your favorite category?

EC I love endurance racing, I like V8 Supercars a lot and DTM (Deutsche Tourenwagen Masters) too, even though I didn't really enjoy the last 2 seasons. I've never missed a single Formula 1 practice, qualifying or race, so I guess you can say Formula 1 is my favorite. But in terms of excitement, nothing can beat old-school races. I watch a lot of '90s DTM because it's kinda like going back in time and reliving '90s racing.

FA Favorite racing driver of all time?

EC Oh man, I wasn't expecting this question. I've never been asked this question before. Nelson Piquet, I've always been a big fan of him. Obviously, I'm a big Senna fan too but… I'll have to go back to this question *laughs*

FA How many times did you race at Willow Springs? Do you go there often or do you just go for big events?

EC I don't do much testing there because it's not much of a technical track, but I'll probably go there about 10 times a year on average.

FA Do you only ever use your E36 there?

EC Yeah, only the E36, it's only an hour and a half away so it's no big deal.

FA Okay, Frank said that sometimes you race without wearing a racing suit and you just wear a Hawaiian shirt or something like that.

EC I've only done that once! *laughs* It was really hot that day and it wasn't like, wheel to wheel racing so there's less of a chance of ending up in a deadly firey wreck so it's one of those days where teams go and test their cars and... yeah... I've only done that a couple times but I won't do it anymore!

FA About the 2002, tell me about it.

EC The car was stock when I got it, stock wheels, the wiring was updated as well as the alternator and the cooling system, just for reliability purposes. I trimmed the bumpers down because of course it had the big ugly US-Spec bumpers so I shortened them a little bit. I didn't do anything else before selling it.

FA Is there any new car that you like? I don't necessarily mean a car that you would like to own,

The new [BMW] M3 looks better than the new M4, you have to agree with this.

just a car that you really like that came out recently.

EC I'm glad you asked me and I really wanna know what you wanna say about it. The new [BMW] M3 looks better than the new M4, you have to



GT
4
KC
NGK
Raybestos
BRAKE PRODUCTS
SSR
Hoosier

agree with this.

FA Yeah, you're right, I don't get this whole renaming thing with the M3 and the M4 but whatever, it does look better, I would totally own a white M3.

EC But if I could get a recent car now, it'll be a [Porsche) 991 GT3 RS

FA What do you think about the fact that it doesn't come with a manual?

EC I wasn't surprised. I was sad, but I wasn't surprised. It was predictable.

FA True, it's not like Porsche is doing it on purpose just to annoy purists, it's just that the engines and everything else are starting to be unsuitable for cars like that.

EC Yeah, look at the Ferrari F430 with the 6 speed, there's videos on YouTube of people trying to drive them and it's just too much of a hassle, changing gears takes 2 seconds or more and you can see they're not enjoying the car at its full potential.

FA What about floppy paddles vs stick shift, what do you think about that? Do you still prefer cars with an old-school transmission? Or it doesn't really matter to you?

EC Not necessarily, I mean I would obviously still prefer a standard 6-speed over floppy paddles, to be honest I don't think that even in high-end supercars the double-clutch system is even there yet, I think people mistake them for the sequential boxes on race cars. For example, they see a Porsche GT3 Cup Car and they think that their Audi A5 has the same type of transmission like, "Hey, I'm a race driver", so they take it to the track just to find out that you don't have the same freedom that you would have with a standard 6-speed as far as doing things like shifting from 5th to 2nd, and it would also overheat faster than a 6-speed. So yeah, I don't care if the upshifts are 0.2 seconds faster than a 6 speed, I would still prefer the old-school way. I mean, you can still have a pure driving experience with floppy paddles but you would miss that type of engagement that you have with a manual.

FA What is your favorite era of racing?

EC Definitely the late '80s, early '90s, with the DTM and the BTCC (British Touring Car Championship), and also the rally scene being more restrictive after they banned Group B cars.

FA If BMW didn't exist, what would you go for?

EC Well, Porsche? *laughs*

FA I was actually about to say, what if BMW and Porsche didn't exist?

EC Oh man, I'd say Mercedes then. I like their engines, especially their 6.2L V8. Brutal, reminds me of American muscles.

FA What is, in your opinion, the best all-round car, for either driving around, having fun, going shopping, whatever.

EC I'd say a Volvo station wagon. I've always liked them as a company and they're very safe, which is always good, and I think they're cool.

FA Well, wow, I was expecting something like a CTS-V wagon or an M5 wagon, that's a strange pick.

EC Maybe I was factoring too many things like MPG and stuff like that, so yeah.

FA Best engine ever made, in your opinion?

EC Umm, Cosworth has built some nice engines.

> I would obviously still prefer a standard 6-speed over floppy paddles, to be honest I don't think that even in high-end supercars the double-clutch system is even there yet...

FA Okay, I know it's not easy, so let's just do best engine for road cars.

EC Road cars, well, okay... probably the S42, which was BMW's race version of the M42 that they used in their 318i in the BTCC, they were pretty rad. I think they used the same block in Formula 1, but I also like the Mercedes 16V Cosworth motor.

FA I thought you were gonna say the M120, because to me that's one of the greatest engines ever made.

EC Yeah, I guess I'm just being a little too BMW-wise *laughs*, but it's definitely a hard question. I don't know how to answer. Either the S42 or the S14.

FA What do you think about rotary engines?

EC I don't know, they're interesting, they're light and compact, but they just wouldn't work nowadays, they're not very reliable and they lack torque, and they also get pretty bad MPG.

FA Oh, right, what is your favorite special edition BMW?

EC Probably the E9 CSL. It was basically the road legal version of the race car for the public.

FA Yeah, the "Batmobile". It was also super-expensive at the time, that's why it's so rare.

FA What was your favorite car at the (2015) Geneva Motor Show?

EC I don't know, the Koenigsegg was cool. It's just so cool, I love the wrap around windshield, it reminds me of the old Group C cars.

FA What's your favorite muscle cars? I mean you're American, you need to have a favorite muscle car.

EC Umm, I can talk about muscle cars. I like Chevelles, old Nova's like, '65 Nova's, probably a good old '55 Chevy like the one my uncle used to race. But I can't really pick a favorite amongst these.

I was going to ask Evan a bunch of other questions but I've been up all night in Italy and I haven't slept a single minute on my flight to LA so we just chatted for a bit…mostly about cars as you can imagine, but I was also curious about LA so we chatted about the differences between it and from where I'm from.


I was stressing that where I'm from things are way different than in Los Angeles, to start off we don't actually drive nice cars, and by nice I mean fast, and nobody is really interested in them, so it was pretty much the first time where I could exchange opinions with an actual car guy in real life. Before this interview my only way to communicate with car aficionados was via Tumblr or Facebook.

I also met his father prior of the interview and he was as cool as his son, and he was also very much into motorsport, and speaking about motorsport. The 24 Hours Nürburgring race was being held when I was in LA, which was kind of a reality check to me since Evan turned on the TV to check out the race and it was daytime in Germany while it was about 11pm in LA. My first thought was that it was being rebroadcast, but then I realized that I was in the other side of the world and for some reason that really struck me because I was just realizing how far I was from my time zone, precisely 9 hours, and it had never happened up until now where I was watching a major endurance race from the other side of the world.

I'm still a bit sad that I couldn't make it in time to see him race the E36, but it was my first time in Los Angeles and, to be honest, I was simply overwhelmed with the car scene here

NO WAY OUT/IN
AFRICA, VARIOUS
PHOTOGRAPHY BY VIVIANE SASSEN

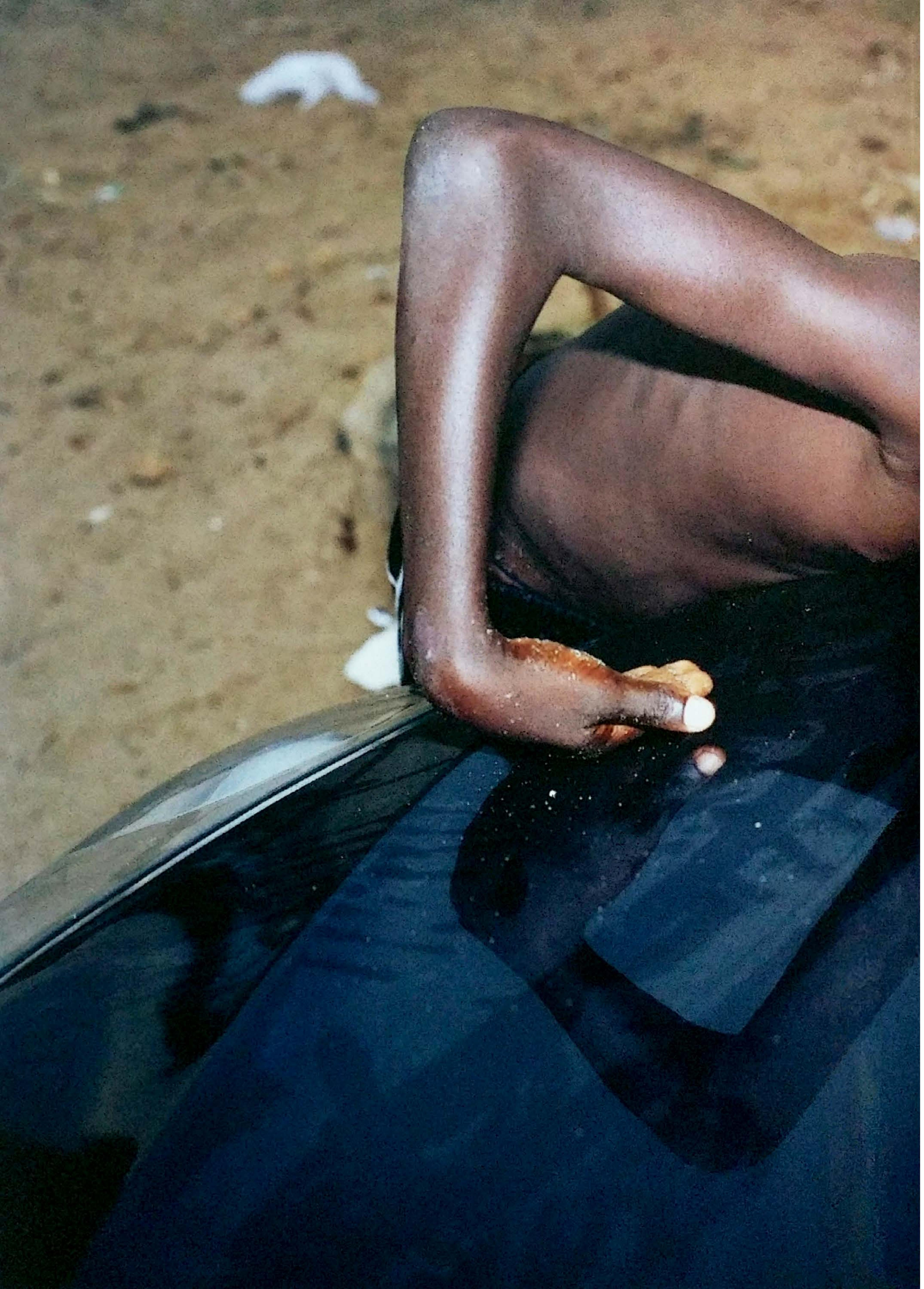


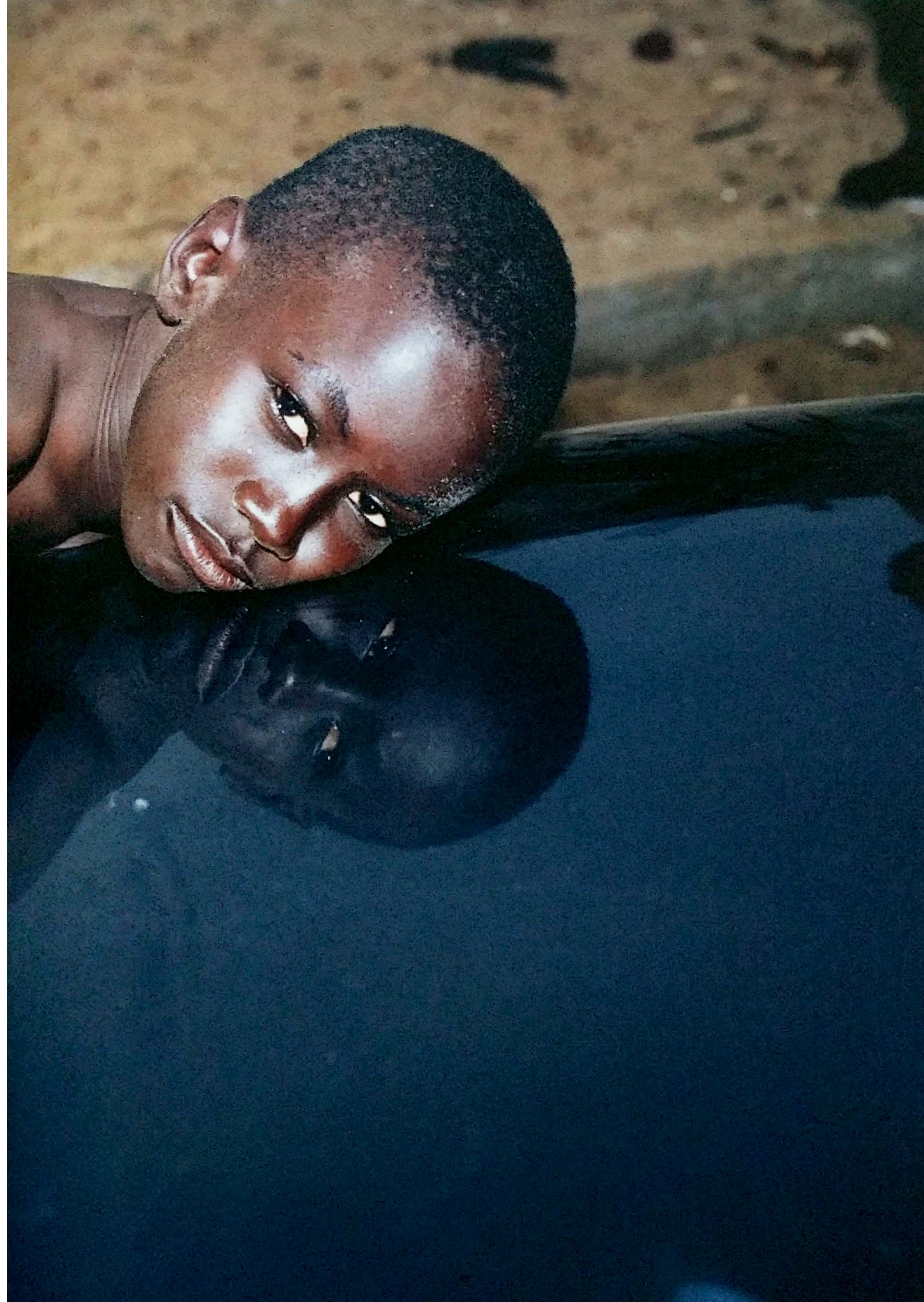

Giles
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Coca-Cola




FLUXUS
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PHOTOGRAPHY BY HARLEY WEIR



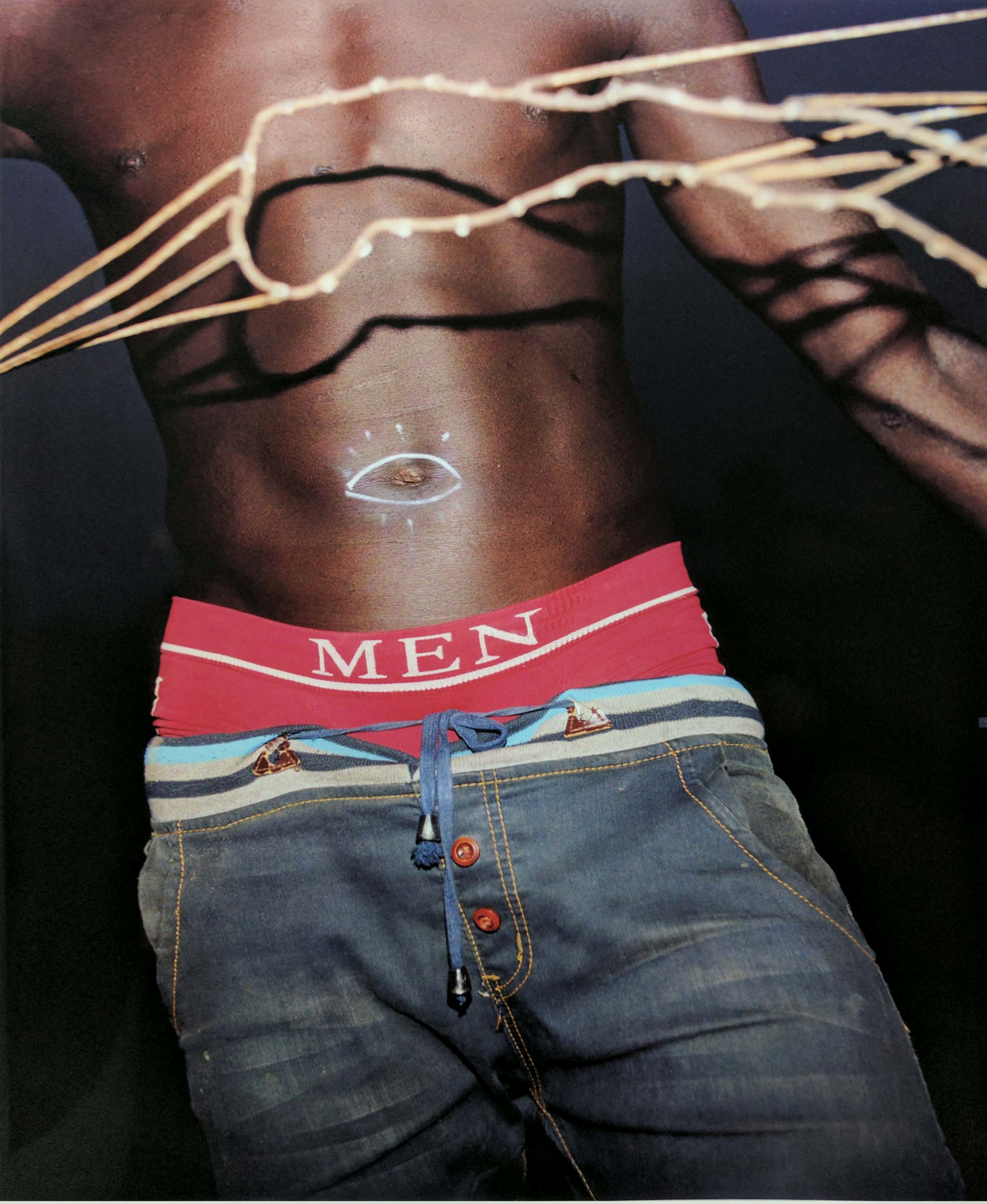
- Ryhtm
Cradle a melon in one arm
Gently bore a hole in the melon with the blunt end of a toothbrush
...

Smith, Michael E.
(2012)



Dance with a large piece of chalk
Mark up the nearest surface and pay attention to the movememt of your feet
Music optional

Jonas, Joan
Instruction (2002)



Launch a rocket, draw on eye on one’s belly button and destroy a cage

Brossa, Joan
Project for Poems (1983)



With a stamp stuck to one's lips put head in a sack and count to 100

Brossa, Joan
Project for Poems (1983)



Recite poems with a pair of glasses inside one's mouth

Brossa, Joan
Project for Poems (1983)



Tip a bicycle seat so that the front points upwards and use the seat to squeeze lemons

Slominski, Andreas
Instruction (2001)



Put on a pullover - but don't stick arms or head through the normal openings - squat down and pull the end of the pullover down over your knees and feet

In this position, endure for 20 seconds

Wurm, Erwin
Untitled (1995)



TWELVE AND DRIFTING
LARNAKA, CYPRUS
PHOTOGRAPHY BY MICHAEL MAYREN




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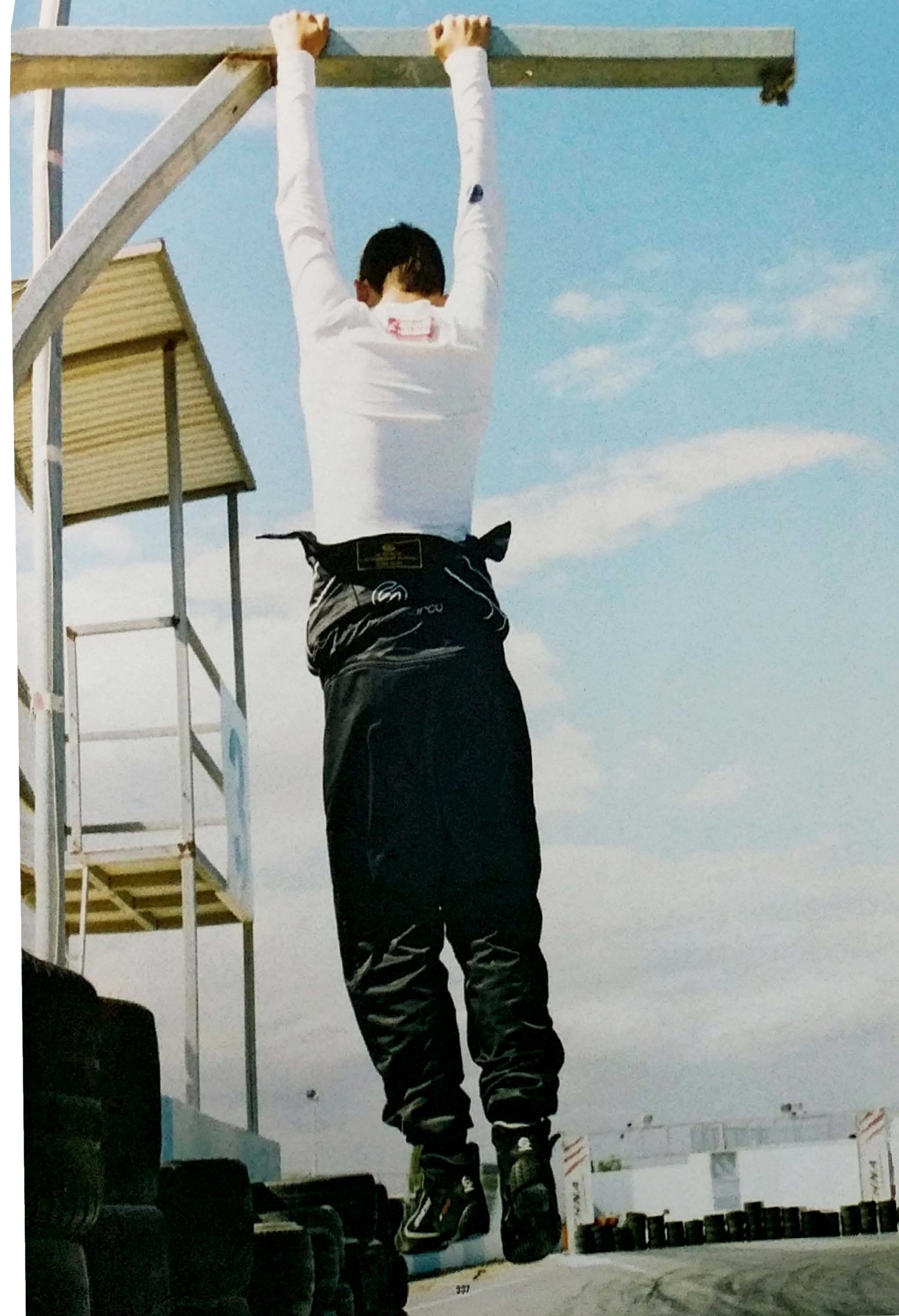



momo
GRILLIS PERFOMANCE


RENAULT
TEAM SPIRIT
elf


momo
GRILLIS PERFOMANCE
WAGNER

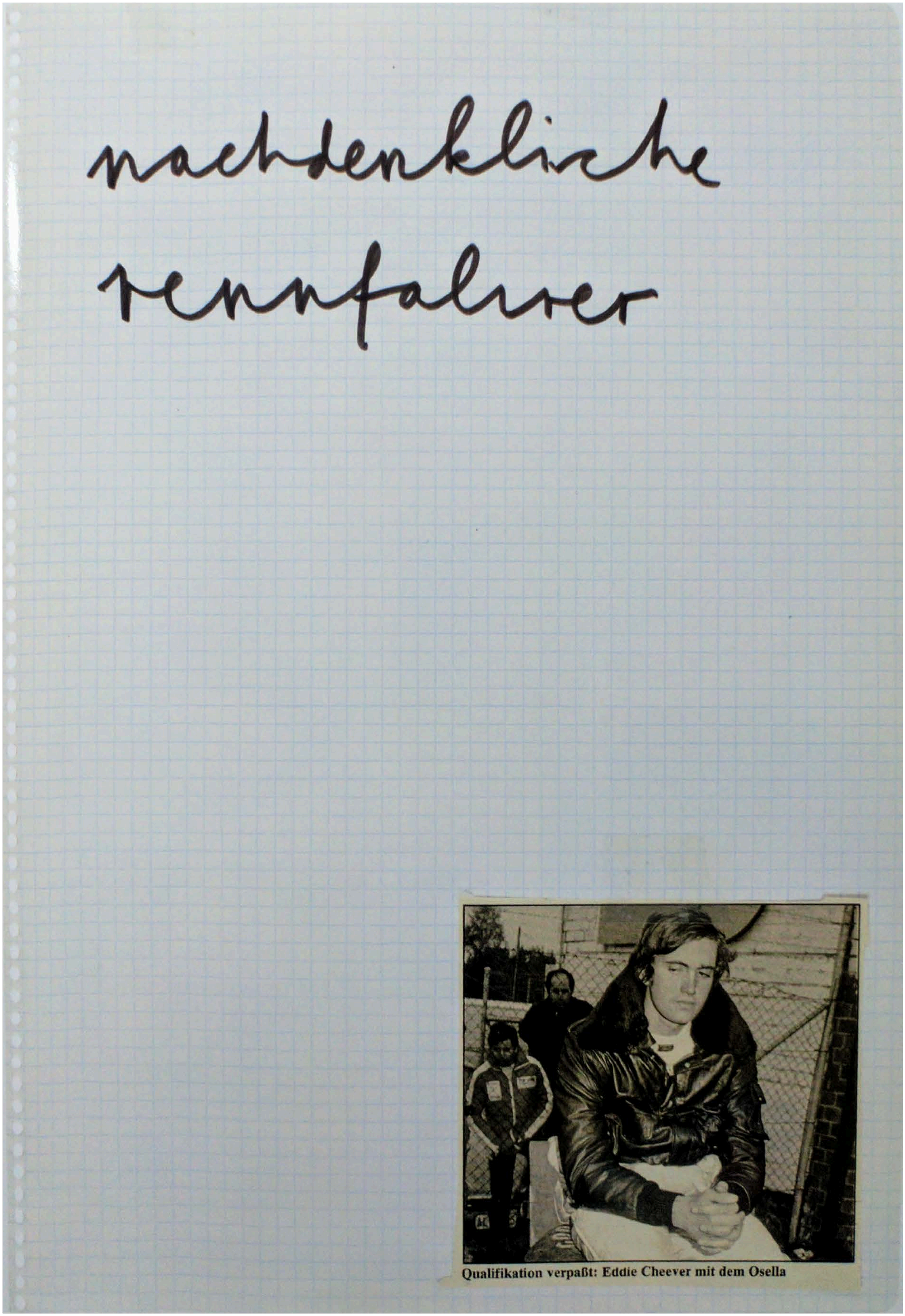


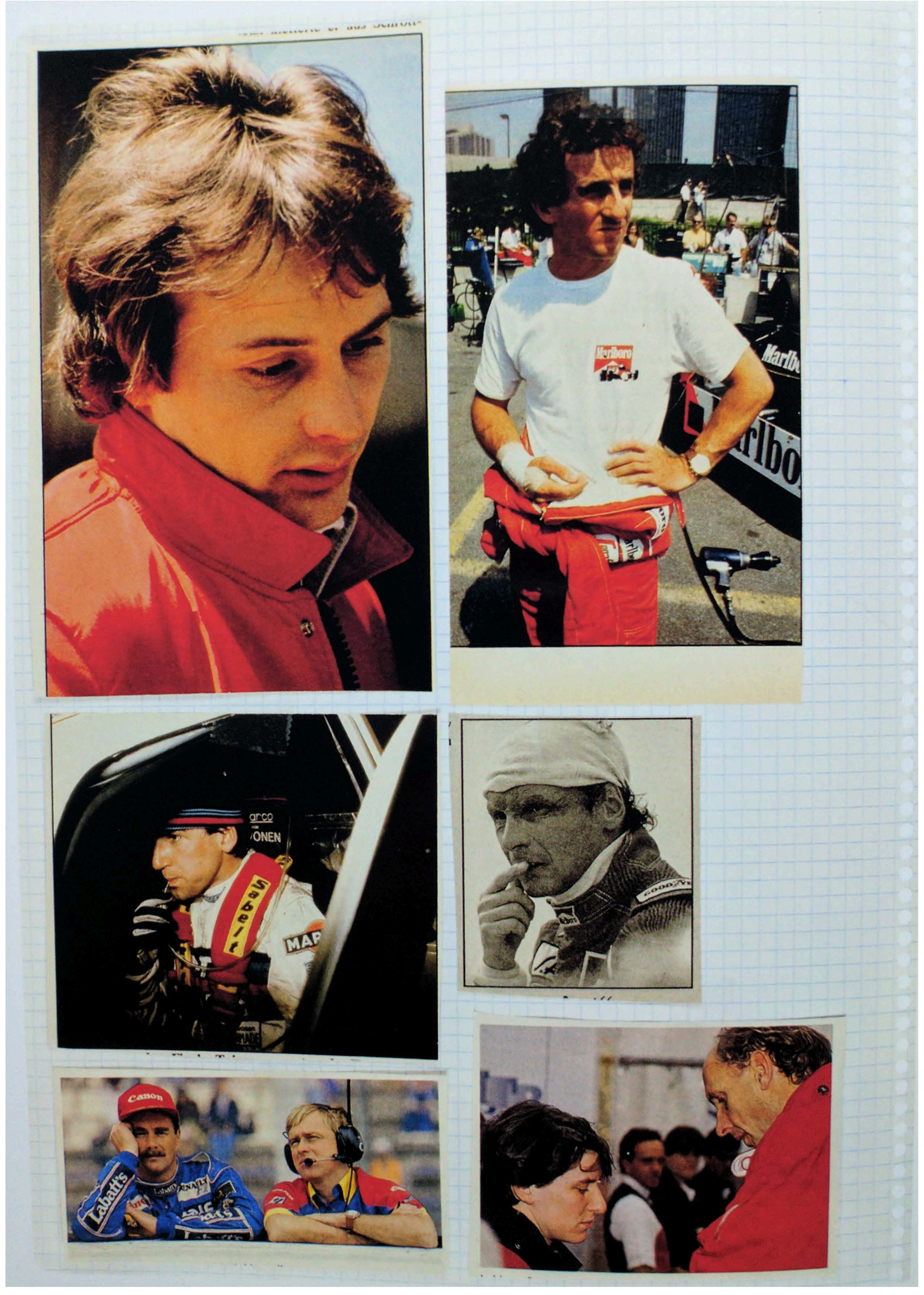






PENSIVE RACECAR DRIVERS
ARTWORK BY MAX KÜNG







Ferrari-Wunschfahrer: Prost

Krank: Bernard Darniche

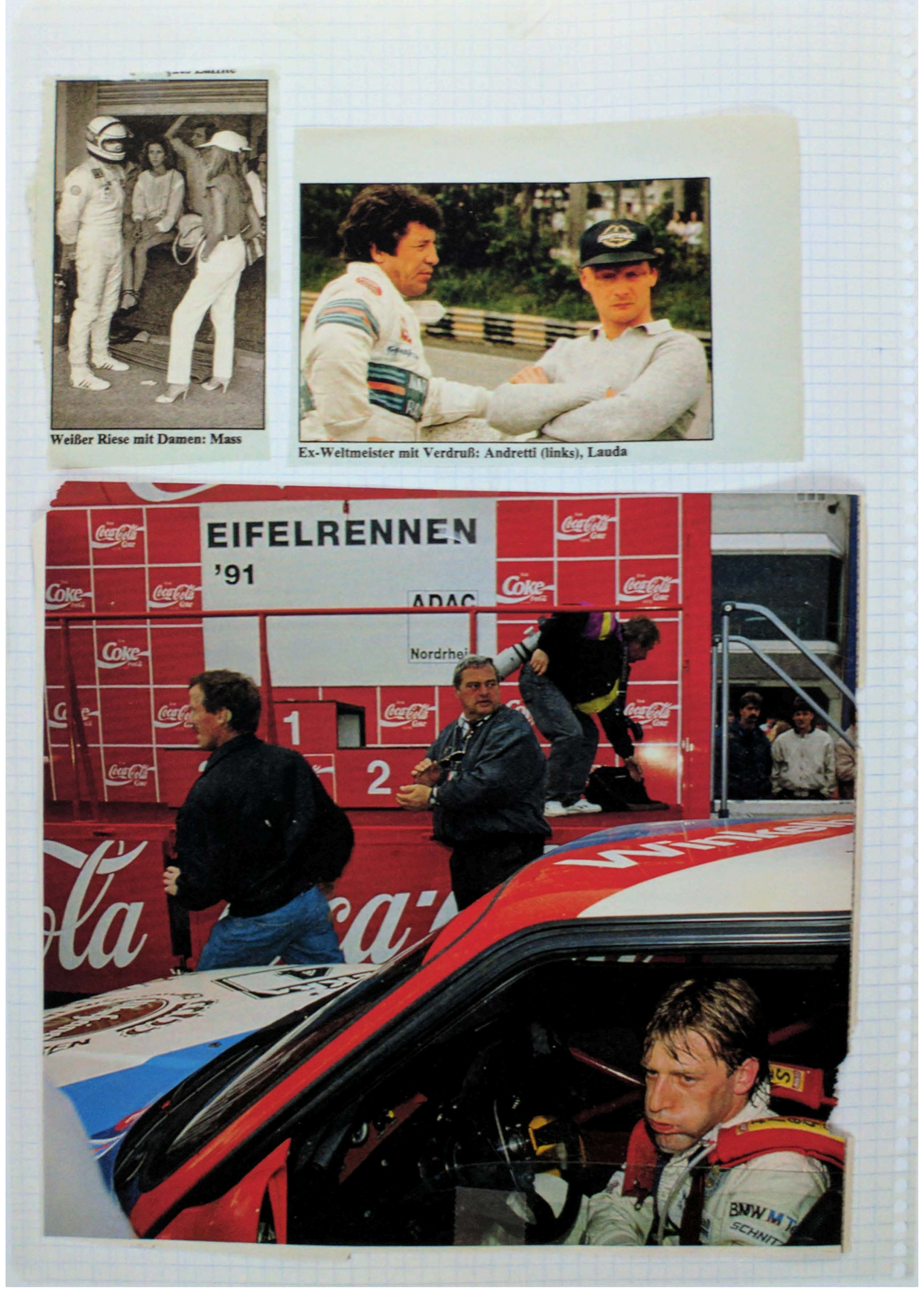
Verlierer: Stuck

…sider: Bob Wollek repariert im Porsche-Heck

Neu bei Ferrari: Alboreto

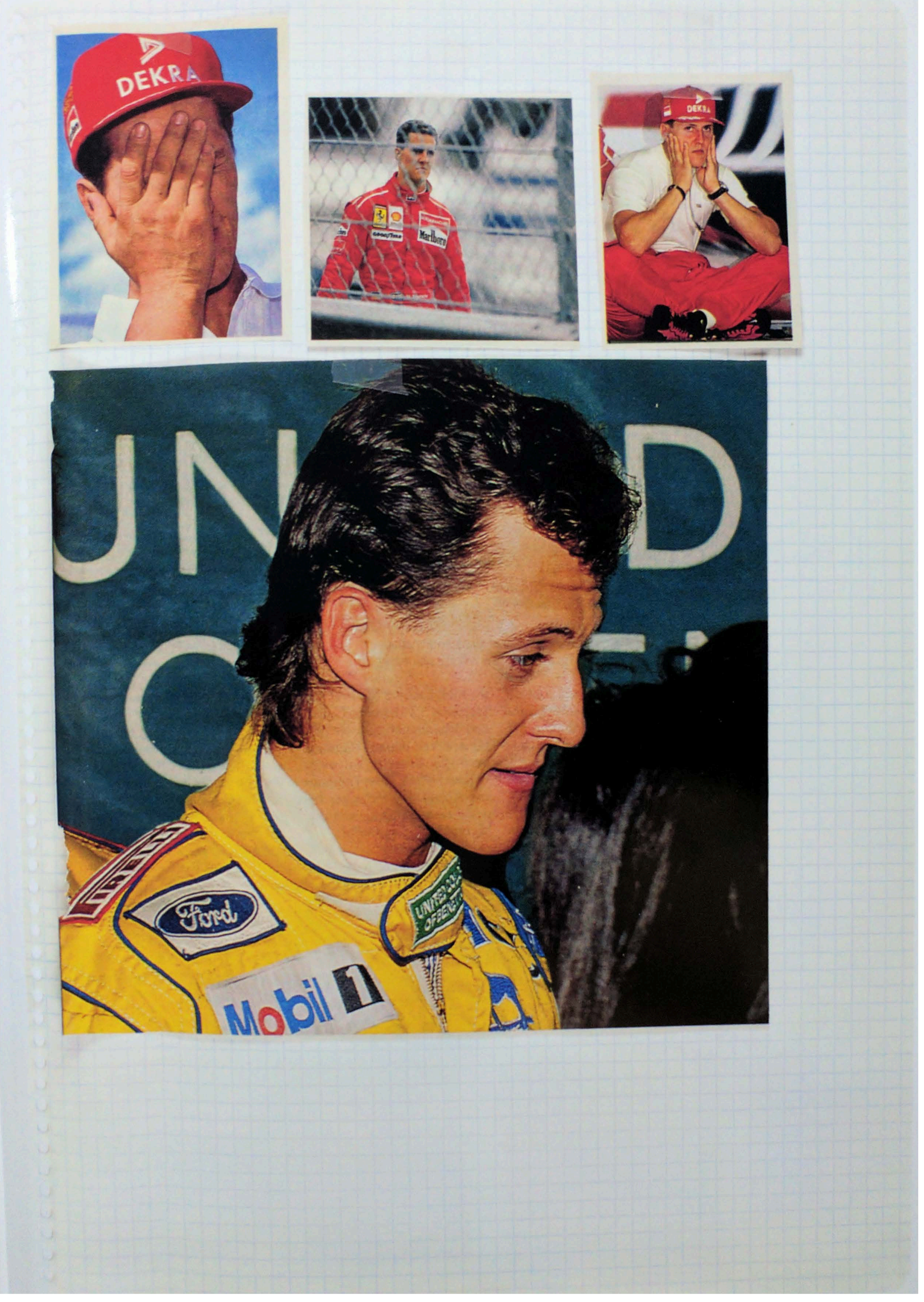
Geschlagen: Markku Alén

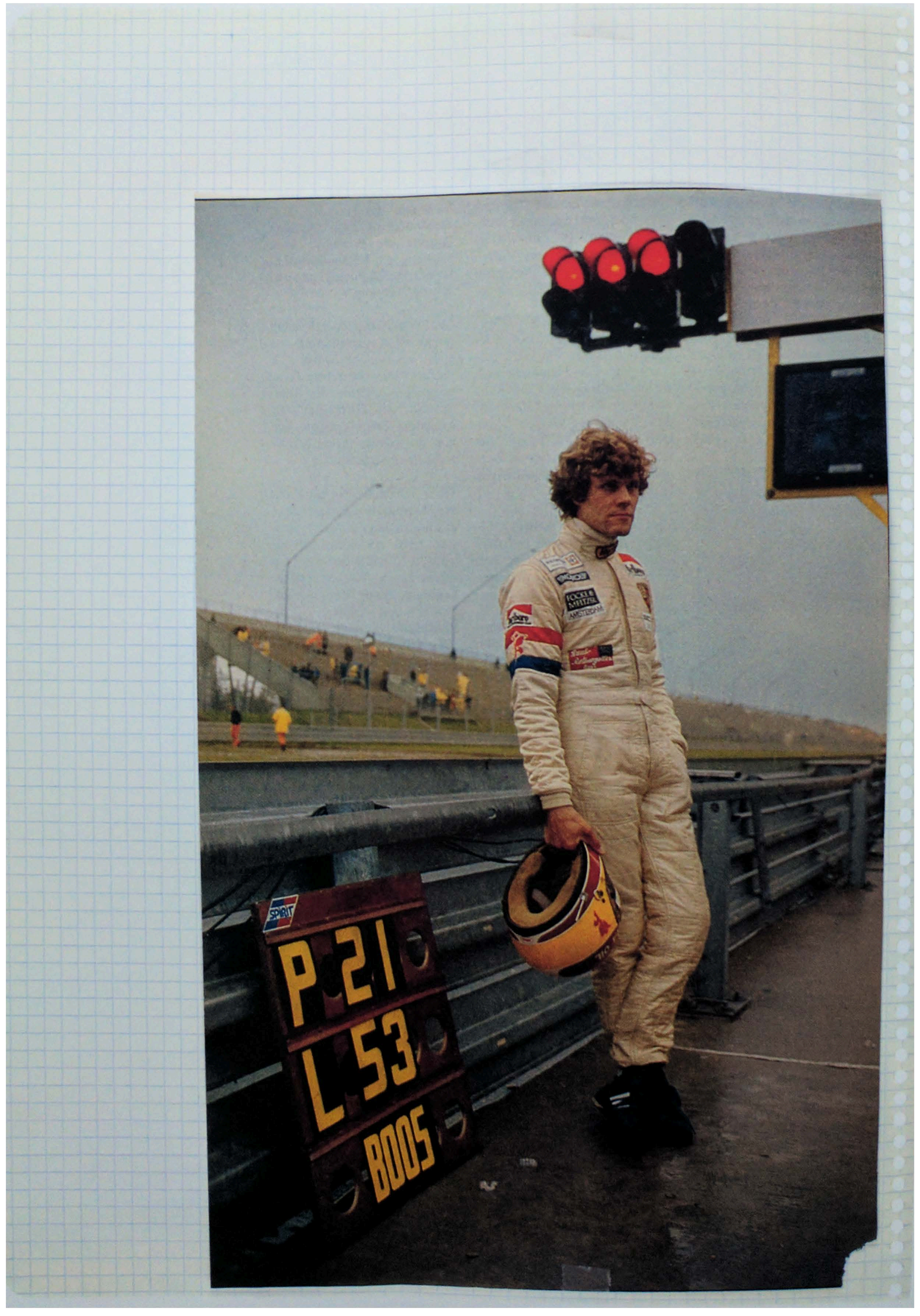
WM-Favorit mit Sorgen: Alan Jones

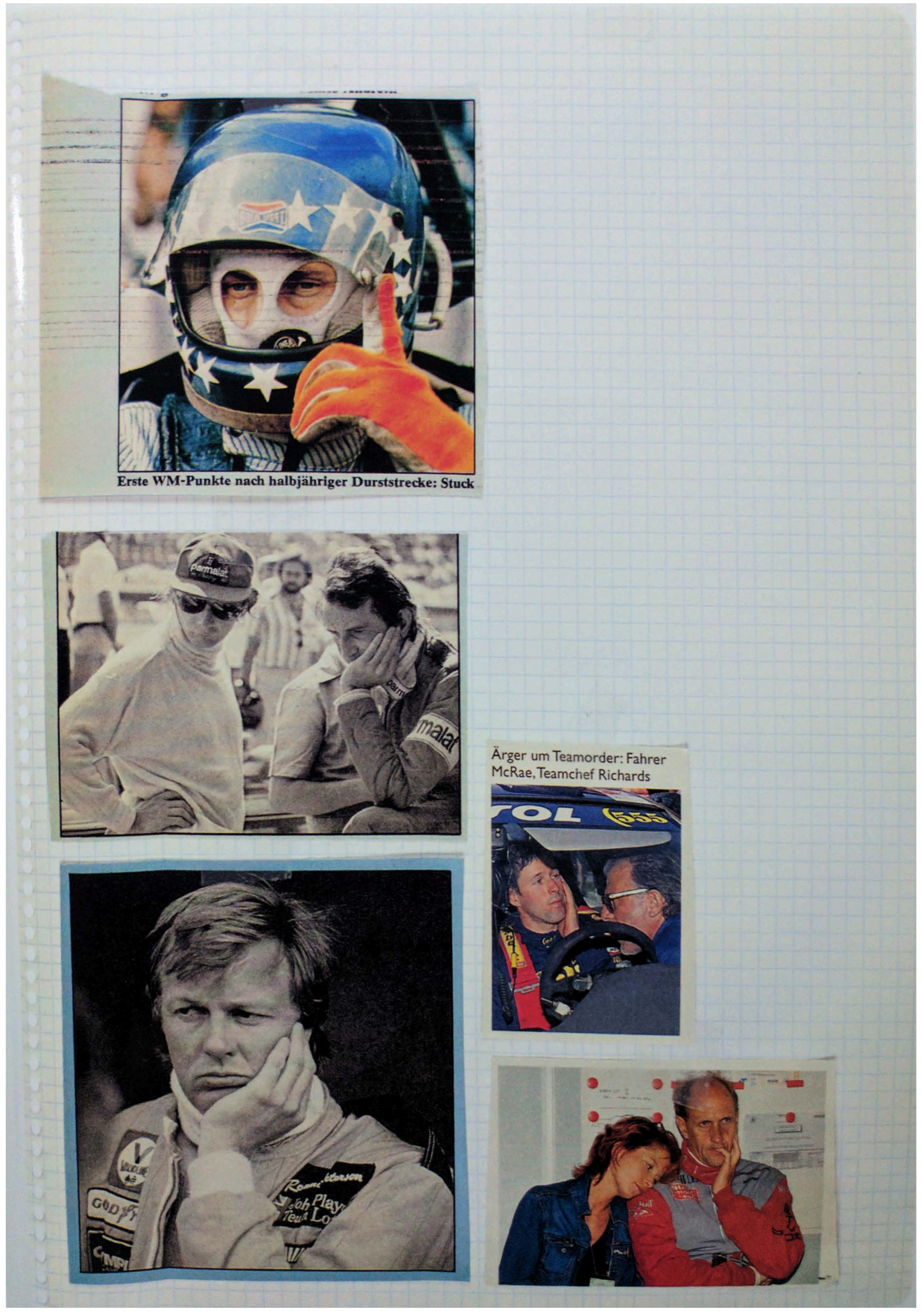


Weißer Riese mit Damen: Mass

Ex-Weltmeister mit Verdruß: Andretti (links), Lauda

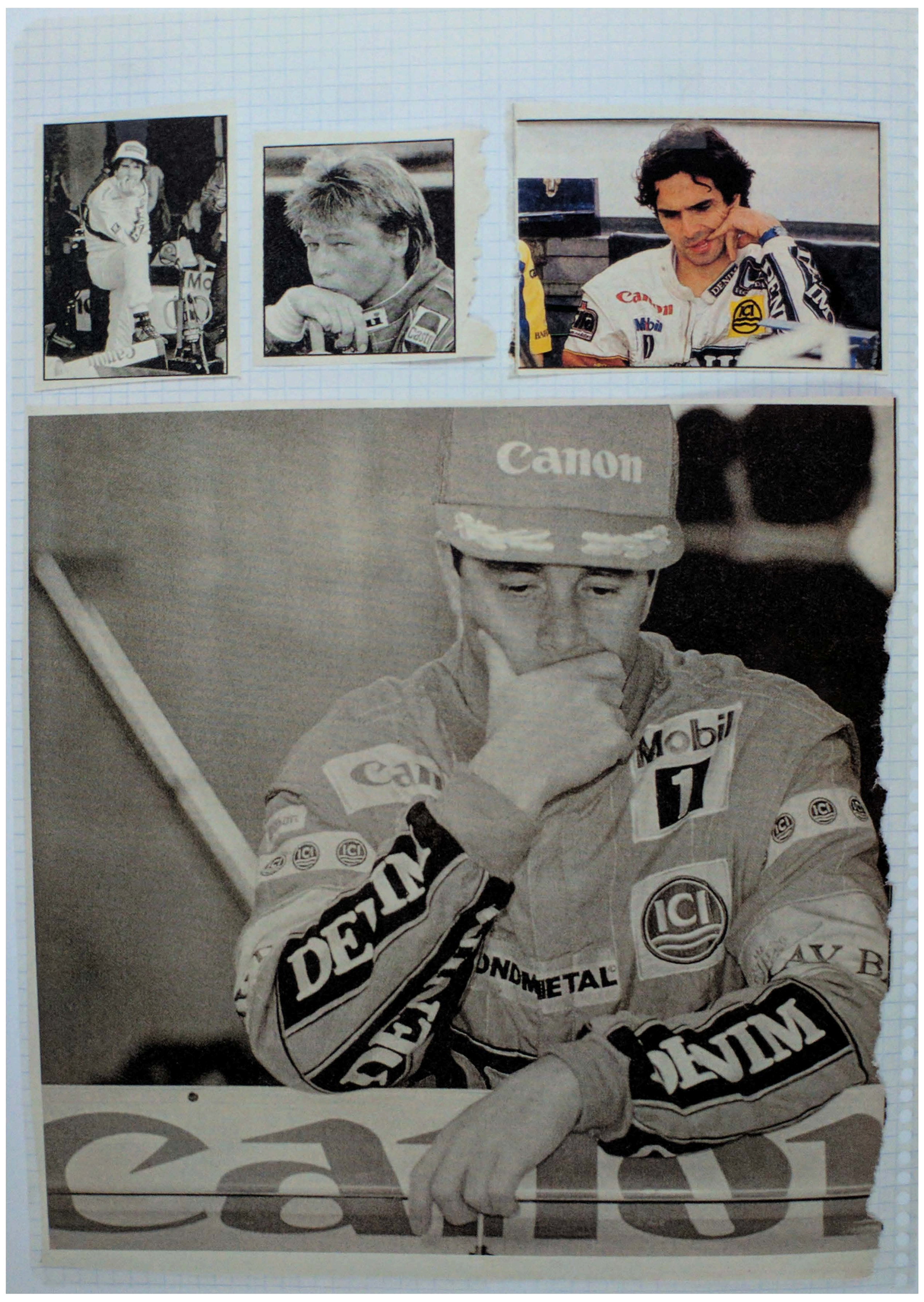


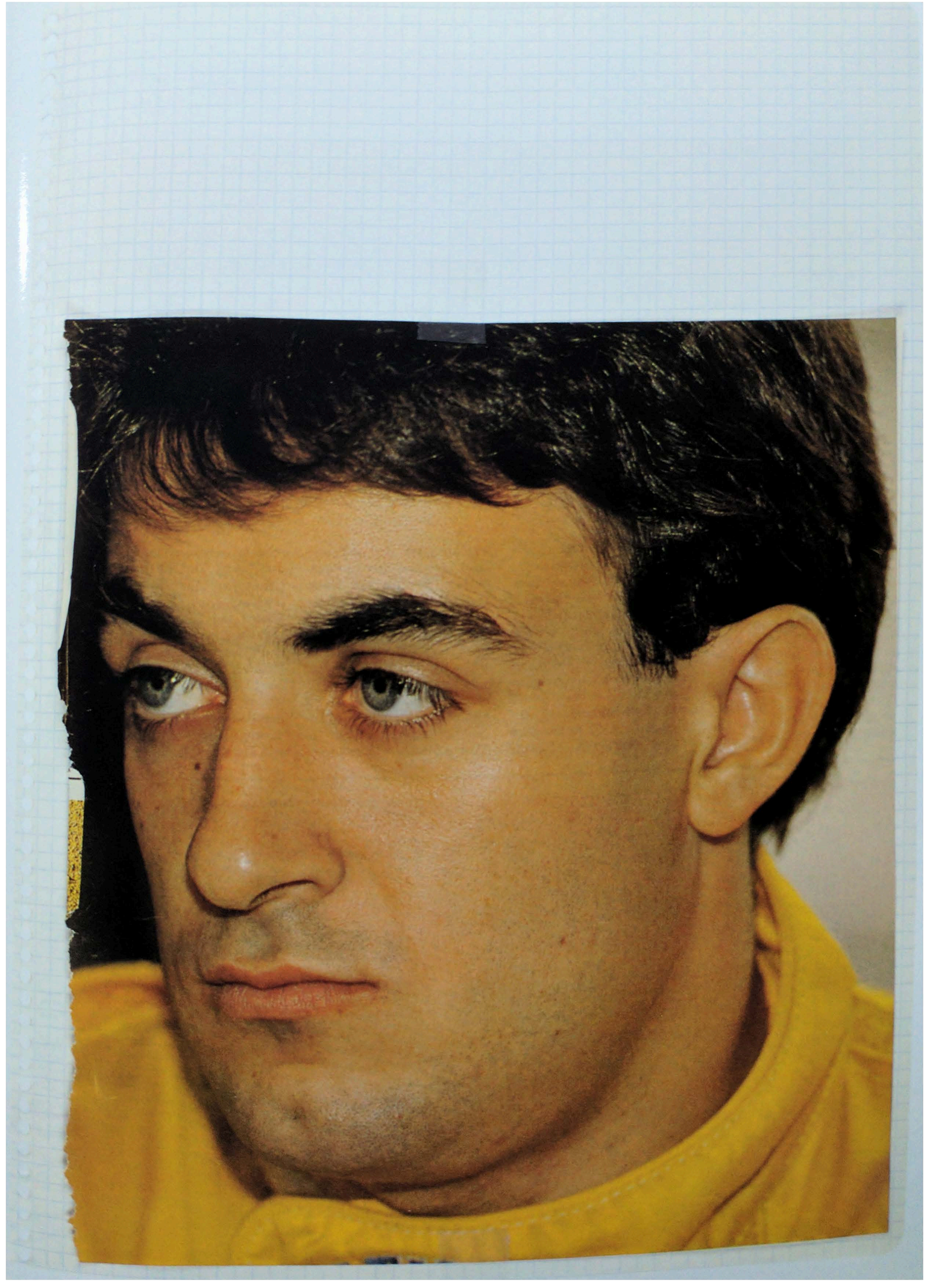




Erste WM-Punkte nach halbjähriger Durststrecke: Stuck

Ärger um Teamorder: Fahrer McRae, Teamchef Richards





ende.



BOYFRIEND
TEXT BY FRANK OCEAN

my boyfriend drives a lil bucket
when it rain it fills up with rain
my boyfriend he gon pick me up
don't distract him at the wheel
in his lane
he's the only one

my boyfriend he misses me when i'm gone
so he don't forget me
there's a song he sings
calms his nerve, endings
my boyfriend is friendly
and we don't want no problems

i could say that i'm happy
they let me and my boyfriend become married
i could say that i'm happy
but cross my heart i didn't notice
hope to die no never, we voted
me and my boyfriend cast our ballot
every kiss reads like a poem
making wrongs right like a poem

i couldn't say i dream of you
because my dreams are filled with no one
and all is lost
me and my boyfriend we found
we don't hope for beyonds at all
me and my boyfriend spend time
and that's all i'm holding on
this time

we got permission
nothing's above condition
but this ain't a thang
it's a mission

can't join the band so sing along
me and my boyfriend got it going on
sleep with fans and t shirts on
asleep in vans your legs all strewn
across my lap
tan lines where your watch was strapped
you took off to make time

cut your hair
you left it long
i love to stare
there's nothing wrong
and if i die while i'm asleep
i pray to God my boyfriend
keeps my secret
peace



YOU'VE BEEN FLIRTING AGAIN
ILLUSTRATION BY KILLIAN
TEXT BY ANDREW DURBIN

I parked my car in a mostly empty downtown lot, initiating the main screen on the dashboard. A scrim of light covered the windshield and enlarged a web browser with my most visited sites and applications, including Parlor, the only dating app that properly interfaces with driverless cars. I scrolled to its home page—a menu of photos and videos of possible dates—and opened my inbox to see who had messaged me since I'd last logged on that morning: seven users, almost all of them bots. One wrote to me in a garbled English: $$$ now. Red light that is yours for keeping sir? Another: Make or act fast as soon as you READ this. I am convincing you my friend. Another: Yours now free Euros Swiss Francs British Pound Sterling yes And Now. All if you, sir, administer your account. I deleted the messages and scrolled through the rest before stopping at one from a profile named @_Monica23: Hi. How are you? I replied: Hi. She lived in Oak Park, the other side of town, and checked no car as a conditional stat. I messaged her again: What are you up to tonight?

I never liked to drive. With the sophistication of self-driving technology and its cheap implementation in the past few years, things changed. I prefer the ease of driverless protocol with its open sense of spatiality, lying down in the backseat to watch TV while outside everything continues to slip past, eliding destination and surface into a liquid state of travel, distance flattened to a frictionless, horizontal plane, the slide toward point B. Riding in cars is easy. Romance, social-networked for idle moments mid-commute, is easier. The proliferation of dating apps—with their universal binaries of choice—followed the popularity of reality dating shows in the 2000s, where prayerful hope of a partner was regimented in network-produced pageantry, imaging interpersonal complexity as a series of recycled gestures and "challenges." While reality TV is more or less dead, we can all play The Bachelor online. With Parlor, we can play it in our cars. Hey. Hey. Hi. How are you?

In The Bachelor, which broadcasts though almost no one watches it anymore, courtship follows the accelerated logic of the elimination game, rendering "true love" an antiquated if not totally imaginary idea, one referent in a system that has otherwise reduced all feelings to a series of staged make-outs in the hot tub and dinners on the deck overlooking the 9th hole. Like, although dating remains gently gorgeous and fragile in the presence of all those cameras, hovering over the women vying for the Bachelor's attention, it's easy to get lost in the mess. "Honey, you look lost," one woman says to another, who, in becoming her target, looses face, her otherwise calm expression breaking into a nervous grimace in recognition of the accumulating losses presented by each bad date with the Bachelor, a man whose good looks and generic dress leaves him nearly faceless. A masculine composite that never coheres beyond he's so hot, open shirt with a bit of chest hair, "razor-sharp jawline," and yet who remains by virtue of the game an elusive object of desire. She sits up, regaining her composure, and winks at her competitor across the dinner table. I'm not lost, she thinks, looking into the camera.

The interior of the Bachelor's house is always open, a spacious domestic array of luxury couches to fall on and talk, open windows, a pool, and a large kitchen. Spotlights managed by hired specialists isolate both happiness and discomfort whenever it's felt. Everyone is seen. Regardless of the show's disorienting arrangement, she doesn't feel lost, rather force-marched to the denouement of her brief, televised romance with a moderately wealthy man, vaguely sensing that the path that will lead her to the finale, if he permits her. In the mean time she will never be alone with the Bachelor until he proposes to her and they depart together in the luxury driverless car that will await them at the entrance of the mansion, drone cameras poised overheard to capture the moment. She often dreams of the finale, of turning to wave to the mansion that housed them and her defeated competitors. They will offer the public a kiss in tribute to the losers when they leave. Sensing this, the car's windows will slowly roll up and self-tint.

Hi. How are you?

I'm going out. What are you doing tonight? @_Monica23 wrote to me. The dashboard beeped when the message was received, flashing Parlor's logo—a cursive P circled in a shimmering loop extending from its base—on the windshield.

Nothing, I responded. U?

Oh yah? No plans on a Thursday?? lol.

:(

Want to meet up? Come to this party. It's called Shush. It's this girl Abhor's party. It's on the north side. Belmont Avenue area. At Shore Club if u look it up.

k.

I leaned my head against the driver's window and fiddled with the car's web interface as it located a parking spot outside the Shore Club. I swiped to Parlor and found @_Monica23. Her profile pic featured her sitting next to friends in the grass in a park, everyone's faces blurred except hers. A dot beside her name indicated that she was online. Hey, I wrote. I'm here. I waited a few minutes for her to respond. No response. Finally, the dot went red: she was offline.

The car found a parking lot a block away from the Shore Club and directed itself to a narrow spot at the far end, between a motorcycle and an Audi. It eased itself in between them, adjusting itself with surgical precision as it crept forward. When it stopped, the car shut itself off. I exited into the chill October air and the door locked behind me. I headed for the entrance of the lot, where a few people stood nearby, talking and smoking: "It's OK, yah," one said. "You should check it out. I mean, it's definitely fun."

A huge crowd had gathered at the entrance of the Shore Club, which was guarded by a bulky man who'd folded his arms in seemingly total indifference to the urgent flurry before him. He didn't speak except to occasionally shout that everyone needed to stay in line and not linger outside the bounds of the rope. People pushed to get to him and the doorwoman to insist that they were on the list, but he ignored them, resolutely focused on a wall of graffiti across the street. When anyone pushed the limit of the rope he'd break his concentration to yell that they could step back or leave, his frustration so rehearsed it seemed deprived of any real anger, just canned words that had been paired down to a basic, agitated command that would be universally understood: "Get the fuck back." I thought maybe he was ready for the night to be over. A tattoo of a drone swaddled in snakes and roses threaded up his right arm, beginning at his wrist and stopping just at his deltoid. The drone had been anthropomorphized with a screaming face, its eyes squeezed shut as though it were hurling forward at full speed toward its target. His left arm was unmarked. A small woman with a purple visor and gold sunglasses stood beside him, checking the list. She was turning almost everyone away, impatiently repeating herself, "No, no, please leave the line," to everyone who told her there was a mistake.



I put you on the list, @_Monica23 had written to me. If you can't get in, just call. I'll be inside.

I told the woman my name. She paused to check her tablet, scrolling through the names before she looked up. "Sure, go in," she said, waving me through.

Inside, the air heaved under the sweaty density of bodies jostling toward the coat check, the bar, the dance floor, and the edges of the room, where plastic cushioned seating shielded people against the larger crowd. I headed for the dance floor, back to a DJ booth where Abhor—whom I'd seen at other parties in Chicago—stood encased in a clutch of tranquilized club kids. Monica would be with her, I thought. In the shadows, Abhor seemed like half a machine, her figure cut by an angular red dress with a tremendous, poppy red hood slung back over her shoulders. Her right arm had been tattooed all black. Nothing about her look seemed improvisational, an accident of simply trying things out. Rather, she appeared to have militantly executed every detail, from the way the hood fell onto her back to the loose hairs that stuck out of the black bob that sat on her otherwise shaved head. She centered the room, the axis for a wavering orbit of dancers. She was talking to a boy with his shirt off, his chest covered with blue paint. I decided against going up to her.

I searched for Monica, but didn't recognize any faces except Abhor's. The Shore Club's few overhead lights crisscrossed the room, briefly catching people as they moved and conjoined together. Except for those few seconds, everyone remained in the dark. The music vibrated the floor and walls the closer I neared the back. No one I passed talked—or screamed—to one another except in the corners, where little groups hovered over bottle service, kissing and leaning in to gossip or flirt or share drugs. The lit tips of electronic cigarettes cut the smoke fog machines had pumped in to the room. It was 3:30am: everything had entered an endless flux that seemed to have exempted me from it, isolating me as though I were present and surrounded, but trapped alone behind glass, a camera scanning a crowd. I looked around, embarrassed that I didn't really know anyone here. I got in line for a drink at the bar near the back. It was installed under a large metal cross with the word Shush sculpted in neon red into it.

A girl split the line open and grabbed my arm, pulling me toward her. She wore a black tank top with jeans. "Hey," she said, her head tilting to the side, "I think you're looking for me. I'm Monica. Are you waiting for a drink?"

I nodded. "Oh, hi. Yes …"

She glanced at the line and shook her head, playfully annoyed that I'd even thought to come here, to the most crowded bar in the club. "Oh, no, don't." She shook her head and held up a drink. "Here—have mine. I just got it. Let's go in the back. We can sit behind my friend Abhor—there's a booth." She stopped. "You look so funny," she said.

"How so?" I put my hand in my hair and pushed it back. I'd slicked my hair back and wore all black sportswear, like almost everyone else. Did I look weird?

"You look so serious, like you're not having any fun."

I made a smile, but I knew it had come off as a grimace. She waved it away. "Don't worry, you look fine."

She led me to the back, sliding through the sweaty crowd while I struggled to keep up. When we got to Abhor's booth she cleared away a few people to make room for us. We sat for thirty minutes, talking mostly about the party in the absence of anything else to say, only touching once on her life when she mentioned she'd just moved into a new building with a pool on the roof, which felt like conversation enough anyway, until even our secluded part of the room swelled with people and we were pushed up against the wall, onto the top of the couch, where we were wedged in together with some of Monica's friends. She asked me what I did for a living and I told her I programmed websites but that I'd just left grad school without completing a degree. She asked if I enjoyed programming, and I told her I didn't, that I wanted to do something else, maybe even leave Chicago for New York. "Ah," she said, and turned away to say hello to a friend who'd tapped her shoulder.

I watched Abhor from across the room as she smiled and greeted everyone who passed her. She hugged them, kissing each check once, but remained otherwise stationary, fixed in place near the DJ. I'd never seen a promoter stand so still as her. "It's never usually this crowded," Monica said. "But it's Thursday, I guess. Maybe let's leave?"

"Already?"

Parlor—or any of my other apps—doesn't enact a familiarity so quickly as it does a connection between user profiles, an immediate link between clicks of like and dislike, comment and silence, mainlined to a messaging system that condenses language to its minimum: What r u doin rn? U want to hang out? I'm actually never doing anything. It seldom changes. Parlor possesses of itself a sense of displacement that we think we must turn away from, back to real life, but don't. After thirty minutes I didn't know if I wanted to go. Outside probably wouldn't differ so much from the inside. "I'm not sure. Where would we go?"

"Let's just drive," Monica said to me. "Can you drive? Or did you cab?" She set down her drink on a ledge. "I can't."

"No, I can't either, but I have a driverless."

"Oh, amazing! I've never been in one, actually. I hear they are so insane."

"You haven't? How is that even possible? It's great," I said. "Sure, let's go."

She jumped up. "Bye," she said to Abhor. "Have a good night." Abhor gave her a hug and nodded at me. I gave her a small, awkward wave.

"I'm not lost," she says to herself, getting up from the table. She refuses to accept the situation of her desires as they play out at dinner, which has been set somewhat clumsily for them by a catering company that the show regularly hires. This is not really life, she thinks, though she also thinks she can't define "life," the totality of experiences that constitutes that feeling that things are living, going on, being, herself included, televised, untelevised, the whole telepathic sense of her image as it is distributed throughout the world, whatever "the world" itself might be. Every thought feels stupid. This feels stupid. She reaches over a plate of cauliflower for the wine, but stops, pausing a moment before retracting her hand. She feels like she's had enough. She decides she should decline the rose (the award the Bachelor bestows on those who are not eliminated, thereby permitting them to move on to the next level) that is hers should he decide to give it to her. She will say goodbye to the other contestants, then ascend the stairs as the camera bobbing above her floats away, its eye refocusing elsewhere on the room, allowing her to pass off screen.

> I will not miss any moment in the past or hope to reestablish it in some future, yours or mine.

"I'm just trying to keep it real," The Bachelor says after the show cuts to an interview with him in his bedroom. "I just want to forget everything, the cameras, the show. Keep it real, you know, with the girls. I just want to be sure I've selected the right woman. That's the only thing that matters to me."

There is no future determined by these coordinates, extrapolated from those bodies flung into it, but this felt most true within the car as it sped toward the dim horizon, wherever that may have been situated in time.

After leaving the Shore Club, we raced through town, or what seemed like town, what could have been Chicago or its suburban outskirts, I couldn't tell, but once we hit 100 mph I was sure we had left the city's limits, following the network of highways that intertwined until all become country, the flat geometry of fields and the machines that till them. The shapes of the buildings, houses, and the skyline disintegrated into indefinite shards of light and darkness that collaged into a glowing patchwork until eventually even that broke up and we slipped into a permanent fog broken only by the occasional streaks of other cars that passed us. "I'm not telling you to speed," Monica shouted, "I'm just telling you I think we could be going faster." We had been driving for twenty minutes, speeding up at her insistence. She explained she wanted to see what driverless could do under real pressure.

"Come on, faster," she repeated, looking out the window. I wasn't sure if she was talking to the car or to me. I wasn't sure if the difference between the three of us even mattered. I reached out to touch her shoulder, but she pulled back. I felt dizzy, a little sick as the car vibrated under the engine's stress. It shuddered as though it were beginning to break apart, shedding itself of its plastic shell as we sped forward. She turned up the music.

I directed the car to increase its speed. "Maximum limit reached," it replied. The dashboard buzzed as the speedometer strobe-lit to indicate that we were going as fast as legally permitted in the state of Illinois. "Any further acceleration would be a violation of Illinois state law, specifically that limit which was set forth by the Illinois state legislature on January 15…" I silenced the car.

"Faster," Monica shot back.

The fog melted into stark black. We couldn't see anything but a faint glow out the rear window that I thought must be Chicago. I didn't want to go back and wondered if it was even there. Forward, everything reversed into beginning: Monica seemed unreal, hallucinated into the car by the car, a reality abridged by fantasy accelerated to the transcendence of the difference between the two. I shouldn't have left the Shore Club. Feelings fade so quickly. We overlapped, sliding onto the pleather seats of the car, slowly becoming gauzy, bodiless subjects bobbing against the ceiling like helium balloons. I tried not to throw up.

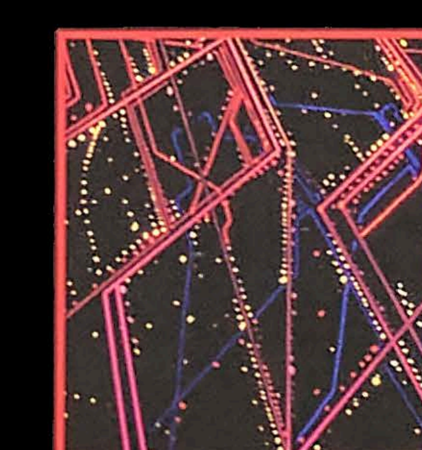
Monica turned to me and clapped her hands. "This is what I'm talking about." I asked her what she was talking about. "The faces at the party," she said, "circulating in the network, all of them linked together in off-site data storage centers somewhere outside of town, each profile centered in the delay between hi and hi back. Like, hello, this is yours. Just respond."

"I don't get it," I said.

She went to roll down the passenger window. I grabbed her hand. "Don't. You'll ruin it."

She bit her lower lip. In the car, she seemed to have separated herself from herself, and had begun to drift throughout the cabin of the car.

"Say nothing of you, us, me, him, her." She counted off the pronouns on her fingers. "The days are long, evening longer. Without interval. Can we say that? It doesn't seem a total collapse, does it, even if I have been removed to a car and refuse to declare any place elsewhere it home. I'm not interested in goodbye. To post an update, to update oneself, to post-, as in the crisis of, is to accept these conditions as ours: glycerol in the sand, contradictory iMessages, mesmerized by the approaching headlights. I will not miss any moment in the past or hope to reestablish it in some future, yours or mine. We know it won't come but it is sometimes necessary (sometimes a necessary feeling) to assert a moment, maybe even a parenthesis of being between things, that will depart from earlier notions of time—and continuity."



We made eye contact. The imperative remained: "Drive," she said, "even if you don't understand me."

Light streaked the window again. I grew dizzier, split from Monica and the vehicle, lost in various dreams of common space; metropolitan haze at 5am, which might be described as "liquid" or "hydrous," two words that more or less say the same thing according to my car's dictionary. Driverless, sunless: urgency well after midnight never changes. We move, even if the precious, but persistent nostalgias of manual over automatic don't shield us against the machinic impulse to do nothing, and repeat nothing again and again. It only serves to make its hierarchy more obscure. I am in it. She is in it. I turned to Monica to tell her all this but she was looking out the window again, pressing her face to the glass.

I wanted to direct my car to her apartment, which I imagined was in one of the new skyscrapers downtown. The pool she mentioned would be on the roof, in view of the skyline and the few stars that shone through the city light. We would strip off our clothes and jump into the water, despite the cold, swimming about for hours. We wouldn't do anything, just float, paddling a little with our hands and feet, careful not to break the stillness of the water. The moon would be nearly full.

We made out in the back seat. She put her hand to my face and pinched my cheeks, pushing my face away from hers. "Will it crash?" she asked.

I turned to look out the window. "Of course not," I said. The entire frame of the car began to shake violently.

The car beeped as the dashboard flashed an alert: "Warning." "Warning," it repeated, bringing up the main interface to indicate that the car's battery had been nearly depleted. The windows of the car suddenly filled with the flashing alarm icon. The car's battery was less than 5% and falling: "Program will terminate in five seconds," it said, at which point a second countdown started. At 2%, the car initiated its shutdown. The images of the speeding highway melted into a glitchy collage before the car went dark and the windows returned to the normal view rather than the video feed, opening to the parking lot near the club. The simulation had ended. The air conditioner and speakers stopped.

I moved up to the front of the car and pressed the on button a few times. Nothing. I turned to Monica. "It's dead for sure."

"What?" she said. "What happened?" She stared at me, almost in anger.

"What do you mean?"

"I don't understand. Did the car die? Where are we?"

"We're … The program died. We're still at the Shore Club." I had already explained to her that a driverless can't go very fast, but it can simulate speed.

She sighed. We'd sobered up. "I see, I see. So it's almost like a ride." She ran her hand through her tousled hair. "I see," she said, again. "I bet watching TV like that is fun."

"Really fun," I said. "Especially the new shows, the ones they shoot with multiple cameras. It's almost like you're there."

"It felt really real."

"Yeah. That happens to a lot of people when try it for the first time. The simulation goes long enough that it just feels like real life, and you kind of slip into it."

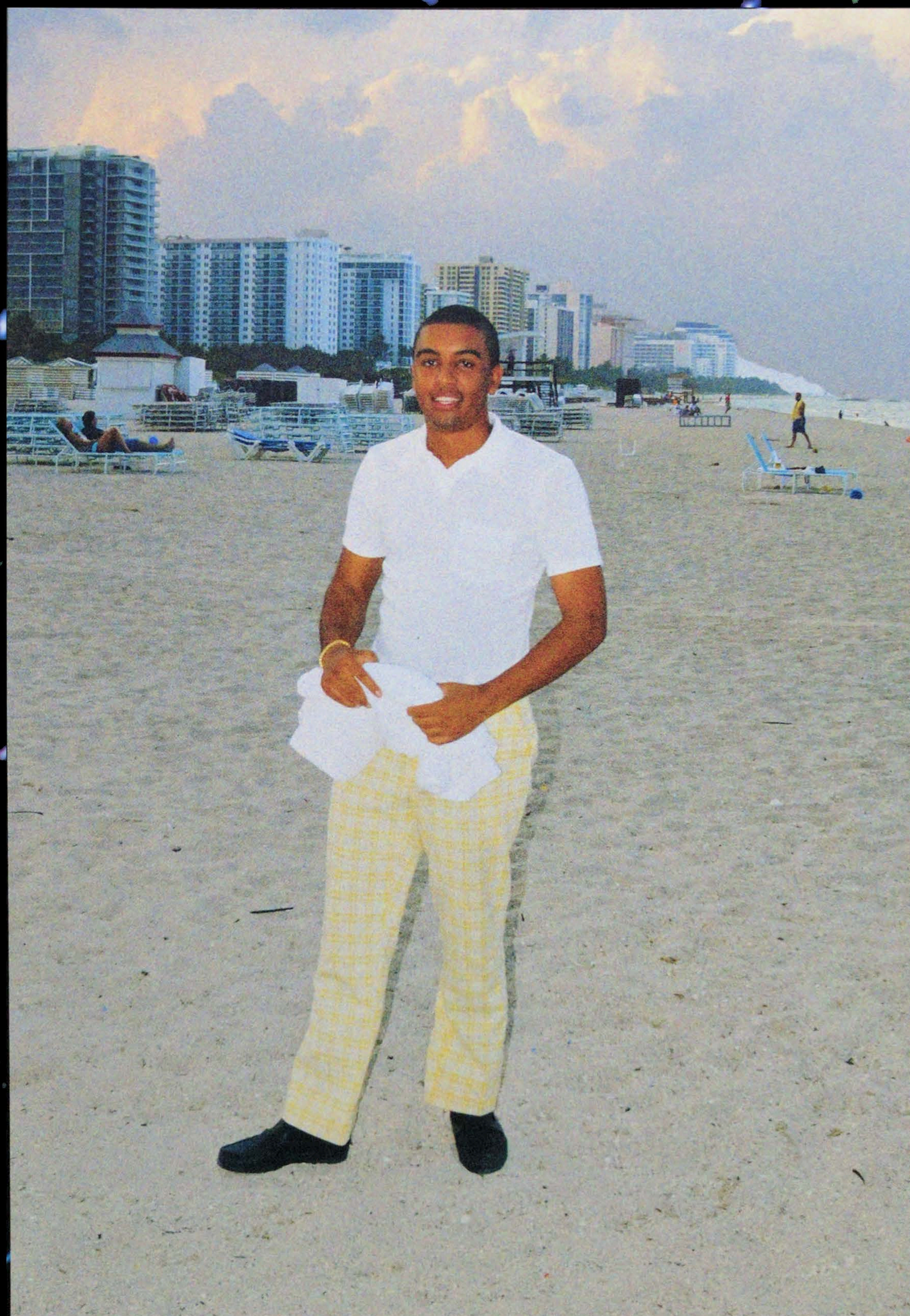
She nodded, a bit unconvinced. The first time I'd tried it I felt the same way. I'd used the program to imagine driving through the desert at night at 135mph. When the car's feed ended to reveal my driveway in Chicago I felt like a dream had just begun, the real a dull simulation of my other life.

"Will you get home?" she asked.

"I can call a cab," I said, "and just… I don't know, have it charged in the morning. You?"

"Oh, I'm fine." She opened the passenger door to exit and got out, shakily at first, sticking her head back in to grin at me. "OK, sure. Have a good night," she said. "Text me tomorrow."

The Bachelor enters the pool alone. He sticks his index finger in the water to test the temperature. Though it's chillier than he'd hoped, he decides it's warm enough and leaps in to find that it isn't so cold after all, actually, but rather warm, as warm as any body, and so he stays down and holds his breath, taking the moment to break from the competition and the cameras. He can go for thirty seconds before he has to come up. He tries again, this time reaching thirty-three seconds. He surfaces again, takes in a mouthful of air, and dives down, swimming to the bottom of the deep end where he paddles to keep himself close to the pool's floor. He counts forty seconds, then pushes himself to forty-five before coming up once more. He throws his head back and looks around him, wiping the water from his eyes: the contestants have left the house and are gathered around to watch him, clapping and calling for him to join them for drinks on the veranda. "Come out of the pool," one of the women yells. A few laugh and coo at him. He lowers his head and sucks in a mouthful of water. "Come out!" another possible wife says. He says nothing and the women fall silent for a moment. They wait for him to answer them. Finally, he spits out a jet of water at her. Everyone begins to scream with laughter. He laps the pool, splashing the women as some of them leap in and others step back to get out of the way. A few of the possible wives fall back onto the wet grass, laughing as their glasses of wine spill out to the ground. The camera crew rushes out of the house to capture them.



MICKEY PIECES DOES THE HOROSCOPES

TEXT BY MIKEY ALFRED

ARIES

Maaaan. The Aries doesn't know how to be fake, they are very into their own ways. An Aries doesn't copy people; no matter what the fashion trends are, the Aries dress how they want. The type of person who you can have around three completely different types of people and they will act exactly the same. Not good with finding women, the Aries is very straightforward and this can mess up their dating techniques. The Aries isn't the best guy for a drunken two-man, if the girls are drunk babbling, being stupid, he doesn't put up with it in order to have sex with them later – he calls them out on their stupidity.

TAURUS

The best mothers. A Taurus is extremely selfless, the Taurus loves to focus on others. I know a Taurus who has a job, where she is the boss of everyone, when others are lazy she does their job for them while still handling her own duties and doesn't even say anything about it. A Taurus would rather see you – you, as in the people they love – be happy than themselves be happy. The Taurus loves to listen to gossip, watch movies and listen to music about other people. People fascinate the Taurus. They are extremely passionate about whatever it is they stand for. A Taurus's opinion on something can never be changed, they don't loose arguments, you just have to give up. Very silly; they think simple things are funny. Not a drama-starter for others but for themselves they love it. If the Taurus doesn't have someone hating on them or somebody to prove wrong they get bored.

GEMINI

A brick wall, great at hiding emotions. The girl I like is a Gemini. I couldn't tell if she liked me back I had to straight up ask. When it comes to love, they have to be safe, they won't put their feelings out into the world to be rejected or something. They hate BS, if you're in a life-or-death situation with a Gemini they are going to hold it together 100 per cent. Born smart, they look at situations and can access the feelings of both parties involved. If you need someone to manage your life pick a Gemini. They are gonna ride for you, every single one of these May babies are very reliable. And hilarious: Dean Martin was a Gemini.

CANCER

The sensitive one. The Cancer takes family and friends very seriously and makes sure others are doing OK before they are doing OK. Will give a bum his last dollar type of guy. The Cancer gets so lucky all the time; because of their endless selflessness they have great karma. I know a man who walked onto a film set to be a boxing instructor for an actor. He was so charming though, and was fresh out of the penitentiary, that the director chose him to act instead of the professional actor! The luck of the Cancer is insane. Constantly, they are wondering how you're doing, if everything is ok with you – they suck at talking about themselves. Annoying lovers, ha. They love so much it can be overwhelming, but when the non-cancer sees that, they can't help it, the love blossoms and grows. Great assistants or bodyguards. The Cancer is great at taking orders.

LEO

Leos only know extremes. Leos are normally great friends to others. The 'take a bullet' type of friend – and not in a 'I would take a bullet for you' type of way. If someone was shooting a gun in the party, the Leo will find you and make himself a human shield. I personally know a Leo who works for a company, the boss of that company made a comment about the Leo's friends tie in the office in confidence to the Leo. Everyone in the office sucks up to the boss but this Leo looks at his boss and says "Hey, that's not funny." To his boss! Leo's don't care who you are or what it means if your relationship goes sour; if you don't keep it real the Leo has no respect for you. The Leo loves confrontation, any chance at a problem he takes it. The Leo is the most passionate lover and the coldest at the same time. Leos love to think: think more, feel less is their motto. A Leo will think himself into another dimension of himself he created while thinking so damn hard, ha.

VIRGO

Virgos are always a little bit lazy. Great worker bees, give them a task and it will be completed to a tee, but try and get them to push their own campaign or task? Forget about it. Always filled with useful information, love to study; maybe not necessarily school but they study something. If a Virgo loves music they spend Friday nights listening to records. Ridiculously personable, very easy to bring around new friends, Virgos make their presence known but it's not overbearing when they stand in a circle and speak. Virgos are very observant, can make a lot of on-point observations about someone's personality after only a few minutes of hanging out. A Virgo would be the best interviewer for a job.

LIBRA

They're all about longevity. The Libra is the type to always be waiting, hopeful, always have some project or something coming next. There's a Libra in my friend group who's mom died (Kevin white – let's stop beating around the bus) and he handled it very well. He had to move out of his house he grew up in; had to abruptly become an adult with no fallback plans but he did it promptly and precisely wasted no time in making it happen for himself. He's got his own apartment, a car, and still has time to skate and model. Libras are insanely level headed and logical. Even when they do things that seem crazy, the explanation makes it make sense every time. Great lovers, committed lovers, always in or about to be in a relationship. The Libra deals with emotion very well, nothing overwhelms the Libra. Problems are dealt with poignantly. Libras are always the sense of security in a friendship group. Libras and Leos know how to fight; fight physically and mentally.

SCORPIO

Every Scorpio is blindly, no-practice-needed, amazingly talented at something. Kevin Bradley will not skate for 3 months, hop back on his board roll around for 5 minutes and look like he never took a break, he's a real Scorpio, ha. They are always the spokesman for cool in their friend group. The Scorpio loves to act, not think. They makes decisions at the drop of a hat, when they pass a window of a store with something they like it's in their possession 4 minutes later. Scorpios focus on themselves, not in a self-centered way, more in a 'it'll be more fun to hang around me if I'm happy' type of way, ha. The Scorpio is not a reliable person. Their lack of thinking about decisions causes their decision making to be very abrupt, so if they say they are coming somewhere and in the last second they get a feeling to not go, they don't go. Simple as that, ha. Don't call a Scorpio if you're dying in the street.

SAGITTARIUS

The Sagittarius doesn't move fast, every Sagittarius is very calming and almost boring to some people. They are very confident and smart with money. They have a knack for wooing women, they're calm and their sternness reminds women of their father they either had – or never had. The Sagittarius lets his spirit speak for him not his clothes or car. They need nothing to show they are wealthy cause they don't care for you to know they are wealthy. The Sagittarius will have a really nice car and just laugh and quietly say thanks if you end up seeing it after work. They will never make it their priority to let you know something like that. Extremely ambitious, the Sagittarius will work until he's dead. Their confidence causes them to always be true to themselves. They will never do something solely because someone thinks it's a good idea, if they don't feel it they don't do it.

CAPRICORN

A born leader. When Capricorns are little kids their influence is so strong that grown men may look to them for mannerisms and style to copy. Capricorns are always calm and quietly confident, the kind of confidence that doesn't need to speak. Capricorns are awkward lovers. The confidence and need to swag makes it hard to let others in. I know a Capricorn who dresses crazy, if you lay his outfits on a bed they look horrible. But when he wears them it's a completely different story.

AQUARIUS

Very low-key, this paragraph was hard to write because everyone I know who is an Aquarius doesn't like to tell you when it's their birthday, ha. The Aquarius is a slave to routine; they love doing the same thing everyday. They would rather practice something and become very good at it rather than having a bunch of halfway developed different talents. They like to keep their friend group small. When the Aquarius meets new people it takes them a while to start talking about siblings or old stories. Great listeners. If you do a crime, bring an Aquarius, they will never snitch on you 100 per cent. In middle school a kid and I got in an argument over a game of kickball before it could even get physical my buddy Cameron comes out of nowhere and throws a kickball in the kids face, directly after the bell rings, we give each other a look, then go inside. Nobody says a word to any teachers, Cameron and victim were both Aquarius.

PISCES

The most secretively sensitive person you've ever met! The Pisces will have a million and one problems with someone/something but would rather just mentally check them off the list then talk it out. The Pisces is sensitive in a 'fuck you' type of way, not a 'get sad and cry' type of way. Because of constantly avoiding conflict the Pisces is usually a great spirit. Halfway thinkers, they don't think too much like Leos, but aren't like the Scorpio: the Scorpio just goes, never thinks but that's another story, ha. These February/March babies have a talent of giving hope and inspiring others to do something great. Imagine this person, Johnny. Johnny gets double-crossed on a construction job where he is promised the contract by Friend (Friend is the opposing made-up character). When Friend gives another construction company the job, instead of getting mad and arguing, Johnny goes and works hard, ends up getting 10 jobs that were better than the first one and makes a bunch of money. Johnny and Friend bump into each other at a party in the town center, Friend says "Johnny how have you been?" Johnny says: "I've been very successful lately." And Johnny and Friend never have the same relationship but always remain friendly. Ha, that is a Pisces.



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FASHION CALL OUTS

GLITTER BOY DOWN (BEST DAY EVER)

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